THE BEAUTIES OF THE SPECTATORS, TATLERS, AND GUARDIANS,

Connected and Digested under

ALPHABETICAL HEADS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME the SECOND.

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THE

THE BEAUTIES OF THE Spectators, Tatlers, &c.

CONTENTMENT.

ENQUIRIES after happineſs, and rules for attaining it, are not ſo neceſſary and uſeful to mankind as the arts of conſolation, and ſupporting ones ſelf under affliction. The utmoſt we can hope for in this world is contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we ſhall meet with nothing but grief and diſappointment. A man ſhould direct all his ſtudies and endeavours at making himſelf eaſy now, and happy hereafter.

The truth of it is, if all the happineſs that is diſperſed through the whole race of mankind in this world were drawn together, and put into

the poſſeſſion of any ſingle man, it would not make a very happy being. Though on the contrary, if the miſeries of the whole ſpecies were fixed in a ſingle perſon, they would make a very miſerable one.

I am engaged in this ſubject by the following letter, which, though ſubſcribed by a fictitious name, I have reaſon to believe is not imaginary.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I AM one of your diſciples, and endeavour 'to live up to your rules, which I hope will 'incline you to pity my condition: I ſhall open 'it to you in a very few words. About three 'years ſince a gentleman, whom, I am ſure, 'you yourſelf would have approved, made his 'addreſſes to me. He had every thing to re-'commend him but an eſtate, ſo that my friends, 'who all of them applauded his perſon, would 'not for the ſake of both of us favour his paſſion. 'For my own part, I reſigned myſelf up entire-'ly to the direction of thoſe who knew the world 'much better than myſelf, but ſtill lived in 'hopes that ſome juncture or other would make 'me happy in the man whom, in my heart, I 'preferred to all the world; being determined 'if I could not have him, to have nobody elſe. 'About three months ago I received a letter 'from him, acquainting me, that by the death 'of an uncle, he had a conſiderable eſtate left 'him,

'him, which he ſaid was welcome to him upon
'no other account, but as he hoped it would
'remove all difficulties that lay in the way to
'our mutual happineſs. You may well ſuppoſe,
'Sir, with how much joy I received this letter,
'which was followed by ſeveral others filled
'with thoſe expreſſions of love and joy, which
'I verily believe nobody felt more ſincerely,
'nor knew better how to deſcribe, than the gen-
'tleman I am ſpeaking of. But, Sir, how ſhall
'I be able to tell it you? By the laſt week's poſt
'I received a letter from an intimate friend of
'this unhappy gentleman, acquainting me, that
'as he had juſt ſettled his affairs, and was pre-
'paring for his journey, he fell ſick of a fever
'and died. It is impoſſible to expreſs to you
'the diſtreſs I am in upon this occaſion. I can
'only have recourſe to my devotions, and to
'the reading of good books for my conſolation;
'and as I always take a particular delight in
'thoſe frequent advices and admonitions which
'you give the public, it would be a very great
'piece of charity in you to lend me your aſſiſt-
'ance in this conjuncture. If after the reading
'of this letter you find yourſelf in a humour,
'rather to rally and ridicule, than to comfort
'me, I deſire you would throw it into the fire,
'and think no more of it; but if you are touch-
'ed with my misfortune, which is greater than
'I know how to bear, your counſels may very

'much ſupport, and will infinitely oblige the 'afflicted

'*LEONORA.*'

A diſappointment in love is more hard to get over than any other; the paſſion itſelf ſo ſoftens and ſubdues the heart, that it diſables it from ſtruggling or bearing up againſt the woes and diſtreſſes which befall it. The mind meets with other misfortunes in her whole ſtrength; ſhe ſtands collected within herſelf, and ſuſtains the ſhock with all the force which is natural to her; but a heart in love has its foundations ſapped, and immediately ſinks under the weight of accidents that are diſagreeable to its favourite paſſion.

In afflictions men generally draw their conſolations out of books of morality, which indeed are of great uſe to fortify and ſtrengthen the mind againſt the impreſſions of ſorrow. Monſieur St Evremont, who does not approve of this method, recommends authors who are apt to ſtir up mirth in the mind of the readers, and fancies Don Quixote can give more relief to an heavy heart than Plutarch or Seneca, as it is much eaſier to divert grief than to conquer it. This doubtleſs may have its effects on ſome tempers. I ſhould rather have recourſe to authors of a quite contrary kind, that give us inſtances of calamities and misfortunes, and ſhew human nature in its greateſt diſtreſſes.

If

If the afflictions we groan under be very heavy, we ſhall find ſome conſolation in the ſociety of as great ſufferers as ourſelves, eſpecially when we find our companions men of virtue and merit. If our afflictions are light, we ſhall be comforted by the compariſon we make between ourſelves and our fellow ſufferers. A loſs at ſea, a fit of ſickneſs, or the death of a friend, are ſuch trifles when we conſider whole kingdoms laid in aſhes, families put to the ſword, wretches ſhut up in dungeons, and the like calamities of mankind, that we are out of countenance for our own weakneſs, if we ſink under ſuch little ſtrokes of fortune.

Let the diſconſolate Leonora conſider, that at the very time in which ſhe languiſhes for the loſs of her deceaſed lover, there are perſons in ſeveral parts of the world juſt periſhing in a ſhipwreck; others crying out for mercy in the terrors of a death-bed repentance; others lying under the tortures of an infamous execution, or the like dreadful calamities; and ſhe will find her ſorrows vaniſh at the appearance of thoſe which are ſo much greater and more aſtoniſhing.

I would farther propoſe to the conſideration of my afflicted diſciple, that poſſibly what ſhe now looks upon as the greateſt misfortune, is not really ſuch in itſelf. For my own part, I queſtion not but our ſouls in a ſeparate ſtate, will look back on their lives in quite another view, than what they had of them in the body;

and that what they now conſider as misfortunes and diſappointments, will very often appear to have been eſcapes and bleſſings.

The mind that has any caſt towards devotion, naturally flies to it in its afflictions.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 163.

I was once engaged in diſcourſe with a Roſicruſian about the great ſecret. As this kind of men (I mean thoſe of them who are not profeſſed cheats) are over-run with enthuſiaſm and philoſophy, it was very amuſing to hear this religious adept deſcanting on his pretended diſcovery. He talked of the ſecret as of a ſpirit which lived within an emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the higheſt perfection it is capable of. It gives a luſtre, ſays he, to the ſun, and water to the diamond. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold. It heightens ſmoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory. He further added, that a ſingle ray of it diſſipates pain, and care, and melancholy from the perſon on whom it falls. In ſhort, ſays he, its preſence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven. After he had gone on for ſome time in this unintelligible cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral ideas together into the ſame diſcourſe, and that his great ſecret was nothing elſe but *content*.

This

This virtue does indeed produce, in ſome meaſure, all thoſe effects which the alchymiſt uſually aſcribes to what he calls the philoſopher's ſtone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the ſame thing, by baniſhing the deſire of them. If it cannot remove the diſquietudes ariſing out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him eaſy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the ſoul of man, in reſpect of every being to whom he ſtands related. It extinguiſhes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude towards that being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It deſtroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives ſweetneſs to his converſation, and a perpetual ſerenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made uſe of for the acquiring of this virtue, I ſhall only mention the two following. Firſt of all, a man ſhould always conſider how much he has more than he wants; and, ſecondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

Firſt of all, a man ſhould always conſider how much more he has than he wants. I am wonderfully pleaſed with the reply which Ariſtippus made to one who condoled him upon the loſs of a farm! 'Why,' ſaid he, 'I have three farms 'ſtill, and you have but one; ſo that I ought 'rather to be afflicted for you, than you for me.' On the contrary, fooliſh men are more apt to conſider

conſider what they have loſt than what they poſſeſs; and to fix their eyes upon thoſe who are richer than themſelves, rather than on thoſe who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleaſures and conveniencies of life lie in a narrow compaſs; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and ſtraining after one who has got the ſtart of them in wealth and honour. For this reaſon, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few rich men, in any of the politer nations but among the middle ſort of people, who keep their wiſhes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Perſons of a higher rank live in a kind of ſplendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting, becauſe inſtead of acquieſcing in the ſolid pleaſures of life, they endeavour to outvy one another in ſhadows and appearances. Men of ſenſe have at all times beheld with a great deal of mirth this ſilly game that is playing over their heads, and, by contracting their deſires, enjoy all that ſecret ſatisfaction which others are always in queſt of. The truth is, this ridiculous chace after imaginary pleaſures cannot be ſufficiently expoſed, as it is the great ſource of thoſe evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's eſtate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally ſets himſelf to ſale to any one that can give him his price. When Pittacus, after the death

death of his brother, who had left him a good eſtate, was offered a great ſum of money by the King of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindneſs, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In ſhort, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or to give the thought a more agreeable turn, *Content is natural wealth*, ſays Socrates; to which I ſhall add, *Luxury is artificial poverty*. I ſhall therefore recommend to the conſideration of thoſe who are always aiming after ſuperfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their deſires, an excellent ſaying of Bion the philoſopher; namely, *That no man has ſo much care, as he who endeavours after the moſt happineſs.*

In the ſecond place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former conſideration took in all thoſe who are ſufficiently provided with the means to make themſelves eaſy; this regards ſuch as actually lie under ſome preſſure or misfortune. Theſe may receive great alleviation from ſuch a compariſon as the unhappy perſon may make between himſelf and others, or between the misfortune which he ſuffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the ſtory of the honeſt Dutchman, who, upon breaking his *leg* by a fall from the main-maſt, told the ſtanders-by, it was a great mer-

cy

cy that it was not his *neck*. To which, ſince I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the ſaying of an old philoſopher, who, after having invited ſome of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife that came into the room in a paſſion, and threw down the table that ſtood before them: *Every one*, ſays he, *has his calamity, and he is a happy man that has no greater than this*. We find an inſtance to the ſame purpoſe in the life of Doctor Hammond, written by Biſhop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of diſtempers, when he had the gout upon him, he uſed to thank God that it was not the ſtone; and when he had the ſtone, that he had not both theſe diſtempers on him at the ſame time.

I cannot conclude this eſſay without obſerving that there was never any ſyſtem beſides that of Chriſtianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have been hitherto ſpeaking of. In order to make us content with our preſent condition, many of the preſent philoſophers tell us, that our diſcontent only hurts ourſelves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumſtances; others, that whatever evil befals us, is derived to us by a fatal neceſſity, to which the gods themſelves are ſubject; while others very gravely tell the man who is miſerable, that it is neceſſary he ſhould be ſo to keep up the harmony of the univerſe, and that the *ſcheme* of Provi-

dence

dence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwiſe. Theſe and the like conſiderations, rather ſilence than ſatisfy a man. They may ſhew him that his diſcontent is unreaſonable, but are by no means ſufficient to relieve it. They rather give deſpair than conſolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of theſe comforters, as Auguſtus did to his friend who adviſed him not to grieve for the death of a perſon whom he loved, becauſe his grief could not fetch him again: *It is for that very reaſon*, ſaid the Emperor, *that I grieve*.

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It preſcribes to a very miſerable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it ſhews him, that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do, will naturally end in the removal of them; it makes him eaſy here, becauſe it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented mind is the greateſt bleſſing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the preſent life his happineſs ariſes from the ſubduing of his deſires, it will ariſe in the next from the gratification of them.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 574.

CONVERSATION.

MY friend the divine having been uſed with words of complaiſance (which he thinks could be properly applied to no one living,

ing, and I think could be only ſpoken of him, and that in his abſence) was ſo extremely offended with the exceſſive way of ſpeaking civilities among us, that he made a diſcourſe againſt it at the club; which he concluded with this remark, that he had not heard one compliment made in our ſociety ſince its commencement. Every one was pleaſed with his concluſion; and as each knew his good-will to the reſt, he was convinced that the many profeſſions of kindneſs and ſervice, which we ordinarily meet with, are not natural where the heart is well inclined; but are a proſtitution of ſpeech, ſeldom intended to mean any part of what they expreſs, never to mean all they expreſs. Our reverend friend, upon this topick, pointed to us two or three paragraphs on this ſubject in the firſt ſermon of the firſt volume of the late Archbiſhop's poſthumous works. I do not know that I ever read any thing that pleaſed me more; and as it is the praiſe of Longinus, that he ſpeaks of the ſublime in a ſtile ſuitable to it, ſo one may ſay of this author upon ſincerity, that he abhors any pomp of rhetorick on this occaſion, and treats it with a more than ordinary ſimplicity, at once to be a preacher and an example. With what command of himſelf does he lay before us, in the language and temper of his profeſſion, a fault, which by the leaſt liberty and warmth of expreſſion, would be the moſt lively wit and ſatire? But his heart was better

diſpoſed,

diſpoſed, and the good man chaſtiſed the great wit in ſuch a manner, that he was able to ſpeak as follows:

'——Amongſt too many other inſtances of the 'great corruption and degeneracy of the age 'wherein we live, the great and general want 'of ſincerity in converſation is none of the leaſt. 'The world is grown ſo full of diſſimulation and 'compliment, that mens words are hardly any 'ſignification of their thoughts; and if any man 'meaſure his words by his heart, and ſpeaks as 'he thinks, and do not expreſs more kindneſs 'to every man, than men uſually have for any 'man, he can hardly eſcape the cenſure of 'want of breeding. The old Engliſh plainneſs 'and ſincerity, that generous integrity of nature 'and honeſty of diſpoſition, which always ar-'gues true greatneſs of mind, and is uſually ac-'companied with undaunted courage and reſo-'lution, is in a great meaſure loſt amongſt us: 'There hath been a long endeavour to tranſ-'form us into foreign manners and faſhions, and 'to bring us to a ſervile imitation of none of the 'beſt of our neighbours in ſome of the worſt of 'their qualities. The dialect of converſation is 'now a-days ſo ſwelled with vanity and com-'pliment, and ſo ſurfeited (as I may ſay) of ex-'preſſions of kindneſs and reſpect, that if a man 'that lived an age or two ago ſhould return in-'to the world again, he would really want a 'dictionary to help him to underſtand his own

'language, and to know the true intrinſick va-
'lue of the phraſe in faſhion, and would hard-
'ly at firſt believe at what a low rate the high-
'eſt ſtrains and expreſſions of kindneſs imagin-
'able do commonly paſs in current payment:
'And when he ſhould come to underſtand it, it
'would be a great while before he could bring
'himſelf with a good countenance and a good
'conſcience to converſe with men upon equal
'terms, and in their own way.

'And in truth it is hard to ſay, whether it
'ſhould more provoke our contempt or our pity,
'to hear what ſolemn expreſſions of reſpect and
'kindneſs will paſs between men, almoſt upon
'no occaſion; how great honour and eſteem
'they will declare for one whom perhaps they
'never ſaw before, and how intirely they are
'on the ſudden devoted to his ſervice and in-
'tereſt, for no reaſon; how infinitely and
'eternally obliged to him, for no benefit;
'and how extremely they will be concerned
'for him, yea, and afflicted too, for no
'cauſe. I know it is ſaid, in juſtification
'of this hollow kind of converſation, that
'there is no harm, no real deceit in com-
'pliment, but the matter is well enough, ſo
'long as we underſtand one another; *et verba*
'*valent ut nummi*, *words are like money*; and
'when the current value of them is generally
'underſtood, no man is cheated by them. This
'is ſomething, if ſuch words were any thing;
'but being brought into the accompt, they are

'mere

'mere cyphers. However, it is ſtill a juſt mat-
'ter of complaint, that ſincerity and plainneſs
'are out of faſhion, and that our language is
'running into a lie; that men have almoſt
'quite perverted the uſe of ſpeech, and made
'words to ſignify nothing; that the greateſt
'part of the converſation of mankind, is little
'elſe but driving a trade of diſſimulation; inſo-
'much that it would make a man heartily ſick
'and weary of the world, to ſee the little ſin-
'cerity that is in uſe and practice among men.'

When the vice is placed in this contemptible light, he argues unanſwerably againſt it, in words and thoughts ſo natural that any man who reads them, would imagine he himſelf could have been the author of them.

'If the ſhow of any thing be good for any
'thing, I am ſure ſincerity is better: For why
'does any man diſſemble, or ſeem to be that
'which he is not, but becauſe he thinks it good to
'have ſuch a quality as he pretends to? For to
'counterfeit and diſſemble, is to put on the ap-
'pearance of ſome real excellency. Now the
'beſt way in the world to ſeem to be any thing,
'is really to be what he would ſeem to be. Be-
'ſides, that it is many time as troubleſome to
'make good the pretence of a good quality, as
'to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to
'one but he is diſcovered to want it; and then
'all his pains and labour to ſeem to have it, is
'loſt.'

In another part of the ſame diſcourſe he goes on to ſhew, that all artifice muſt naturally tend to the diſappointment of him that practiſes it.

'Whatſoever convenience may be thought to 'be in falſhood and diſſimulation, it is ſoon o-'ver; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, 'becauſe it brings a man under an everlaſting 'jealouſy and ſuſpicion, ſo that he is not believ-'ed when he ſpeaks truth, nor truſted when 'perhaps he means honeſtly. When a man hath 'once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, 'he is ſet faſt, and nothing will then ſerve his 'turn, neither truth nor falſhood.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 103.

The faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we expreſs by the word *converſation*, has always been repreſented by moral writers as one of the nobleſt privileges of reaſon, and which more particularly ſets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing ſo much gains upon the affections as this *extempore eloquence*, which we have conſtantly occaſion for, and are obliged to practiſe every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The converſation of moſt men is diſagreeable, not ſo much for want of wit and learning, as of good-breeding and diſcretion.

If you reſolve to pleaſe, never ſpeak to gratify any particular vanity or paſſion of your own, but

but always with a deſign either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of theſe, is always eaſy in his diſcourſe. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, becauſe he conſiders that thoſe who hear him are the beſt judges whether what he was ſaying could either divert or inform them.

A modeſt perſon ſeldom fails to gain the goodwill of thoſe he converſes with, becauſe nobody envies a man, who does not appear to be pleaſed with himſelf.

We ſhould talk extremely little of ourſelves. Indeed what can we ſay? It would be as imprudent to diſcover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domeſtic affairs are no leſs improper to be introduced in converſation. What does it concern the company how many horſes you keep in your ſtables? Or whether your ſervant is moſt knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engroſſing all the talk, or obſerving a contemptuous ſilence.

Before you tell a ſtory it may be generally not amiſs to draw a ſhort character, and give the company a true idea of the principal perſons concerned in it. The beauty of moſt things conſiſting not ſo much in their being ſaid or done, as in their being ſaid or done by ſuch a particular perſon, or on ſuch a particular occaſion.

Notwithſtanding all the advantages of youth, few young people pleaſe in converſation; the reaſon is, that want of experience makes them poſitive, and what they ſay is rather with a deſign to pleaſe themſelves than any one elſe.

It is certain that age itſelf ſhall make many things paſs well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more inſupportable to men of ſenſe, than an empty formal man who ſpeaks in proverbs, and decides all controverſies with a ſhort ſentence. This piece of ſtupidity is the more inſufferable, as it puts on the air of wiſdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular ſcience, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not methinks an handſomer thing ſaid of Mr Cowley in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever diſcovered he was a great poet by his diſcourſe: Beſides, the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded on good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to loſe. I might add, that he who is ſometimes ſilent on a ſubject where every one is ſatisfied he could ſpeak well, will often be thought no leſs knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

Women are frightened at the name of argument, and are ſooner convinced by an happy turn,

turn, or witty expreſſion, than by demonſtration.

Whenever you commend, add your reaſons for doing ſo; it is this which diſtinguiſhes the approbation of a man of ſenſe from the flattery of ſycophants, and admiration of fools.

Rallery is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleaſed with it. I would leaſt of all be underſtood to except the perſon rallied.

Though good-humour, ſenſe and diſcretion can ſeldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy ſometimes to prepare yourſelf in a particular manner for converſation, by looking a little farther than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning ſubject. If our armies are beſieging a place of importance abroad, or our houſe of commons debating a bill of conſequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleaſure, if you have nicely informed yourſelf of the ſtrength, ſituation, and hiſtory of the firſt, or of the reaſons for and againſt the latter. It will have the ſame effect if when any ſingle perſon begins to make a noiſe in the world, you can learn ſome of the ſmalleſt accidents in his life or converſation, which though they are too fine for the obſervation of the vulgar, give more ſatisfaction to men of ſenſe (as they are the beſt openings to a real character) than the recital of his moſt glaring actions. I know but one ill conſequence

quence to be feared from this method, namely, that coming full charged into company, you ſhould reſolve to unload whether an handſome opportunity offers itſelf or no.

Though the aſking of queſtions may plead for itſelf the ſpecious names of modeſty, and a deſire of information, it affords little pleaſure to the reſt of the company who are not troubled with the ſame doubts; beſides which, he who aſks a queſtion would do well to conſider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receives an anſwer.

Nothing is more ſilly than the pleaſure ſome people take in what they call *ſpeaking their minds*. A man of this make will ſay a rude thing for the mere pleaſure of ſaying it, when an oppoſite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preſerved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not impoſſible for a man to form to himſelf as exquiſite a pleaſure in complying with humour and ſentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; ſince 'tis the certain ſign of a ſuperior genius, that can take and become whatever dreſs it pleaſes.

I ſhall only add, that beſides what I have here ſaid, there is ſomething which can never be learnt but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices, and your own obſervations added to theſe, will ſoon diſcover what it is that commands attention

tention in one man, and makes you tired and diſpleaſed with the diſcourſe of another.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 24.

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

THERE is no character more deſervedly eſteemed than that of a country gentleman, who underſtands the ſtation in which Heaven and Nature have placed him. He is father to his tenants and patron to his neighbours, and is more ſuperior to thoſe of lower fortune by his benevolence than his poſſeſſions. He juſtly divides his time between ſolitude and company, ſo as to uſe the one for the other. His life is ſpent in the good offices of an advocate, a referee, a companion, a mediator, and a friend. His counſel and knowledge, are a guard to the ſimplicity and innocence of thoſe of lower talents, and the entertainment and happineſs of thoſe of equal. When a man in a country life, has this turn, as it is hoped thouſands have, he lives in a more happy condition than any that is deſcribed in the paſtoral deſcriptions of poets, or the vain glorious ſolitudes recorded by philoſophers.

To a thinking man it would ſeem prodigious, that the very ſituation in a country life, does not incline men to a ſcorn of the mean gratifications ſome take in it. To ſtand by a ſtream, naturally

naturally lulls the mind into compoſure and reverence; to walk in ſhades, diverſifies that pleaſure; and a bright ſunſhine makes a man conſider all nature in gladneſs, and himſelf the happieſt being in it, as he is the moſt conſcious of her gifts and enjoyments. It would be the moſt impertinent piece of pendantry imaginable, to form our pleaſures by imitation of others. I will not therefore mention Scipio and Lælius, who are generally produced on this ſubject as authorities for the charms of a rural life. He that does not feel the force of agreeable views and ſituations in his own mind, will hardly arrive at the ſatisfactions they bring from the reflections of others. However, they who have a taſte that way, are more particularly inflamed with deſire when they ſee others in the enjoyment of it, eſpecially when men carry into the country a knowledge of the world as well as of nature. The leiſure of ſuch perſons is endeared and refined by reflection upon cares and inquietudes. The abſence of paſt labours doubles preſent pleaſures, which is ſtill augmented, if the perſon in ſolitude has the happineſs of being addicted to letters. My couſin Frank Bickerſtaff gives me a very good notion of this ſort of felicity in the following letter.

SIR,

SIR,

I Write this to communicate to you the happineſs I have in the neighbourhood and converſation of the noble Lord, whoſe health you enquired after in your laſt. I have bought that little hovel which borders upon his royalty; but am ſo far from being oppreſſed by his greatneſs, that I, who know no envy, and he, who is above pride, mutually recommend ourſelves to each other by the difference of our fortunes. He eſteems me for being ſo well pleaſed with a little, and I admire him for enjoying ſo handſomely a great deal. He has not the little taſte of obſerving the colour of a tulip, or the edging of a leaf of box, but rejoices in open views, the regularity of this plantation, and the wildneſs of another, as well as the fall of a river, the riſing of a promontory, and all other objects fit to entertain a mind like his, that has been long verſed in great and public amuſements. The make of the ſoul is as much ſeen in leiſure as in buſineſs. He has long lived in courts, and been admired in aſſemblies, ſo that he has added to experience a moſt charming eloquence, by which he communicates to me the ideas of my own mind upon the objects we meet with ſo agreeably, that with his company in the fields, I at once enjoy the country and a landſkip of it. He is now altering the courſe of canals and rivulets, in which he has an eye to his neighbour's ſatisfaction, as well as his own. He often

often makes me preſents by turning the water into my grounds, and ſends me fiſh by their own ſtreams. To avoid my thanks, he makes nature the inſtrument of his bounty, and does all good offices ſo much with the air of a companion that his frankneſs hides his own condeſcention, as well as my gratitude. Leave the world to itſelf, and come ſee us.

Your affectionate couſin, *&c.*

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 169.

CREATION.

"THE ſpring with you has already taken "poſſeſſion of the fields and woods: Now "is the ſeaſon of ſolitude, and of moving com- "plaints upon trivial ſufferings: Now the griefs "of lovers begin to flow, and their wounds to "bleed afreſh. I too, at this diſtance from "the ſofter climates, am not without my diſ- "contents at preſent. You perhaps may laugh "at me for a moſt romantic wretch, when I "have diſcloſed to you the occaſion of my un- "eaſineſs; and yet I cannot help thinking my "unhappineſs real, in being confined to a re- "gion, which is the very reverſe of Paradiſe. "The ſeaſons here are all of them unpleaſant, "and the country quite deſtitute of rural "charms. I have not heard a bird ſing, nor a "brook murmur, nor a breeze whiſper, neither "have I been bleſt with the ſight of a flowery

"meadow

"meadow theſe two years. Every wind here is "a tempeſt, and every water a turbulent o-"cean. I hope, when you reflect a little, "you will not think the grounds of my com-"plaint in the leaſt frivolous and unbecoming a "man of ſerious thought; ſince the love of "woods, of fields and flowers, of rivers and "fountains, ſeems to be a paſſion implanted in "our natures the moſt early of any, even be-"fore the fair ſex had a being."

Could I tranſport myſelf with a wiſh from one country to another, I ſhould chooſe to paſs my winter in Spain, my ſpring in Italy, my ſummer in England, and my autumn in France. Of all theſe ſeaſons, there is none that can vie with the ſpring for beauty and delightfulneſs. It bears the ſame figure among the ſeaſons of the year, that the morning does among the diviſions of the day, or youth among the ſtages of life. The Engliſh ſummer is pleaſanter than that of any other country in Europe, on no other account, but becauſe it has a greater mixture of ſpring in it. The mildneſs of our climate, with thoſe frequent refreſhments of dews and rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual cheerfulneſs in our fields, and fill the hotteſt months of the year with a lively verdure.

In the opening of the ſpring, when all nature begins to recover herſelf, the ſame animal pleaſure which makes the birds ſing, and the whole brute creation rejoice, riſes very ſenſibly in the

heart of man. I know none of the poets who have obſerved ſo well as Milton thoſe ſecret overflowings of gladneſs which diffuſe themſelves thro' the mind of the beholder, upon ſurveying the gay ſcenes of nature: He has touched upon it twice or thrice in his Paradiſe Loſt, and deſcribes it very beautifully under the name of vernal delight, in that paſſage where he repreſents the devil himſelf as almoſt ſenſible of it.

Bloſſoms and fruits at once of golden hue
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mixt:
On which the ſun more glad impreſs'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath ſhower'd the earth: So lovely ſeem'd
That landſkip: And of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inſpires
Vernal delight, and joy able to drive
All ſadneſs but deſpair, &c.

Many authors have written on the vanity of the creature, and repreſented the barrenneſs of every thing in this world, and its incapacity of producing any ſolid or ſubſtantial happineſs. As diſcourſes of this nature are very uſeful to the ſenſual and voluptuous, thoſe ſpeculations which ſhew the bright ſide of things, and lay forth thoſe innocent entertainments which are to be met with among the ſeveral objects that encompaſs us, are no leſs beneficial to men of dark and melancholy tempers. It was for this reaſon that I endeavoured to recommend a cheerfulneſs of mind in my two laſt Saturday's papers,

papers, and which I would ſtill inculcate, not only from the conſideration of ourſelves and of that being on whom we depend, nor from the general ſurvey of that univerſe in which we are placed at preſent, but from reflections on the particular ſeaſon in which this paper is written. The creation is a perpetual feaſt to the mind of a good man, every thing he ſees chears and delights him; Providence has imprinted ſo many ſmiles on nature, that it is impoſſible for a mind which is not ſunk in more groſs and ſenſual delights, to take a ſurvey of them without ſeveral ſecret ſenſations of pleaſure. The pſalmiſt has in ſeveral of his divine poems celebrated thoſe beautiful and agreeable ſcenes which make the heart glad, and produce in it that vernal delight which I have before taken notice of.

Natural philoſophy quickens this taſte of the creation, and renders it not only pleaſing to the imagination, but to the underſtanding. It does not reſt in the murmur of brooks and the melody of birds, in the ſhade of groves and woods, or in the embroidery of fields and meadows, but conſiders the ſeveral ends of Providence which are ſerved by them, and the wonders of divine wiſdom which appear in them. It heightens the pleaſures of the eye, and raiſes ſuch a rational admiration in the ſoul, as is little inferior to devotion.

It is not in the power of every one to offer up this kind of worſhip to the great author of nature, and to indulge theſe more refined medita-

tions of heart, which are doubtleſs highly acceptable in his ſight; I ſhall therefore conclude this ſhort eſſay on that pleaſure which the mind naturally conceives from the preſent ſeaſon of the year, by the recommending of a practice for which every one has ſufficient abilities.

I would have my readers endeavour to moralize this natural pleaſure of the ſoul, and to improve this vernal delight, as Milton calls it, into a Chriſtian virtue. When we find ourſelves inſpired with this pleaſing inſtinct, this ſecret ſatisfaction and complacency ariſing from the beauties of the creation, let us conſider to whom we ſtand indebted for all theſe entertainments of ſenſe, and who it is that thus opens his hand and fills the world with good. The apoſtle inſtructs us to take advantage of our preſent temper of mind, to graft upon it ſuch a religious exerciſe as is particularly conformable to it, by that precept which adviſes thoſe who are ſad to pray, and thoſe who are merry to ſing pſalms. The cheerfulneſs of heart which ſprings up in us from the ſurvey of Nature's works, is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praiſe and thankſgiving, that is filled with ſuch a ſecret gladneſs. A grateful reflection on the ſupreme cauſe who produces it, ſanctifies it in the ſoul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual diſpoſition of mind conſecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a

morning

morning or evening ſacrifice, and will improve thoſe tranſient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refreſh the ſoul on ſuch occaſions, into an inviolable and perpetual ſtate of bliſs and happineſs.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 393.

CUSTOMS, *barbarous.*

I Cannot think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no leſs, in proportion, accountable for the ill uſe of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exerciſe of tyranny over their own ſpecies. The more entirely the inferior creation is ſubmitted to our power, the more anſwerable we ſhould ſeem for our miſmanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders theſe creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life, for their ill treatment in this.

'Tis obſervable of thoſe noxious animals, which have qualities moſt powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unleſs provoked, or neceſſiated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, ſeeks out and purſues even the moſt inoffenſive animals on purpoſe to perſecute and deſtroy them.

Montaigne thinks it ſome reflection upon human nature itſelf, that few people take delight in ſeeing beaſts careſs or play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and

worry one another. I am ſorry this temper is become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing character of our own nation, from the obſervation which is made by foreigners of our beloved paſtimes, *bear-baiting*, *cock-fighting*, and the like. We ſhould find it hard to vindicate the deſtroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonneſs; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the firſt pleaſures we allow them is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: Almoſt as ſoon as we are ſenſible what life is ourſelves, we make it our ſport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good uſe might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and inſects. Mr Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exerciſe of humanity, and improving their very diverſion to a virtue.

I fancy too, ſome advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to deſtroy ſome ſort of birds, as *ſwallows* or *martins*; this opinion might poſſibly ariſe from the confidence theſe birds ſeem to put in us by building under our roofs, ſo that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hoſpitality to murder them. As for *robin-red-breaſts* in particular, 'tis not improbable they owe their ſecurity to the old ballad of *the children in the wood.*

wood. However it be, I don't know, I ſay, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preſervation of many innocent creatures, which are now expoſed to all the wantonneſs of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the miſfortune, for no manner of reaſon, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a *cat* has *nine lives*, has coſt at leaſt nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: Scarce a boy in the ſtreets but has in this point outdone Hercules himſelf, who was famous for killing a monſter that had but *three lives*. Whether the unaccountable animoſity againſt this uſeful domeſtic may be any cauſe of the general perſecution of *owls*, (who are a ſort of feathered cats) or whether it be only an unreaſonable pique the moderns have taken to a ſerious countenance, I ſhall not determine. Tho' I am inclined to believe the former, ſince I obſerve the ſole reaſon alledged for the deſtruction of *frogs*, is becauſe they are like *toads*. Yet amidſt all the misfortunes of theſe unfriended creatures, 'tis ſome happineſs that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: For ſhould our countrymen refine upon the French never ſo little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments *owls*, *cats*, and *frogs* may be yet reſerved.

When

When we grow up to men, we have another ſucceſſion of ſanguinary ſports; in particular *hunting*. I dare not attack a diverſion which has ſuch authority and cuſtom to ſupport it, but muſt have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exerciſe, with the example and number of the chaſers, not a little contribute to reſiſt thoſe checks, which compaſſion would naturally ſuggeſt in behalf of the animal purſued. Nor ſhall I ſay with Monſieur Fleury, that this ſport is *a remain of the Gothic barbarity;* but I muſt animadvert upon a certain cuſtom yet in uſe with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that ſavage compliment our huntſmen paſs upon ladies of quality, who are preſent at the death of a ſtag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpleſs trembling and weeping creature.

——*Queſtuque cruentus,*
Atque imploranti ſimilis.——
——That lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life.

But if our *ſports* are deſtructive, our *gluttony* is more ſo, and in a more inhuman manner. *Lobſters roaſted alive, pigs whipt to death, fowls ſewed up*, are teſtimonies of our outrageous luxury. Thoſe who (as Seneca expreſſes it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conſcience

conſcience and a nauſeated ſtomach, have a juſt reward of their gluttony in the diſeaſes it brings with it: For human ſavages, like other wild beaſts, find ſnares and poiſon in the proviſions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their deſtruction. I know nothing more ſhocking or horrid, than the proſpect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's don in romance, beſtrewed with the ſcattered heads and mangled limbs of thoſe who were ſlain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more ſtrokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a ſaying of Cato to this effect, *That 'tis no eaſy taſk to preach to the belly which has no ears.* 'Yet if (ſays he) we 'are aſhamed to be ſo out of faſhion as not to 'offend, let us leaſt offend with ſome diſcretion 'and meaſure. If we kill an animal for our 'proviſion, let us do it with the meltings of 'compaſſion, and without tormenting it. Let 'us conſider, that 'tis in its own nature cruelty 'to put a living creature to death; we at leaſt 'deſtroy a ſoul that has ſenſe and perception.' In the life of Cato the Cenſor, he takes occaſion from the ſevere diſpoſition of that man to diſcourſe in this manner. 'It ought to be eſteem-'ed a happineſs to mankind, that our humani-'ty has a wider ſphere to exert itſelf in, than 'bare juſtice. It is no more than the obliga-

tion

'tion of our very birth to practiſe equity to our 'own kind, but humanity may be extended 'thro' the whole order of creatures, even to 'the meaneſt: Such actions of charity are the 'overflowings of a mild good-nature on all be-'low us. It is certainly the part of a well na-'tured man to take care of his horſes and dogs, 'not only in expectation of their labour while 'they are foals and whelps, but even when 'their old age has made them incapable of ſer-'vice.'

Hiſtory tells us of a wiſe and polite nation that rejected a perſon of the firſt quality, who ſtood for a judiciary office, only becauſe he had been obſerved in his youth, to take pleaſure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another that expelled a man out of the ſenate, for daſhing a bird againſt the ground which had taken ſhelter in his boſom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind: I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatiſe to ſhew, how far a man ſuppoſed to have ſubſiſted in a deſart iſland, without any inſtruction, or ſo much as the ſight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philoſophy and virtue. One of the firſt things he makes him obſerve is, that univerſal benevolence of nature in the protection and preſervation of its creatures. In imitation of which the firſt act of virtue he thinks his ſelf-taught philoſopher

philoſopher would of courſe fall into is, to relieve and aſſiſt all the animals about him in their wants and diſtreſſes.

Ovid has ſome very tender and pathetic lines, applicable to this occaſion.

Quid meruiſtes, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar?
Mollia quæ nobis veſtras velamina lanas.
Præbetis vitaque magis quam morte juvatis.
Quid meruere boves, animal ſine fraude doliſque
Innocuum ſimplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus.
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare ſuum— Met. l. 15. v. 116.
Quam male conſuevit, quam ſe parat ille cruori
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, & immotas præbet mugitibus aures!
Aut qui vagitus ſimiles puerilibus hædum
Edentem jugulare poteſt!—— Ib. v. 463.

The ſheep was ſacrificed on no pretence,
But meek and unreſiſting innocence.
A patient, uſeful creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloth'd her murderer;
And daily to give down the milk ſhe bred,
A tribute for the graſs, on which ſhe fed.
Living, both food and raiment ſhe ſupplies,
And is of leaſt advantage when ſhe dies.

How

How did the toiling ox his death deſerve?
A downright ſimple drudge, and born to ſerve.
O tyrant! with what juſtice canſt thou hope
The promiſe of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou deſtroy'ſt thy lab'ring ſteer, who till'd,
And plough'd with pains, thy elſe ungrateful field!
From his yet reeking neck, to draw the yoke,
That neck with which the ſurly clods he broke;
And to the hatchet yield thy huſbandman,
Who finiſh'd autumn, and the ſpring began?

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

What more advance can mortals make in ſin
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf, that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:
Deaf to the harmleſs kid, that, ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain the children's cries.

DRYDEN.

Perhaps that voice or cry ſo nearly reſembling the human, with which Providence has endued ſo many different animals, might purpoſely be given them to move our pity, and prevent thoſe cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow creatures.

There is a paſſage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingneſs to deſtroy Nineveh, where methinks that compaſſion of the Creator, which extends to the meaneſt rank of his creatures, is expreſſed with wonderful tenderneſs—

derneſs—*Should I not ſpare Nineveh, the great city, wherein are more than ſix ſcore thouſand perſons—and alſo much cattle?* And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good-nature of this ſort, with a bleſſing in form annexed to it, in thoſe words; *If thou ſhalt find a bird's neſt in the way, thou ſhalt not take the dam with the young: But thou ſhalt in any wiſe let the dam go; that it may be well with thee, and that thou may'ſt prolong thy days.*

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to thoſe animals that ſerve us; as for ſuch as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to deſtroy them; and for thoſe that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter, with regard to each of theſe conſiderations, is ſet in a very agreeable light in one of the Perſian fables of Pilpay, with which I ſhall end this paper.

A traveller paſſing through a thicket, and ſeeing a few ſparks of a fire, which ſome paſſengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a ſudden the ſparks caught hold of a buſh, in the midſt of which lay an adder, and ſet it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller's aſſiſtance, who tying a bag to the end of his ſtaff, reached it, and drew him out: He then bid him go where he pleaſed, but never more be hurtful to men, ſince he owed his

life to a man's compaſſion. The adder, however prepared to ſting him, and when he expoſtulated how unjuſt it was to retaliate good with evil, I ſhall do no more (ſaid the adder) than what you men practiſe every day, whoſe cuſtom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you cannot deny this truth, let us refer it to the firſt we meet. The man conſented, and ſeeing a tree, put the queſtion to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompenſed? If you mean according to the uſage of men (replied the tree) by its contrary: I have been ſtanding here theſe hundred years to protect them from the ſcorching ſun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to ſaw my body into planks. Upon this the adder inſulting the man, he appealed to a ſecond evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The ſame demand was made, and much the ſame anſwer given, that among men it was certainly ſo, I know it (ſaid the cow) by woful experience; for I have ſerved a man this long time with milk, butter and cheeſe, and brought him beſides a calf every year; but now I am old, he turns me into this paſture, with deſign to ſell me to a butcher, who will ſhortly make an end of me. The traveller upon this ſtood confounded, but deſired, of courteſy, one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beaſt they ſhould meet; this happened to be the fox, who upon hearing the ſtory in all its circumſtances, could

not

not be perſuaded it was poſſible for the adder to enter into ſo narrow a bag. The adder, to convince him, went in again, when the fox told the man, he had now his enemy in his power; and with that he faſtened the bag, and cruſhed him to pieces. GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 61.

DANCING.

IT is very natural to take for our whole lives a light impreſſion of a thing, which at firſt fell into contempt with us for want of conſideration. The real uſe of a certain qualification (which the wiſer part of mankind look upon as at beſt an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous circumſtance) ſhews the ill conſequence of ſuch prepoſſeſſions. What I mean, is the art, ſkill, accompliſhment, or whatever you will call it, of dancing. I knew a gentleman of great abilities, who bewailed the want of this part of his education to the end of a very honourable life. He obſerved that there was not occaſion for the common uſe of great talents; that they are but ſeldom in demand, and that theſe very great talents were often rendered uſeleſs to a man for want of ſmall attainments. A good mien (a becoming motion, geſture and aſpect) is natural to ſome men; but even thoſe would be highly more graceful in their carriage, if what they do from the force of nature were confirmed and heightened from the force of rea-

ſon. To one who has not at all conſidered it, to mention the force of reaſon on ſuch a ſubject, will appear fantaſtical; but when you have a little attended to it, an aſſembly of men will have quite another view: And they will tell you, it is evident from plain and infallible rules, why this man with thoſe beautiful features, and well faſhioned perſon, is not ſo agreeable as he who ſits by him without any of thoſe advantages. When we read, we do it without any exerted act of memory that preſents the ſhape of the letters; but habit makes us do it mechanically, without ſtaying, like children, to recollect and join thoſe letters. A man who has not had the regard of his geſture in any part of his education, will find himſelf unable to act with freedom before new company, as a child that is but now learning would be to read without heſitation. It is for the advancement of the pleaſure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary life, that one would wiſh dancing were generally underſtood as conducive, as it really is, to a proper deportment in matters that appear the moſt remote from it. A man of learning and ſenſe is diſtinguiſhed from others as he is ſuch, though he never runs upon points too difficult for the reſt of the world; in like manner the reaching out of the arm, and the moſt ordinary motion, diſcovers whether a man ever learnt to know what is the true harmony and compoſure of his limbs and countenance.

Whoever

Whoever has ſeen Booth, in the character of Pyrrhus, march to his throne to receive Oreſtes, is convinced that majeſtic and great conceptions are expreſſed in the very ſtep; but perhaps, though no other man could perform that incident as well as he does, he himſelf would do it with a yet greater elevation, were he a dancer. This is ſo dangerous a ſubject to treat with gravity, that I ſhall not at preſent enter into it any farther; but the author of the following letter has treated it in the eſſay he ſpeaks of in ſuch a manner, that I am beholden to him for a reſolution, that I will never hereafter think meanly of any thing, till I have heard what they who have another opinion of it have to ſay in its defence.

'*Mr* SPECTATOR,

'SINCE there are ſcarce any of the arts or 'ſciences that have not been recommended 'to the world by the pens of ſome of the pro-'feſſors, maſters, or lovers of them, whereby 'the uſefulneſs, excellence, and benefit ariſing 'from them, both as to the ſpeculative and 'practical part, have been made public, to the 'great advantage and improvement of ſuch arts 'and ſciences; why ſhould dancing, an art ce-'lebrated by the ancients in ſo extraordinary a 'manner, be totally neglected by the moderns, 'and left deſtitute of any pen to recommend

'its various excellencies and ſubſtantial merit to 'mankind.

'The low ebb to which dancing is now fal-'len, is altogether owing to this ſilence. The 'art is eſteemed only as an amuſing trifle; it lies 'altogether uncultivated, and is unhappily fal-'len under the imputation of illiterate and me-'chanic: And as Terence, in one of his pro-'logues, complains of the rope-dancers drawing 'all the ſpectators from his play, ſo may we well 'ſay, that capering and tumbling is now prefer-'red to, and ſupplies the place of juſt and regu-'lar dancing on our theatres. It is therefore, 'in my opinion, high time that ſome one ſhould 'come to its aſſiſtance, and relieve it from the 'many groſs and growing errors that have crept 'into it, and overcaſt its real beauties; and to 'ſet dancing in its true light, would ſhew the 'uſefulneſs and elegancy of it, with the plea-'ſure and inſtruction produced from it; and 'alſo lay down ſome fundamental rules, that 'might ſo tend to the improvement of its pro-'feſſors, and information of the ſpectators, that 'the firſt might be the better enabled to per-'form, and the latter rendered more capable of 'judging, what is (if there be any thing) valu-'able in this art.

'To encourage therefore ſome ingenious pen 'capable of ſo generous an undertaking, and in 'ſome meaſure to relieve dancing from the diſ-'advantages it at preſent lies under, I, who

'teach

'teach to dance, have attempted a ſmall trea-
'tiſe as an eſſay towards an hiſtory of dancing;
'in which I have enquired into its antiquity, o-
'riginal, and uſe, and ſhewn what eſteem the
'ancients had for it: I have likewiſe conſider-
'ed the nature and perfection of all its ſeveral
'parts, and how beneficial and delightful it is,
'both as a qualification and an exerciſe; and
'endeavoured to anſwer all objections that have
'been maliciouſly raiſed againſt it. I have pro-
'ceeded to give an account of the particular
'dances of the Greeks and Romans, whether
'religious, warlike, or civil; and taken parti-
'cular notice of that part of dancing relating to
'the ancient ſtage, and in which the panto-
'mimes had ſo great a ſhare: Nor have I been
'wanting in giving an hiſtorical account of
'ſome particular matters, excellent in that ſur-
'priſing art. After which, I have advanced
'ſome obſervations on the modern dancing,
'both as to the ſtage, and that part of it, ſo ab-
'ſolutely neceſſary for the qualification of gen-
'tlemen and ladies; and have concluded with
'ſome ſhort remarks on the origin and progreſs
'of the character by which dances are writ
'down, and communicated to one maſter from
'another. If ſome great genius after this would
'ariſe, and advance this art to that perfection it
'ſeems capable of receiving, what might not be
'expected from it? For if we conſider the ori-
'gin of arts and ſciences, we ſhall find that ſome

'of

'of them took riſe from beginnings ſo mean and 'unpromiſing, that it is very wonderful to think 'that ever ſuch ſurpriſing ſtructures ſhould have 'been raiſed upon ſuch ordinary foundations. 'But what cannot a great genius effect? Who 'would have thought that the clangorous noiſe 'of a ſmith's hammers ſhould have given the 'firſt riſe to muſic? Yet Macrobius in his ſe-'cond book relates that Pythagoras, in paſſing 'by a ſmith's ſhop, found that the ſounds pro-'ceeding from the hammers were either more 'grave or acute, according to the different 'weights of the hammers. The philoſopher, to 'improve the hint, ſuſpends different weights 'by ſtrings of the ſame bigneſs, and found in 'like manner that the ſounds anſwered to the 'weights. This being diſcovered, he finds out 'thoſe numbers which produced ſounds that 'were conſonants: As, that two ſtrings of the 'ſame ſubſtance and teniſon, the one being 'double the length of the other, give that inter-'val which is called diapaſon, or an eighth; 'the ſame was alſo effected from two ſtrings of 'the ſame length and ſize, the one having four 'times the teniſon of the other. By theſe ſteps, 'from ſo mean a beginning, did this great man 'reduce, what was only before noiſe, to one of 'the moſt delightful ſciences, by marrying it to 'the mathematics; and by that means cauſed 'it to be one of the moſt abſtract and demon-'ſtrative of ſciences. Who knows therefore

'but

'but motion, whether decorous or repreſenta-
'tive, may not (as it ſeems highly probable it
'may) be taken into conſideration by ſome per-
'ſon capable of reducing it into a regular ſci-
'ence, though not ſo demonſtrative as that pro-
'ceeding from ſounds, yet ſufficient to entitle it
'to a place among the magnified arts.

'Now, Mr Spectator, as you have declared
'yourſelf a viſitor of dancing-ſchools, and this
'being an undertaking which more immediately
'reſpects them, I think myſelf indiſpenſably o-
'bliged, before I proceed to the publication of
'this my eſſay, to aſk your advice; and hold it
'abſolutely neceſſary to have your approba-
'tion; and in order to recommend my treatiſe
'to the peruſal of the parents of ſuch as learn
'to dance, as well as to the young ladies, to
'whom, as viſitor, you ought to be guardian.

Salop, March 19. 1711-12. *I am, Sir, Your moſt humble ſervant.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 334. T.

When Æneas, the hero of Virgil, is loſt in the wood, and a perfect ſtranger in the place on which he is landed, he is accoſted by a lady in an habit for the chace. She enquires of him, whether he has ſeen paſs by that way any young woman dreſſed as ſhe was? Whether ſhe was following the ſport in the wood, or any other way employed, according to the cuſtom of huntreſſes? The hero anſwers with the reſpect due

to

to the beautiful appearance ſhe made; tells her, he ſaw no ſuch perſon as ſhe enquired for, but intimates that he knows her to be of the deities, and deſires ſhe would conduct a ſtranger. Her form, from her firſt appearance, manifeſted ſhe was more than mortal; but though ſhe was certainly a goddeſs, the poet does not make her known to be the goddeſs of Beauty till ſhe moved: All the charms of an agreeable perſon are then in their higheſt exertion, every limb and feature appears with its reſpective grace. It is from this obſervation, that I cannot help being ſo paſſionate an admirer as I am of good dancing. As all art is an imitation of nature, this is an imitation of nature in its higheſt excellence, and at a time when ſhe is moſt agreeable. The buſineſs of dancing is to diſplay beauty, and for that reaſon all diſtortions and mimickeries, as ſuch, are what raiſe averſion inſtead of pleaſure: But things that are in themſelves excellent, are ever attended with impoſture and falſe imitation. Thus, as in poetry, there are laborious fools who write anagrams and acroſticks, there are pretenders in dancing, who think merely to do what others cannot, is to excel. Such creatures ſhould be rewarded like him who had acquired a knack of throwing a grain of corn through the eye of a needle, with a buſhel to keep his hand in uſe. The dancers on our ſtages are very faulty in this kind; and what they mean by writhing themſelves into

ſuch

ſuch poſtures, as it would be a pain for any of the ſpectators to ſtand in, and yet hope to pleaſe thoſe ſpectators, is unintelligible. Mr Prince has a genius, if he were encouraged, would prompt him to better things. In all the dances he invents, you ſee he keeps cloſe to the characters he repreſents. He does not hope to pleaſe by making his performers move in a manner in which no one elſe ever did, but by motions proper to the characters he repreſents. He gives to clowns and lubbards clumſy graces, that is, he makes them practiſe what they would think graces: And I have ſeen dances of his, which might give hints that would be uſeful to a comic writer. Theſe performances have pleaſed the taſte of ſuch as have not reflection enough to know their excellence, becauſe they are of nature; and the diſtorted motions of others have offended thoſe, who could not form reaſons to themſelves for their diſpleaſure, from their being a contradiction to nature.

When one conſiders the inexpreſſible advantage there is in arriving at ſome excellence in this art, it is monſtrous to behold it ſo much neglected. The following letter has in it ſomething very natural on this ſubject.

'*Mr* SPECTATOR,

'I AM a widower with but one daughter; 'I was by nature much inclined to be a romp, 'and I had no way of educating her, but com-

'manding

'manding a young woman, whom I entertain-
'ed to take care of her, to be very watchful in
'her care and attendance about her. I am a
'man of buſineſs, and obliged to be much a-
'broad. The neighbours have told me, that in
'my abſence our maid has let in the ſpruce ſer-
'vants in the neighbourhood to junketings,
'while my girl played and romped even in the
'ſtreet. To tell you the plain truth, I catched
'her once, at eleven years old, at chuck-far-
'thing among the boys. This put me upon new
'thoughts about my child, and I determined to
'place her at a boarding-ſchool, and at the ſame
'time gave a very diſcreet young gentlewoman
'her maintenance at the ſame place and rate,
'to be her companion. I took little notice of
'my girl from time to time, but ſaw her now
'and then in good health, out of harm's way,
'and was ſatisfied. But by much importunity,
'I was lately prevailed with to go to one of
'their balls. I cannot expreſs to you the an-
'xiety my ſilly heart was in, when I ſaw my
'romp, now fifteen, taken out: I never felt
'the pangs of a father upon me ſo ſtrongly in
'my whole life before; and I could not have
'ſuffered more, had my whole fortune been at
'ſtake. My girl came on with the moſt becom-
'ing modeſty I had ever ſeen, and caſting a re-
'ſpectful eye, as if ſhe feared me more than all
'the audience, I gave a nod, which I think
'gave her all the ſpirit ſhe aſſumed upon it, but

ſhe

'ſhe roſe properly to that dignity of aſpect. My 'romp, now the moſt graceful perſon of her 'ſex, aſſumed a majeſty which commanded the 'higheſt reſpect; and when ſhe turned to me, 'and ſaw my face in rapture, ſhe fell into the 'prettieſt ſmile, and I ſaw in all her motion that 'ſhe exulted in her father's ſatisfaction. You, 'Mr Spectator, will, better than I can tell you, 'imagine to yourſelf all the different beauties 'and changes of aſpect in an accompliſhed 'young woman, ſetting forth all her beauties 'with a deſign to pleaſe no one ſo much as her 'father. My girl's lover can never know half 'the ſatisfaction that I did in her that day, I 'could not poſſibly have imagined, that ſo great 'improvement could have been wrought by an 'art that I always held in itſelf ridiculous and 'contemptible. There is, I am convinced, no 'method like this, to give young women a ſenſe 'of their own value and dignity; and I am ſure 'there can be none ſo expeditious to communi-'cate that value to others. As for the flippant 'inſipidly gay and wantonly forward, whom 'you behold among dancers, that carriage is 'more to be attributed to perverſe genius of the 'performers, than imputed to the art itſelf. 'For my part, my child has danced herſelf into 'my eſteem, and I have as great an honour for 'her as ever I had for her mother, from whom 'ſhe derived thoſe latent good qualities which 'appeared in her countenace when ſhe was dan-

'cing; for my girl, though I ſay it myſelf, ſhew-
'ed in one quarter of an hour the innate prin-
'ciples of a modeſt virgin, a tender wife, a ge-
'nerous friend, a kind mother, and an indul-
'gent miſtreſs. I'll ſtrain hard but I will pur-
'chaſe for her an huſband ſuitable to her merit.
'I am your convert in the admiration of what
'I thought you jeſted when you recommended;
'and if you pleaſe to be at my houſe on Thurſ-
'day next, I make a ball for my daughter, and
'you ſhall ſee her dance, or, if you will do her
'that honour, dance with her.

I am, Sir,
Your moſt humble Servant,
PHILIPATER.

Were any one to ſee Mariamne dance, let him be never ſo ſenſual a brute, I defy him to entertain any thoughts but of the higheſt reſpect and eſteem towards her. I was ſhewed laſt week a picture in a lady's cloſet, for which ſhe had an hundred different dreſſes, that ſhe could clap on round the face, on purpoſe to demonſtrate the force of habits in the diverſity of the ſame countenance. Motion, and change of poſture and aſpect, has an effect no leſs ſurpriſing on the perſon of Mariamne when ſhe dances.

Chloe is extremely pretty, and as ſilly as ſhe is pretty. This ideot has a very good ear, and a moſt agreeable ſhape; but the folly of the thing is ſuch, that it ſmiles ſo impertinently, and affects

affects to please so sillily, that while she dances you see the simpleton from head to foot. For you must know (as trivial as this art is thought to be) no one ever was a good dancer, that had not a good understanding. If this be a truth, I shall leave the reader to judge from that maxim, what esteem they ought to have for such impertinents as fly, hop, caper, tumble, twirl, turn round, and jump over their heads, and in a word, play a thousand pranks which many animals can do better than a man, instead of performing to perfection what the human figure only is capable of performing.

It may perhaps appear odd, that I, who set up for a mighty lover, at least, of virtue, should take so much pains to recommend what the soberer part of mankind look upon to be a trifle; but under favour of the soberer part of mankind, I think they have not enough considered this matter, and for that reason only disesteem it. I must also, in my own justification, say that I attempt to bring into the service of honour and virtue every thing in nature that can pretend to give elegant delight. It may possibly be proved, that vice is in itself destructive of pleasure, and virtue in itself conducive to it. If the delights of a free fortune were under proper regulations, this truth would not want much argument to support it; but it would be obvious to every man, that there is a strict affinity between all things that are truly laudable and

beautiful, from the higheſt ſentiment of the ſoul, to the moſt indifferent geſture of the body.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 466. T.

DEATH.

GOING yeſterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon aſking him the occaſion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a ſtrange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended ſome misfortune to themſelves, or to their children. At her coming into the room, I obſerved a ſettled melancholy in her countenance, which I ſhould have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no ſooner ſat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, *My dear* (ſays ſhe, turning to her huſband) *you may now ſee the ſtranger that was in the candle laſt night.* Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-hand on Thurſday. Thurſday! (ſays ſhe) *no, child, if 't pleaſe God, you ſhall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your writing-maſter, that Friday will be ſoon enough.* I was reflecting with myſelf on the oddneſs of her fancy, and wondering that any body would eſtabliſh it as a rule to loſe a day in every week. In the midſt of theſe my muſings, ſhe deſired me to reach

reach her a little ſalt upon the point of my knife, which I did in ſuch a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which ſhe immediately ſtartled, and ſaid, it fell towards her. Upon this, I looked very blank; and, obſerving the concern of the whole table, began to conſider myſelf, with ſome confuſion, as a perſon that had brought a diſaſter upon the family. The lady however recovering herſelf, after a little ſpace, ſaid to her huſband, with a ſigh, *My dear, misfortunes never came ſingle.* My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than underſtanding, thinks himſelf obliged to fall in with all the paſſions and humours of his yoke-fellow: *Do not you remember, child* (ſays ſhe) *that the pigeon-houſe fell the very afternoon that our careleſs wench ſpilt the ſalt upon the table? Yes,* (ſays he) *my dear, and the next poſt brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.* The reader may gueſs at the figure I made, after having done all this miſchief. I diſpatched my dinner as ſoon as I could, with my uſual taciturnity; when, to my utter confuſion, the lady ſeeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them acroſs one another upon my plate, deſired me that I would humour her ſo far as to take them out of that figure and place them ſide by ſide. What the abſurdity was which I had committed, I did not know, but I ſuppoſe there was ſome traditionary ſuperſtition in it; and

therefore, in obedience to the lady of the houſe, I diſpoſed of my knife and fork in two parallal lines, which is the figure I ſhall always leave them in for the future, though I do not know any reaſon for it.

It is not difficult for a man to ſee that a perhas conceived an averſion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that ſhe regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aſpect. For which reaſon I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend theſe ſuperſtitious follies of mankind; how they ſubject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional ſorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not ſufficient for it, we turn the moſt indifferent circumſtances into misfortunes, and ſuffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the ſhooting of a ſtar ſpoil a night's reſt; and have ſeen a man in love grow pale and loſe his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A ſcreech-owl at midnight, has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath ſtruck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing ſo inconſiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognoſtics. A ruſty nail, or a crooked pin, ſhoot up into prodigies.

I

I remember I was once in a mixt aſſembly, that was full of noiſe and mirth, when on a ſudden an old woman unluckily obſerved there were thirteen of us in company. This remark ſtruck a panic terror into ſeveral who were preſent, inſomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, inſtead of portending one of the company ſhould die, it plainly foretold one of them ſhould be born. Had not my friend found out this expedient to break the omen, I queſtion not but half the women in the company would have fallen ſick that very night.

An old maid, that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite diſturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt, of a great family, who is one of theſe antiquated Sibyls, that forbodes and prophecies from one end of the year to the other. She is always ſeeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almoſt frighted out of her wits by the great houſe dog, that howled in the ſtable at a time when ſhe lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant caſt of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in ſupernumerary duties of life; and ariſes from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the ſoul of man.

man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehenſions and ſuſpicions, and conſequently diſpoſe it to the obſervation of ſuch groundleſs prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wiſe men to retrench the evils of life by the reaſonings of philoſophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the ſentiments of ſuperſtition.

For my own part, I ſhould be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it ſhould inform me truly of every thing that can befal me. I would not anticipate the reliſh of any happineſs, nor feel the weight of any miſery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my ſoul againſt theſe gloomy preſages and terrors of mind, and that is by ſecuring to myſelf the friendſhip and protection of that Being who diſpoſes of events, and governs futurity. He ſees, at one view, the whole thread of my exiſtence, not only that part of it which I have already paſſed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to ſleep, I recommend myſelf to his care; when I awake, I give myſelf up to his direction. Amidſt all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and queſtion not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my

my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all ſolicitous about it; becauſe I am ſure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and ſupport me under them.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 7. C.

There is a ſort of delight, which is alternately mixed with terror and ſorrow, in the contemplation of death. The ſoul has its curioſity more than ordinarily awakened, when it turns its thoughts upon the conduct of ſuch who have behaved themſelves with an equal, a reſigned, a cheerful, a generous or heroic temper in that extremity. We are affected with theſe reſpective manners of behaviour, as we ſecretly believe the part of the dying perſon imitable by ourſelves, or ſuch as we imagine ourſelves more particularly capable of. Men of exalted minds march before us like princes, and are, to the ordinary race of mankind, rather ſubjects for the admiration than example. However, there are no ideas ſtrike more forcibly upon our imaginations, than thoſe which are raiſed from reflections upon the exits of great and excellent men. Innocent men who have ſuffered as criminals, though they were benefactors to human ſociety, ſeem to be perſons of the higheſt diſtinction, among the vaſtly greater number of the human race, the dead. When the iniquity of the times brought Socrates to his execution, how great and

and wonderful is it to behold him, unſupported by any thing but the teſtimony of his own conſcience, and conjectures of hereafter, receive the poiſon with an air of mirth and good-humour, and as if going on an agreeable journey beſpeak ſome deity to make it fortunate.

When Phocion's good actions had met with the like reward from his country, and he was led to death with many others of his friends, they bewailing their fate, he walking compoſedly towards the place of execution, how gracefully does he ſupport his illuſtrious character to the very laſt inſtant. One of the rabble ſpitting at him as he paſſed, with his uſual authority called to know, if no one was ready to teach this fellow how to behave himſelf. When a poor-ſpirited creature that died at the ſame time for his crimes, bemoaned himſelf unmanfully, he rebuked him with this queſtion, is it no conſolation to ſuch a man as thou art to die with Phocion? At the inſtant when he was to die, they aſked what commands he had for his ſon? He anſwered to forget this injury of the Athenians. Niocles, his friend, under the ſame ſentence, deſired he might drink the potion before him; Phocion ſaid, becauſe he never had denied him any thing, he would not even this, the moſt difficult requeſt he had ever made.

Theſe inſtances were very noble and great, and the reflections of thoſe ſublime ſpirits, had made death to them what it is really intended

to

to be by the author of nature, a relief from a various being ever ſubject to ſorrows and difficulties.

Epaminondas, the Theban general, having received in fight a mortal ſtab with a ſword, which was left in his body, lay in that poſture till he had intelligence that his troops had obtained the victory, and then permitted it to be drawn out; at which inſtant he expreſſed himſelf in this manner, *This is not the end of my life, my fellow-ſoldiers; it is now your Epaminondas is born, who dies in ſo much glory.*

It were an endleſs labour to collect the accounts with which all ages have filled the world of noble and heroic minds that have reſigned this being, as if the termination of life were but an ordinary occurrence of it.

This common-place way of thinking, I fell into from an aukward endeavour to throw off a real and freſh affliction, by turning over books in a melancholy mood; but it is not eaſy to remove griefs which touch the heart, by applying remedies which only entertain the imagination. As therefore this paper is to conſiſt of any thing which concerns human life, I cannot help letting the preſent ſubject regard what has been the laſt object of my eyes, though an entertainment of ſorrow.

I went this evening to viſit a friend, with a deſign to rally him, upon a ſtory I had heard of his intending to ſteal a marriage without the privity

privity of us his intimate friends and acquaintance. I came into his apartment with that intimacy which I have done for very many years, and walked directly into his bed-chamber, where I found my friend in the agonies of death. What could I do? The innocent mirth in my thoughts, ſtruck upon me like the moſt flagitious wickedneſs: I in vain called upon him; he was ſenſeleſs, and too far ſpent to have the leaſt knowledge of my ſorrow, or any pain in himſelf. Give me leave then to tranſcribe my ſoliloquy, as I ſtood by his mother, dumb with the weight of grief for a ſon who was her honour and her comfort, and never till that hour ſince his birth, had been an occaſion of a moment's ſorrow to her.

'How ſurpriſing is this change! from the poſ-
'ſeſſion of vigorous life and ſtrength, to be re-
'duced in a few hours to this fatal extremity!
'Thoſe lips which look ſo pale and livid, with-
'in theſe few days gave delight to all who heard
'their utterance: It was the buſineſs, the pur-
'poſe of his being, next to obeying him to
'whom he is going, to pleaſe and and inſtruct,
'and that for no other end but to pleaſe and
'inſtruct. Kindneſs was the motive of his ac-
'tions, and with all the capacity requiſite for
'making a figure in a contentious world, mode-
'ration, good-nature, affability, temperance,
'and chaſtity, were the arts of his excellent
'life. There as he lies in helpleſs agony, no
'wiſe

'wiſe man who knew him ſo well as I, but 'would reſign all the world can beſtow to be ſo 'near the end of ſuch a life. Why does my 'heart ſo little obey my reaſon as to lament 'thee, thou excellent man.——Heaven receive 'him, or reſtore him.——Thy beloved mother, 'thy obliged friends, thy helpleſs ſervants, ſtand 'around thee, without diſtinction. How much 'wouldſt thou, hadſt thou thy ſenſes, ſay to 'each of us!

'But now that good heart burſts, and he is at 'reſt——with that breath expired a ſoul who 'never indulged a paſſion unfit for the place he 'is gone to: Where are now thy plans of juſ-'tice, of truth, of honour? Of what uſe the 'volumes thou haſt collated, the arguments 'thou haſt invented, the examples thou haſt 'followed? Poor were the expectations of the 'ſtudious, the modeſt and the good, if the re-'ward of their labours were only to be expect-'ed from man. No, my friend, thy intended 'pleadings, thy intended good offices to thy 'friends, thy intended ſervices to thy country, 'are already performed (as to thy concern in 'them) in his ſight before whom the paſt, pre-'ſent, and future appear at one view. While 'others with thy talents were tormented with 'ambition, with vain-glory, with envy, with 'emulation, how well didſt thou turn thy mind 'to its own improvement in things out of the 'power of fortune; in probity, in integrity, in

'the practice and ſtudy of juſtice; how ſilent 'thy paſſage, how private thy journey, how glo-'rious thy end! Many have I known more fa-'mous, ſome more knowing, not one ſo inno-'cent.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 133. R.

I am very much pleaſed with a conſolatory letter of Phalaris, to one who had loſt a ſon that was a young man of great merit. The thought with which he comforts the afflicted father, is, to the beſt of my memory, as follows: That he ſhould conſider death had ſet a kind of ſeal upon his ſon's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy: That while he lived, he was ſtill within the poſſibility of falling away from virtue, and loſing the fame of which he was poſſeſſed. Death only cloſes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other motives, may be one reaſon why we are naturally averſe to the lanching out into a man's praiſe till his head is laid in the duſt. Whilſt he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our opinions. He may forfeit the eſteem we have conceived of him, and ſome time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at preſent. In ſhort, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, ſo neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the concluſion of it.

It

It was upon this conſideration, that Epaminondas, being aſked whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or he himſelf deſerved moſt to be eſteemed? You muſt firſt ſee us die, ſaith he, before that queſtion can be anſwered.

As there is not a more melancholy conſideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to ſuch a change, ſo there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions, and preſerve the beauty of his character to the laſt.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well written play, where the principal perſons ſtill act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo. There is ſcarce a great perſon in the Grecian or Roman hiſtory, whoſe death has not been remarked upon by ſome writer or other, and cenſured or applauded according to the genius or principles of the perſon who has deſcanted on it. Monſieur de St. Evremond is very particular in ſetting forth the conſtancy and courage of Petronius Arbiter during his laſt moments, and thinks he diſcovers in them a greater firmneſs of mind and reſolution, than in the death of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates. There is no queſtion but this polite author's affectation of appearing ſingular in his remarks, and making diſcoveries which had eſcaped the obſervation of others, threw him into this courſe of reflection. It was Petronius's merit, that he died in the ſame gaiety of temper in which he lived; but as his

life was altogether looſe and diſſolute, the indifference which he ſhewed at the cloſe of it, is to be looked upon as a piece of natural carelleſneſs and levity, rather than fortitude. The reſolution of Socrates, proceeded from very different motives, the conſciouſneſs of a well-ſpent life, and the proſpect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious author above-mentioned was ſo pleaſed with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler inſtance of it in our countryman Sir Thomas More.

This great and learned man was famous for enlivening his ordinary diſcourſes with wit and pleaſantry; and, as Eraſmus tells him in an epiſtle dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a ſecond Democritus.

He died upon a point of religion, and is reſpected as a martyr by that ſide for which he ſuffered. That innocent mirth which had been ſo conſpicuous in his life, did not forſake him to the laſt: He maintained the ſame cheerfulneſs of heart upon the ſcaffold, which he uſed to ſhew at his table; and, upon laying his head on the block, gave inſtances of that good humour with which he had always entertained his friends in the moſt ordinary occurrences. His death was of a piece with his life. There was nothing in it new, forced or affected. He did not look upon the ſevering his head from his body as a circumſtance that ought to produce any change in the diſpoſition of his mind; and as he

died

died under a fixed and ſettled hope of immortality, he thought any unuſual degree of ſorrow and concern improper on ſuch an occaſion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example. Mens natural fears will be a ſufficient guard againſt it. I ſhall only obſerve, that what was philoſophy in this extraordinary man, would be frenzy in one who does not reſemble him as well in the cheerfulneſs of his temper, as in the ſanctity of his life and manners.

I ſhall conclude this paper with the inſtance of a perſon who ſeems to me to have ſhewn more intrepidity and greatneſs of ſoul in his dying moments, than what we meet with among any of the moſt celebrated Greeks and Romans. I met with this inſtance in the hiſtory of the revolutions in Portugal, written by the Abbot de Vertot.

When Don Sebaſtian, King of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, Emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and ſet his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a diſtemper which he himſelf knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of ſo formidable an enemy. He was indeed ſo far ſpent with his ſickneſs, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the laſt deciſive battle was

given; but knowing the fatal conſequences that would happen to his children and people, in caſe he ſhould die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they ſhould conceal his death from the army, and that they ſhould ride up to the litter in which his corpſe was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as uſual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army, in an open litter, as they ſtood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly, in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go againſt him, though he was very near his laſt agonies, he threw himſelf out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the ſide of the Moors. He had no ſooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himſelf utterly ſpent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin ſecrecy to his officers who ſtood about him, he died a few moments after in that poſture.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 349. L.

In fair weather, when my heart is cheared, and I feel that exaltation of ſpirits which reſults from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful proſpect of nature, I regard myſelf as one placed by the hand of God in the midſt of an

an ample theatre, in which the ſun, moon and ſtars, the fruits alſo, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their poſitions, or their aſpects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the underſtanding, as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightening, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre. And the ſable hemiſphere ſtudded with ſpangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as ſo many ſucceſſive ſcenes.

When I conſider things in this light, methinks it is a ſort of impiety to have no attention to the courſe of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardleſs of thoſe phænomena that are placed within our view, on purpoſe to entertain our faculties, and diſplay the wiſdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to Providence of the ſame kind, (I hope it is not impious to make ſuch a ſimile) as it would be to a good poet, to ſit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it.

And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial ſtructure, and thoſe admirable machines, whereby the paſſions of a philoſopher are gratefully agitated, and his ſoul affected with the ſweet emotions of joy and ſurprize?

How many fox-hunters and rural ſquires are to be found in Great-Britain, who are ignorant that

that they have all this while lived on a planet; that the ſun is ſeveral thouſand times bigger than the earth; and that there are other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own. Ay, but, ſays ſome illiterate fellow, I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it. Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it, that is, you enjoy it as a brute; but to enjoy it as a rational being is to know it, to be ſenſible of its greatneſs and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by theſe reflexions to obtain juſt ſentiments of the Almighty mind that framed it.

The man who unembarraſſed with vulgar cares, leiſurely attends to the flux of things in heaven, and things on earth, and obſerves the laws by which they are governed, hath ſecured to himſelf an eaſy and convenient ſeat where he beholds with pleaſure all that paſſes on the ſtage of nature, while thoſe about him are, ſome faſt aſleep, and others ſtruggling for the higheſt places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at puſh-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profuſion of good things that diſtinguiſh the ſeaſons, yield a proſpect which annihilates all human grandeur. But when we have ſeen frequent returns of the

ſame

ſame things, when we have often viewed the heaven and the earth in all their various array, our attention flags and our admiration ceaſes. All the art and magnificence in nature, could not make us pleaſed with the ſame entertainment, preſented a hundred years ſucceſſively to our view.

I am led into this way of thinking, by a queſtion ſtarted the other night, viz. Whether it were poſſible that a man ſhould be weary of a fortune and healthy courſe of life? My opinion was, that the bare repetition of the ſame objects, abſtracted from all other inconveniencies, was ſufficient to create in our minds a diſtaſte of the world; and that the abhorrence old men have of death, proceeds rather from a diſtruſt of what may follow, than from the proſpect of loſing any preſent enjoyments. For (as an ancient author ſomewhere expreſſes it) when a man has ſeen the viciſſitudes of night and day, winter and ſummer, ſpring and autumn, the returning faces of the ſeveral parts of nature, what is there farther to detain his fancy here below?

The ſpectacle indeed is glorious, and may bear viewing ſeveral times. But in a very few ſcenes of revolving years, we feel a fatiety of the ſame images, the mind grows impatient to ſee the curtain drawn, and behold new ſcenes diſcloſed, and the imagination is in this life filled with a confuſed idea of the next.

Death,

Death, conſidered in this light, is no more than paſſing from one entertainment to another. If the preſent objects are grown tireſome and diſtaſteful, it is in order to prepare our minds for a more exquiſite reliſh of thoſe which are freſh and new. If the good things we have hitherto enjoyed are tranſient, they will be ſucceeded by thoſe which the inexhauſtible power of the Deity will ſupply to eternal ages. If the pleaſures of our preſent ſtate are blended with pain and uneaſineſs, our future will conſiſt of ſincere unmixed delights. Bleſſed hope! the thought whereof turns the very imperfections of our nature into occaſions of comfort and joy.

But what conſolation is left to the man who hath no hope or proſpect of theſe things? View him in that part of life when the natural decay of his faculties concurs with the frequency of the ſame objects to make him weary of this world, when, like a man who hangs upon a precipice, his preſent ſituation is uneaſy, and the moment that he quits his hold, he is ſure of ſinking into hell or annihilation.

There is not any character ſo hateful as his who invents racks and tortures for mankind. The *freethinkers* make it their buſineſs to introduce doubts, perplexities, and deſpair into the minds of men, and according to the poet's rule, are moſt juſtly puniſhed by their own ſchemes.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 169.

DEBT.

DEBT.

PAſſing under Ludgate the other day, I heard a voice bawling for charity, which I thought I had ſomewhere heard before. Coming near to the grate, the priſoner called me by my name, and deſired I would throw ſomething into the box: I was out of countenance for him, and did as he bid me, by putting in half a crown. I went away, reflecting upon the ſtrange conſtitution of ſome men, and how meanly they behave themſelves in all ſorts of conditions. The perſon who begged of me is now, as I take it, fifty: I was well acquainted with him till about the age of twenty-five; at which time a good eſtate fell to him by the death of a relation. Upon coming to this unexpected good fortune, he ran into all the extravagancies imaginable; was frequently in drunken diſputes, broke drawers heads, talked and ſwore loud, was unmannerly to thoſe above him, and inſolent to thoſe below him. I could not but remark, that it was the ſame baſeneſs of ſpirit which worked in his behaviour in both fortunes: The ſame little mind was inſolent in riches, and ſhameleſs in poverty. This accident made me muſe upon the circumſtance of being in debt in general, and ſolve in my mind what tempers were moſt apt to fall into this error of life, as well as the misfortune it muſt needs be to languiſh under ſuch preſſures. As for myſelf, my natural averſion to

that

that ſort of converſation which makes a figure with the generality of mankind, exempts me from any temptations to expence; and all my buſineſs lies within a very narrow compaſs, which is only to give an honeſt man, who takes care of my eſtate, proper vouchers for his quarterly payments to me, and obſerve what linen my laundreſs brings and takes away with her once a week: My ſteward brings his receipt ready for my ſigning; and I have a pretty implement with the reſpective names of ſhirts, cravats, handkerchiefs, and ſtockings, with proper numbers to know how to reckon with my laundreſs. This being almoſt all the buſineſs I have in the world for the care of my own affairs, I am at full leiſure to obſerve upon what others do, with relation to their equipage and œconomy.

When I walk the ſtreet, and obſerve the hurry about me in this town,

Where with like haſte, thro' different ways they run;
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone.

I ſay, when I behold this vaſt variety of perſons and humours, with the pains they both take for the accompliſhment of the ends mentioned in the above verſes of Denham, I cannot much wonder at the endeavour after gain, but am extremely aſtoniſhed that men can be ſo inſenſible of the danger of running into debt. One would think it impoſſible a man who is given to contract debts ſhould know, that his creditor has,

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from that moment in which he tranſgreſſes payment, ſo much as that demand comes to in his debtor's honour, liberty and fortune. One would think he did not know, that his creditor can ſay the worſt thing imaginable of him, to wit, That he is unjuſt, without defamation; and can ſeize his perſon, without being guilty of an aſſault. Yet ſuch is the looſe and abandoned turn of ſome men's minds, that they can live under theſe conſtant apprehenſions, and ſtill go on to increaſe the cauſe of them. Can there be a more low and ſervile condition, than to be aſhamed, or afraid to ſee any one man breathing? Yet he that is much in debt, is in that condition with relation to twenty different people. There are indeed circumſtances wherein men of honeſt natures may become liable to debts, by ſome unadviſed behaviour in any great point of their life, or mortgaging a man's honeſty as a ſecurity for that of another, and the like; but theſe inſtances are ſo particular and circumſtantiated, that they cannot come within general conſiderations; for one ſuch caſe as one of theſe, there are ten, where a man, to keep up a farce of retinue and grandeur within his own houſe, ſhall ſhrink at the expectation of ſurly demands at his doors. The debtor is the creditor's criminal, and all the officers of power and ſtate, whom we behold make ſo great a figure, are no other than ſo many perſons in authority to make good his charge againſt him. Human ſociety depends upon his

having the vengeance law allots him; and the debtor owes his liberty to his neighbour, as much as the murderer does his life to his prince.

Our gentry are, generally ſpeaking, in debt; and many families have put it into a kind of method of being ſo from generation to generation. The father mortgages when his ſon is very young; and the boy is to marry as ſoon as he is at age to redeem it, and find portions for his ſiſters. This, forſooth, is no great inconvenience to him; for he may wench, keep a public table, or feed dogs, like a worthy Engliſh gentleman, till he has out-run half his eſtate, and leave the ſame incumbrance upon his firſt-born, and ſo on, till one man of more vigour than ordinary goes quite through the eſtate, or ſome man of ſenſe comes into it, and ſcorns to have an eſtate in partnerſhip, that is to ſay, liable to the demand or inſult of any man living. There is my friend Sir Andrew, though for many years a great and general trader, was never the defendant in a law-ſuit, in all the perplexity of buſineſs, and the iniquity of mankind at preſent: No one had any colour for the leaſt complaint againſt his dealings with him. This is certainly as uncommon, and in its proportion as laudable in a citizen, as it is in a general never to have ſuffered a diſadvantage in fight. How differnt from this gentleman is Jack Truepenny, who has been an old acquaintance of Sir Andrew and myſelf from boys, but could never learn

learn our caution. Jack has a whoriſh unreſiſted good-nature, which makes him incapable of having a property in any thing. His fortune, his reputation, his time and his capacity, are at any man's ſervice that comes firſt. When he was at ſchool, he was whipped thrice a week for faults he took upon him to excuſe others; ſince he came into the buſineſs of the world, he has been arreſted twice or thrice a year for debts he had nothing to do with, but as ſurety for others: And I remember when a friend of his had ſuffered in the vice of the town, all the phyſic his friend took was conveyed to him by Jack, and inſcribed, "A bolus or an electuary "for Mr Truepenny." Jack had a good eſtate left him, which came to nothing; becauſe he believed all who pretended to demands upon it. This eaſineſs and credulity deſtroy all the other merit he has; and he has all his life been a ſacrifice to others, without ever receiving thanks, or doing one good action.

I will end this diſcourſe with a ſpeech which I heard Jack make to one of his creditors, (of whom he deſerved gentler uſuage) after lying a whole night in cuſtody at his ſuit.

SIR,

'Your ingratitude for the many kindneſſes I have 'done you, ſhall not make me unthankful for 'the good you have done me, in letting me ſee 'there is ſuch a man as you in the world. I

'am obliged to you for the diffidence I ſhall 'have all the reſt of my life: I ſhall hereafter 'truſt no man ſo far as to be in his debt.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 82. R.

DETRACTION.

'I Have not ſeen you lately at any of the 'places where I viſit, ſo that I am afraid you 'are wholly unacquainted with what paſſes 'among my part of the world, who are, though 'I ſay it, without controverſy, the moſt accom-'pliſhed and beſt bred of the town. Give me 'leave to tell you, that I am extremely diſcom-'poſed when I hear ſcandal, and am an utter 'enemy to all manner of detraction, and think 'it the greateſt meanneſs that people of diſ-'tinction can be guilty of: However, it is hard-'ly poſſible to come into company, where you 'do not find them pulling one another to pieces, 'and that from no other provocation, but that 'of hearing any one commended. Merit, both 'as to wit and beauty, is become no other than 'the poſſeſſion of a few trifling people's favour, 'which you cannot poſſibly arrive at, if you 'have really any thing in you that is deſerving. 'What they would bring to paſs, is, to make 'all good and evil conſiſt in report, and with 'whiſpers, calumnies, and impertinences, to 'have the conduct of thoſe reports. By this 'means, innocents are blaſted upon their firſt

'appearance

'appearance in town; and there is nothing
'more required to make a young woman the
'object of envy and hatred, than to deſerve
'love and admiration. This abominable en-
'deavour to ſuppreſs or leſſen every thing that
'is praiſe-worthy, is as frequent among the
'men as the women. If I can remember what
'paſſed at a viſit laſt night, it will ſerve as an
'inſtance that the ſexes are equally inclined to
'defamation, with equal malice, with equal
'impotence. Jack Triplett came into my
'Lady Airy's about eight of the clock. You
'know the manner we ſit at a viſit, and I need
'not deſcribe the circle; but Mr Triplett came
'in, introduced by two tapers ſupported by a
'ſpruce ſervant, whoſe hair is under a cap till
'my Lady's candles are all lighted up, and the
'hour of ceremony begins: I ſay, Jack Trip-
'lett came in, and ſinging (for he is really good
'company) Every feature charming creature,—
'he went on, It is a moſt unreaſonable thing
'that people cannot go peaceably to ſee their
'friends, but theſe murderers are let looſe.
'Such a ſhape! ſuch an air! what a glance was
'that as her chariot paſſed by mine—My Lady
'herſelf interrupted him; pray, who is this
'fine thing—I warrant, ſays another, 'tis the
'creature I was telling your Ladyſhip of juſt
'now. You were telling of? ſays Jack; I
'wiſh I had been ſo happy as to have come in
'and heard you, for I have not words to ſay

'what ſhe is: But if an agreeable height, a 'modeſt air, a virgin ſhame, and impatience of 'being beheld, amidſt a blaze of ten thouſand 'charms——The whole room flew out——Oh 'Mr Triplett!——When Mrs Lofty, a known 'prude, ſaid ſhe believed ſhe knew whom the 'gentleman meant; but ſhe was, indeed, as he 'civily repreſented her, impatient of being be-'held—Then turning to the lady next her—'The moſt unbred creature you ever ſaw. 'Another purſued the diſcourſe: As unbred, 'Madam, as you may think her, ſhe is ex-'tremely bely'd if ſhe is the novice ſhe ap-'pears; ſhe was laſt week at a ball till two in 'the morning; Mr Triplett knows whether 'he was the happy man that took care of her 'home; but——This was followed by ſome 'particular exception that each woman in the 'room made to ſome peculiar grace or advant-'age; ſo that Mr Triplett was beaten from one 'limb and feature to another, till he was forced 'to reſign the whole woman. In the end, I 'took notice Triplett recorded all this malice 'in his heart; and ſaw in his countenance, 'and a certain waggiſh ſhrug, that he deſigned 'to repeat the converſation: I therefore let the 'diſcourſe die, and ſoon after took an occaſion 'to commend a certain gentleman of my ac-'quaintance for a perſon of ſingular modeſty, 'courage, integrity, and withal as a man of an 'entertaining converſation, to which advantages

'he

'he had a ſhape and manner peculiarly graceful. Mr Triplett, who is a woman's man, 'ſeemed to hear me, with patience enough, 'commend the qualities of his mind: He never 'heard indeed but that he was a very honeſt 'man, and no fool; but for a fine gentleman, 'he muſt aſk pardon. Upon no other foundation than this, Mr Triplett took occaſion to 'give the gentleman's pedigree, by what methods ſome part of the eſtate was acquired, 'how much it was beholden to a marriage for 'the preſent circumſtances of it: After all, he 'could ſee nothing but a common man in his 'perſon, his breeding, or underſtanding.

'Thus, Mr Spectator, this impertinent humour of diminiſhing every one who is produced in converſation to their advantage, runs 'through the world; and I am, I confeſs, ſo 'fearful of the force of ill tongues, that I 'have begged of all thoſe who are my well-'wiſhers never to commend me, for it will but 'bring my frailties into examination, and I had 'rather be unobſerved, than conſpicuous for 'diſputed perfections. I am confident a thouſand young people, who would have been ornaments to ſociety, have, from fear of ſcandal, 'never dared to exert themſelves in the polite 'arts of life. Their lives have paſſed away in 'an odious ruſticity, in ſpite of great advantages of perſon, genius and fortune. There is 'a vicious terror of being blamed in ſome well

'inclined

'inclined people, and a wicked pleaſure in ſup-
'preſſing them in others; both which I recom-
'mend to your ſpectatorial wiſdom to animad-
'vert upon; and if you can be ſucceſsful in it,
'I need not ſay how much you will deſerve of
'the town; but new toaſts will owe to you
'their beauty, and new wits their fame.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 348.

DEVOTION.

IT is of the laſt importance to ſeaſon the paſſions of a child with devotion, which ſeldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may ſeem extinguiſhed for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and diſcovers itſelf again as ſoon as diſcretion, conſideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himſelf. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and ſmothered.

A ſtate of temperance, ſobriety, and juſtice, without devotion, is a cold, lifeleſs, inſipid condition of virtue; and is rather to be ſtiled philoſophy than religion. Devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more ſublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the moſt exalted ſcience; and at the ſame time warms and agitates the ſoul more than ſenſual pleaſure.

It

It has been obſerved by ſome writers, that man is more diſtinguiſhed from the animal world by devotion than by reaſon, as ſeveral brute creatures diſcover in their actions ſomething like a faint glimmering of reaſon, though they betray in no ſingle circumſtance of their behaviour any thing that bears the leaſt affinity to devotion. It is certain, the propenſity of the mind to religious worſhip, the natural tendency of the ſoul to fly to ſome ſuperior Being for ſuccour in dangers and diſtreſſes, the gratitude to an inviſible ſuperintendant which ariſes in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good fortune, the acts of love and admiration with which the thoughts of men are ſo wonderfully tranſported in meditating upon the Divine perfections, and the univerſal concurrence of all the nations under heaven in the great article of adoration, plainly ſhew that devotion or religious worſhip muſt be the effect of tradition from ſome firſt founder of mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural light of reaſon, or that it proceeds from an inſtinct implanted in the ſoul itſelf. For my part, I look upon all theſe to be the concurrent cauſes; but which ever of them ſhall be aſſigned as the principle of divine worſhip, it manifeſtly points to a ſupreme Being as the firſt author of it.

I may take ſome other opportunity of conſidering thoſe particular forms and methods of devotion which are taught us by Chriſtianity; but ſhall

ſhall here obſerve into what errors even this divine principle may ſometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right reaſon which was given us as the guide of all our actions.

The two great errors into which a miſtaken devotion may betray us, are enthuſiaſm and ſuperſtition.

There is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned with religious enthuſiaſm. A perſon that is crazed, though with pride or malice, is a ſight very mortifying to human nature; but when the diſtemper ariſes from any indiſcreet fervours of devotion, or too intenſe an application of the mind to its miſtaken duties, it deſerves our compaſſion in a more particular manner. We may however learn this leſſon from it, that ſince devotion itſelf (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may diſorder the mind, unleſs its heats are tempered with caution and prudence, we ſhould be particularly careful to keep our reaſon as cool as poſſible, and to guard ourſelves in all parts of life againſt the influence of paſſion, imagination, and conſtitution.

Devotion, when it does not lie under the check of reaſon, is very apt to degenerate into enthuſiaſm. When the mind finds herſelf very much inflamed with her devotions, ſhe is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by ſomething divine within her. If ſhe indulges this thought too far,

and

and humours the growing paſſion, ſhe at laſt flings herſelf into imaginary raptures and ecſtaſies; and when once ſhe fancies herſelf under the influence of a divine impulſe, it is no wonder if ſhe ſlights human ordinances, and refuſes to comply with any eſtabliſhed form of religion, as thinking herſelf directed by a much ſuperior Guide.

As enthuſiaſm is a kind of exceſs in devotion, ſuperſtition is the exceſs not only of devotion, but of religion in general, according to an old Heathen ſaying, quoted by Aulus Gellius, 'Re-'ligentem eſſe oportet, religioſum nefas;' A man ſhould be religious, not ſuperſtitious; for as the author tells us, Nigidius obſerved upon this paſſage, that the Latin words which terminate in *oſus* generally imply vicious characters, and the having of any quality to an exceſs.

An Enthuſiaſt in religion is like an obſtinate clown, a ſuperſtitious man like an inſipid courtier. Enthuſiaſm has ſomething in it of madneſs, ſuperſtition of folly. Moſt of the ſects that fall ſhort of the church of England have in them ſtrong tinctures of Enthuſiaſm, as the Roman Catholic religion is one huge over-grown body of childiſh and idle ſuperſtitions.

The Roman Catholic church ſeems indeed irrecoverably loſt in this particular. If an abſurd dreſs or behaviour be introduced in the world, it will ſoon be found out and diſcarded: On the contrary, a habit or ceremony, though never ſo ridiculous

ridiculous, which has taken ſanctuary in the church, ſticks in it for ever. A Gothic Biſhop, perhaps, thought it proper to repeat ſuch a form in ſuch particular ſhoes or ſlippers; another fancied it would be very decent if ſuch a part of public devotions were performed with a mitre on his head, and a croſier in his hand: To this a brother Vandal, as wiſe as the others, adds an antic dreſs, which he conceived would allude very aptly to ſuch and ſuch myſteries, till by degrees the whole office has degenerated into an empty ſhow.

Their ſucceſſors ſee the vanity and inconvenience of theſe ceremonies; but inſtead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more ſignificant, and which take poſſeſſion in the ſame manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have ſeen the Pope officiate at St. Peter's, where, for two hours together, he was buſied in putting on or off his different accoutrements, according to the different parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is ſo glorious in the eyes of mankind, and ornamental to human nature, ſetting aſide the infinite advantages which ariſe from it, as a ſtrong, ſteady, maſculine piety; but Enthuſiaſm and ſuperſtition are the weakneſſes of human reaſon, that expoſe us to the ſcorn and deriſion of Infidels, and ſink us even below the beaſts that periſh.

Idolatry

Idolatry may be looked upon as another error ariſing from miſtaken devotion; but becauſe reflections on that ſubject would be of no uſe to an Engliſh reader, I ſhall not enlarge upon it.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 201.

In my laſt Saturday's paper I laid down ſome thoughts upon devotion in general, and ſhall here ſhew what were the notions of the moſt refined Heathens on this ſubject, as they are repreſented in Plato's dialogue upon prayer, entitled Alcibiades the Second, which doubtleſs gave occaſion to Juvenal's tenth ſatire, and to the ſecond ſatire of Perſeus; as the laſt of theſe authors has almoſt tranſcribed the preceding dialogue, entitled Alcibiades the Firſt, in his fourth ſatire.

The ſpeakers in this dialogue upon prayer, are Socrates and Alcibiades; and the ſubſtance of it (when drawn together out of the intricacies and digreſſions) as follows.

Socrates meeting his pupil Alcibiades, as he was going to his devotions, and obſerving his eyes to be fixed upon the earth with great ſerioufneſs and attention, tells him, that he had reaſon to be thoughtful on that occaſion, ſince it was poſſible for a man to bring down evils upon himſelf by his own prayers, and that thoſe things, which the gods ſend him in anſwer to his petitions, might turn to his deſtruction: This, ſays he, may not only happen when a man prays for what he knows is miſchievous in its

own nature, as Oedipus implored the gods to ſow diſſention between his ſons; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his good, and againſt what he believes would be to his detriment. This the philoſopher ſhews muſt neceſſarily happen among us, ſince moſt men are blinded with ignorance, prejudice, or paſſion, which hinder them from ſeeing ſuch things as are really beneficial to them. For an inſtance, he aſks Alcibiades, whether he would not be thoroughly pleaſed and ſatisfied if that God, to whom he was going to addreſs himſelf, ſhould promiſe to make him the ſovereign of the whole earth? Alcibiades anſwers, that he ſhould doubtleſs look upon ſuch a promiſe as the greateſt favour that could be beſtowed upon him. Socrates then aſks him, if after receiving this great favour, he would be contented to loſe his life? or if he would receive it, though he was ſure he ſhould make an ill uſe of it? To both which queſtions Alcibiades anſwers in the negative. Socrates then ſhews him, from the examples of others, how theſe might very probably be the effects of ſuch a bleſſing. He then adds, that other reputed pieces of good-fortune, as that of having a ſon, or procuring the higheſt poſt in a government, are ſubject to the like fatal conſequences; which nevertheleſs, ſays he, men ardently deſire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having

Having eſtabliſhed this great point, that all the moſt apparent bleſſings in this life are obnoxious to ſuch dreadful conſequences, and that no man knows what in its events would prove to him a bleſſing or a curſe, he teaches Alcibiades after what manner he ought to pray.

In the firſt place, he recommends to him as the model of his devotions, a ſhort prayer, which a Greek poet compoſed for the uſe of his friends, in the following words: 'O Jupiter, 'give us thoſe things which are good for us, 'whether they are ſuch things as we pray for, 'or ſuch things as we do not pray for; and re-'move from us thoſe things which are hurtful, 'though they are ſuch things as we pray for.'

In the ſecond place, that his diſciple may aſk ſuch things as are expedient for him, he ſhews him, that it is abſolutely neceſſary to apply himſelf to the ſtudy of true wiſdom, and to the knowledge of that which is his chief good, and the moſt ſuitable to the excellency of his nature.

In the third and laſt place he informs him, that the beſt methods he could make uſe of to draw down bleſſings upon himſelf, and to render his prayers acceptable, would be to live in a conſtant practice of his duty towards the gods, and towards men. Under this head he very much recommends a form of prayer the Lacedemonians make uſe of, in which they petition the gods, 'to give them all good things, ſo long as they

'were virtuous.' Under this head likewiſe he gives a very remarkable account of an oracle to the following purpoſe.

When the Athenians in the war with the Lacedemonians received many defeats both by ſea and land, they ſent a meſſage to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, to aſk the reaſon why they who erected ſo many temples to the gods, and adorned them with ſuch coſtly offerings; why they who had inſtituted ſo many feſtivals, and accompanied them with ſuch pomps and ceremonies; in ſhort, why they who had ſlain ſo many hecatombs at their altars, ſhould be leſs ſucceſsful than the Lacedemonians, who fell ſo ſhort of them in all theſe particulars. To this, ſays he, the oracle made the following reply: 'I am better pleaſed with the prayers of the 'Lacedemonians, than with all the oblations of 'the Greeks.' As this prayer implied and encouraged virtue in thoſe who made it; the philoſopher proceeds to ſhew how the moſt vicious man might be devout, ſo far as victims could make him, but that his offerings were regarded by the gods as bribes, and his petitions as blaſphemies. He likewiſe quotes on this occaſion two verſes out of Homer, in which the poet ſays, that the ſcent of the Trojan ſacrifices was carried up to heaven by the winds; but that it was not acceptable to the gods, who were diſpleaſed with Priam and all his people.

The

The concluſion of this dialogue is very remarkable. Socrates having deterred Alcibiades from the prayers and ſacrifice which he was going to offer, by ſetting forth the above-mentioned difficulties of performing that duty as he ought, adds theſe words: 'We muſt therefore 'wait till ſuch time as we may learn how we 'ought to behave ourſelves towards the gods, 'and towards men.' But when will that time come, ſays Alcibiades, and who is it that will inſtruct us? For I would fain ſee this man, whoever he is. It is one, ſays Socrates, who takes care of you; but as Homer tells us that Minerva removed the miſt from Diomedes his eyes, that he might plainly diſcover both gods and men; ſo the darkneſs that hangs upon your mind muſt be removed before you are able to diſcern what is good and what is evil. Let him remove from my mind, ſays Alcibiades, the darkneſs, and what elſe he pleaſes, I am determined to refuſe nothing he ſhall order me, whoever he is, ſo that I may become the better man by it. The remaining part of this dialogue is very obſcure: There is ſomething in it that would make us think Socrates hinted at himſelf, when he ſpoke of this divine teacher who was to come into the world, did not he own that he himſelf was in this reſpect as much at a loſs, and in as great diſtreſs as the reſt of mankind.

Some learned men look upon this concluſion as a prediction of our Saviour, or at leaſt, that

Socrates, like the high-prieſt, propheſied unknowingly, and pointed at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the world ſome ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great philoſopher ſaw, by the light of reaſon, that it was ſuitable to the goodneſs of the divine nature, to ſend a perſon into the world who ſhould inſtruct mankind in the duties of religion, and, in particular, teach them how to pray.

Whoever reads this abſtract of Plato's diſcourſe on prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this reflection, That the great Founder of our religion, as well by his own example, as in the form of prayer which he taught his diſciples, did not only keep up to thoſe rules which the light of nature had ſuggeſted to this great philoſopher, but inſtructed his diſciples in the whole extent of this duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper object of adoration, and taught them, according to the third rule above-mentioned, to apply themſelves to him in their cloſets, without ſhow or oſtentation, and to worſhip him in ſpirit and in truth. As the Lacedemonians in their form of prayer implored the gods in general to give them all good things ſo long as they were virtuous; we aſk in particular that our offences may be forgiven, as we forgive thoſe of others. If we look into the ſecond rule which Socrates has preſcribed, namely, That we ſhould apply our-

ſelves

ſelves to the knowledge of ſuch things as are beſt for us, this too is explained at large in the doctrines of the goſpel, where we are taught in ſeveral inſtances to regard thoſe things as curſes which appear as bleſſings in the eye of the world; and on the contrary, to eſteem thoſe things as bleſſings, which to the generality of mankind appear as curſes. Thus in the form which is preſcribed to us, we only pray for that happineſs which is our chief good, and the great end of our exiſtence, when we petition the Supreme Being for the coming of his kingdom, being ſolicitous for no other temporal bleſſings but our daily ſuſtenance. On the other ſide, we pray againſt nothing but ſin, and againſt evil in general, leaving it with omniſcience to determine what is really ſuch. If we look into the firſt of Socrates his rules of prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned form of the ancient poet, we find that form not only comprehended, but very much improved, in the petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that his will may be done; which is of the ſame force with that form which our Saviour uſed, when he prayed againſt the moſt painful and moſt ignominious of deaths, 'Nevertheleſs, not my will, 'but thine be done.' This comprehenſive petition is the moſt humble, as well as the moſt prudent, that can be offered up from the creature to his Creator, as it ſuppoſes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our good,

and

and that he knows better than ourſelves what is ſo.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 207. I.

If there were no other conſequence of it, but barely that human creatures on this day aſſemble themſelves before their Creator, without regard to their uſual employments, their minds at leiſure from the cares of this life, and their bodies adorned with the beſt attire they can beſtow on them; I ſay, were this mere outward celebration of a ſabbath all that is expected from men, even that were a laudable diſtinction, and a purpoſe worthy the human nature. But when there is added to it the ſublime pleaſure of devotion, our being is exalted above itſelf; and he who ſpends a ſeventh day in the contemplation of the next life, will not eaſily fall into the corruptions of this in the other ſix. They who never admit thoughts of this kind into their imaginations, loſe higher and ſweeter ſatisfactions than can be raiſed by any other entertainment. The moſt illiterate man who is touched with devotion, and uſes frequent exerciſes of it, contracts a certain greatneſs of mind, mingled with a noble ſimplicity, that raiſes him above thoſe of the ſame condition; and there is an indelible mark of goodneſs in thoſe who ſincerely poſſeſs it. It is hardly poſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe; for the fervours of a pious mind will contract ſuch an earneſtneſs and attention towards

wards a better being, as will make the ordinary paſſages of life go off with a becoming indifference. By this a man in the loweſt condition will not appear mean, or in the moſt ſplendid fortune inſolent.

As to all the intricacies and viciſſitudes under which men are ordinarily intangled with the utmoſt ſorrow and paſſion, one who is devoted to heaven, when he falls into ſuch difficulties, is led by a clue through a labyrinth: As to this world, he does not pretend to ſkill in the mazes of it, but fixes his thought upon one certainty, that he ſhall ſoon be out of it. And we may aſk very boldly, what can be a more ſure conſolation than to have an hope in death? When men are arrived at thinking of their very diſſolution with pleaſure, how few things are there that can be terrible to them? Certainly nothing can be dreadful to ſuch ſpirits, but what would make death terrible to them, falſhood towards man, or impiety towards heaven. To ſuch as theſe, as there are certainly many ſuch, the gratifications of innocent pleaſures are doubled even with reflections upon their imperfection. The diſappointments which naturally attend the great promiſes we make ourſelves in expected enjoyments, ſtrike no damp upon ſuch men, but only quicken their hopes of ſoon knowing joys, which are too pure to admit of allay or ſatiety.

It is thought among the politer ſort of mankind an imperfection to want a reliſh of any of thoſe things which refine our lives. This is the foundation of the acceptance which eloquence, muſic and poetry make in the world; and I know not why devotion, conſidered merely as an exaltation of our happineſs, ſhould not at leaſt be ſo far regarded as to be conſidered. It is poſſible the very enquiry would lead men into ſuch thoughts and gratifications as they did not expect to meet with in this place. Many a good acquaintance has been loſt from a general prepoſſeſſion in his diſfavour, and a ſevere aſpect has often hid under it a very agreeable companion.

There are no diſtinguiſhing qualities among men to which there are not falſe pretenders; but though none is more pretended to than that of devotion, there are perhaps, fewer ſucceſsful impoſtors in this kind than any other. There is ſomething ſo natively great and good in a perſon that is truly devout, that an aukward man may as well pretend to be genteel, as an hypocrite to be pious. The conſtraint in words and actions are equally viſible in both caſes, and any thing ſet up in their room does but remove the endeavourers the farther off their pretenſions. But however the ſenſe of true piety is abated, there is no other motive of action that can carry us through all the viciſſitudes of life with alacrity and reſolution. But piety, like philoſophy, when it is ſuperficial, does but make men appear

pear the worſe for it; and a principle that is but half received, does but diſtract, inſtead of guiding our behaviour. When I reflect upon the unequal conduct of Lotius, I ſee many things that run directly counter to his intereſt; therefore I cannot attribute his labours for the public good to ambition. When I conſider his diſregard to his fortune, I cannot eſteem him covetous. How then can I reconcile his neglect of himſelf, and his zeal for others? I have long ſuſpected him to be a little pious: But no man ever hid his vice with greater caution than he does his virtue. It was the praiſe of a great Roman, that he had rather be, than appear, good. But ſuch is the weakneſs of Lotius, that I dare ſay he had rather be eſteemed irreligious then devout. By I know not what impatience of rallery he is wonderfully fearful of being thought too great a believer. A hundred little devices are made uſe of to hide a time of private devotion; and he will allow you any ſuſpicion of his being ill-employed, ſo you do not tax him with being well. But alas! How mean is ſuch a behaviour? To boaſt of virtue is a more ridiculous way of diſappointing the merit of it, but not ſo pitiful as that of being aſhamed of it. How unhappy is the wretch who makes the moſt abſolute and independent motive of action the cauſe of perplexity and inconſtancy? How different a figure does Cælicola make with all who know him? His great and ſuperior mind,

mind, frequently exalted by the raptures of heavenly meditation, is to all his friends of the ſame uſe as if an angel were to appear at the deciſion of their diſputes. They very well underſtand he is as much diſintereſted and unbiaſſed as ſuch a being. He conſiders all applications made to him, as thoſe addreſſes will affect his own application to heaven. All his determinations are delivered with a beautiful humility; and he pronounces his deciſions with the air of one who is more frequently a ſupplicant than a judge.

Thus humble, and thus great, is the man who is moved by piety, and exalted by devotion. But behold this recommended by the maſterly hand of a great divine I have heretofore made bold with.

'It is ſuch a pleaſure as can never cloy or 'overwork the mind; a delight that grows and 'improves under thought and reflection; and 'while it exerciſes, does alſo endear itſelf to 'the mind. All pleaſures that affect the body 'muſt needs weary, becauſe they tranſport; 'and all tranſportation is a violence: And no 'violence can be laſting, but determines upon 'the falling of the ſpirits, which are not able to 'keep up that height of motion that the plea'ſure of the ſenſes raiſes them to. And there'fore how inevitably does an immoderate 'laughter end in a ſigh, which is only nature's 'recovering itſelf after a force done to it: But

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'the religious pleaſure of a well-diſpoſed mind 'moves gently, and therefore conſtantly. It 'does not affect by rapture and ecſtaſy, but is 'like the pleaſure of health, greater and ſtronger 'than thoſe that call up the ſenſes with groſſer 'and more affecting impreſſions. No man's 'body is as ſtrong as his appetites; but heaven 'has corrected the boundleſſneſs of his volup-'tuous deſires by ſtinting his ſtrengths, and con-'tracting his capacities.—The pleaſure of the 'religious man is an eaſy and a portable plea-'ſure, ſuch an one as he carries about in his 'boſom, without alarming either the eye or 'the envy of the world. A man putting all 'his pleaſures into this one, is like a traveller 'putting all his goods into one jewel; the value 'is the ſame, and the convenience greater.'

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 211.

DISCRETION.

I HAVE often thought if the minds of men were laid open, we ſhould ſee but little difference between that of the wiſe man and that of the fool. There are infinite reveries, numberleſs extravagancies, and a perpetual train of vanities which paſs through both. The great difference is, that the firſt knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for converſation, by ſuppreſſing ſome, and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly

out in words. This ſort of diſcretion, however, has no place in private converſation between intimate friends. On ſuch occaſions, the wiſeſt men very often talk like the weakeſt; for indeed the talking with a friend, is nothing elſe but thinking aloud.

Tully has therefore very juſtly expoſed a precept delivered by ſome ancient writers, That a man ſhould live with his enemy in ſuch a manner, as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend in ſuch a manner, that if he became his enemy, it ſhould not be in his power to hurt him. The firſt part of this rule, which regards our behaviour towards an enemy, is indeed very reaſonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter part of it, which regards our behaviour towards a friend, favours more of cunning than of diſcretion, and would cut a man off from the greateſt pleaſures of life, which are the freedoms of converſation with a boſom friend. Beſides that, when a friend is turned into an enemy, and (as the ſon of Sirach calls him) a betrayer of ſecrets, the world is juſt enough to accuſe the perfidiouſneſs of the friend, rather than the indiſcretion of the perſon who confided in him.

Diſcretion does not only ſhew itſelf in words, but in all the circumſtances of action; and is like an under-agent of providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

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There are many more ſhining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none ſo uſeful as diſcretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the reſt, which ſets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the perſon who is poſſeſſed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itſelf looks like weakneſs; the beſt parts only qualify a man to be more ſprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does diſcretion only make a man the maſter of his own parts, but of other mens. The diſcreet man finds out the talents of thoſe he converſes with, and knows how to apply them to proper uſes. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and diviſions of men, we may obſerve that it is the diſcreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the converſation, and gives meaſures to the ſociety. A man with great talents, but void of diſcretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, ſtrong and blind, endued with an irreſiſtible force, which for want of ſight is of no uſe to him.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants diſcretion, he will be of no great conſequence in the world; but if he has this ſingle talent in perfection, and but a common ſhare of others, he may do what he pleaſes in his particular ſtation of life.

At the ſame time that I think diſcretion the moſt uſeful talent a man can be maſter of, I look upon cunning to be the accompliſhment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Diſcretion points out the nobleſt ends to us, and purſues the moſt proper and laudable methods of attaining them: Cunning has only private ſelfiſh aims, and ſticks at nothing which may make them ſucceed. Diſcretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon: Cunning is a kind of ſhortſightedneſs, that diſcovers the minuteſt objects which are near at hand, but is not able to diſcern things at a diſtance. Diſcretion, the more it is diſcovered, gives a greater authority to the perſon who poſſeſſes it: Cunning, when it is once detected, loſes its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even thoſe events which he might have done, had he paſſed only for a plain man. Diſcretion is the perfection of reaſon, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: Cunning is a kind of inſtinct, that only looks out after our immediate intereſt and welfare. Diſcretion is only found in men of ſtrong ſenſe and good underſtandings: Cunning is often to be met with in brutes themſelves, and in perſons who are but the feweſt removes from them. In ſhort, cunning is only the mimick of diſcretion, and may paſs upon weak men, in the ſame manner as vivacity is often miſtaken for wit, and gravity for wiſdom.

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The caſt of mind which is natural to a diſcreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and conſider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at preſent. He knows that the miſery or happineſs which are reſerved for him in another world, loſe nothing of their reality, by being placed at ſo great a diſtance from him. The objects do not appear little to him, becauſe they are remote. He conſiders that thoſe pleaſures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be preſent with him in their full weight and meaſure, as much as thoſe pains and pleaſures which he feels at this very inſtant. For this reaſon he is careful to ſecure to himſelf that which is the proper happineſs of his nature, and the ultimate deſign of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and conſiders the moſt diſtant as well as the moſt immediate effects of it. He ſuperſedes every little proſpect of gain and advantage which offers itſelf here, if he does not find it conſiſtent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his ſchemes are large and glorious, and his conduct ſuitable to one who knows his true intereſt, and how to purſue it by proper methods.

I have, in this eſſay upon diſcretion, conſidered it both as an accompliſhment and as a virtue, and have therefore deſcribed it in its full extent; not only as it is converſant about worldly

affairs, but as it regards our whole existence; not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature, but as it is in general the director of a reasonable being. It is in this light that discretion is represented by the wise man, who sometimes mentions it under the name of discretion, and sometimes under that of wisdom. It is indeed (as described in the latter part of this paper) the greatest wisdom, but at the same time in the power of every one to attain. Its advantages are infinite, but its acquisition easy; or to speak of her in the words of the apocryphal writer, whom I quoted in my last Saturday's paper, 'Wisdom is glorious, and never 'fadeth away, yet she is easily seen of them that 'love her, and found of such as seek her; she 'preventeth them that desire her, in making 'herself first known unto them. He that seek-'eth her early, shall have no great travel, for 'he shall find her sitting at his doors. To think 'therefore upon her, is perfection of wisdom, 'and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be 'without care; for she goeth about seeking such 'as are worthy of her, sheweth herself favourably unto them in the ways, and meeteth them 'in every thought.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 225.

DISTRESS.

AFTER the mind has been employed on contemplations suitable to it's greatness, it is unnatural to run into sudden mirth or levity; but

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we must let the soul subside as it rose, by proper degrees. My late considerations of the antient heroes, impressed a certain gravity upon my mind, which is much above the little gratification received from starts of humour and fancy, and threw me into a pleasing sadness. In this state of thought I have been looking at the fire, and in a pensive manner reflecting upon the great misfortunes and calamities incident to human life; among which there are none that touch so sensibly as those which befal persons who eminently love, and meet with fatal interruptions of their happiness, when they least expect it. The piety of children to parents, and the affection of parents to their children, are the effects of instinct: But the affection between lovers and friends, is founded on reason and choice, which has always made me think, the sorrows of the latter much more to be pitied than those of the former. The contemplation of distresses of this sort, softens the mind of man, and makes the heart better. It extinguishes the seeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of prosperity, and beats down all that fierceness and insolence which are apt to get into the minds of the daring and fortunate.

For this reason the wise Athenians, in their theatrical performances, laid before the eyes of the people the greatest afflictions which could befal human life, and insensibly polished their

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tempers by ſuch repreſentations. Among the moderns, indeed, there has aroſe a chimerical method of diſpoſing the fortune of the perſons repreſented, according to what they call poetical juſtice; and letting none be unhappy but thoſe who deſerve it. In ſuch caſes, an intelligent ſpectator, if he is concerned, knows he ought not to be ſo; and can learn nothing from ſuch a tenderneſs, but that he is a weak creature, whoſe paſſions cannot follow the dictates of his underſtanding. It is very natural, when one is got into ſuch a way of thinking, to recollect thoſe examples of ſorrow, which have made the ſtrongeſt impreſſions upon our imaginations. An inſtance or two of ſuch, you will give me leave to communicate.

A young gentleman and lady, of an antient and honourable houſe in Cornwall, had from their childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble paſſion, which had been long oppoſed by their friends, by reaſon of the inequality of their fortunes; but their conſtancy to each other, and obedience to thoſe on whom they depended, wrought ſo much upon their relations, that theſe celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after their nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country, to take care of a conſiderable fortune which was left him by a relation, and came very oportunely to improve their moderate circumſtances. They received the congratulations of

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all the country on this occaſion; and I remember it was a common ſentence in every one's mouth, 'You ſee how faithful love is rewarded.'

He took this agreeable voyage, and ſent home every poſt freſh accounts of his ſucceſs in his affairs abroad; but at laſt (though he deſigned to return with the next ſhip) he lamented in his letters, that buſineſs would detain him ſome time longer from home, becauſe he would give himſelf the pleaſure of an unexpected arrival.

The young lady, after the heat of the day, walked every evening on the ſea-ſhore, near which ſhe lived, with a familiar friend, her huſband's kinſwoman, and diverted herſelf with what objects they met there, or upon diſcourſe of the future methods of life, in the happy change of their circumſtances. They ſtood one evening on the ſhore together in a perfect tranquillity, obſerving the ſetting of the ſun, the calm face of the deep, and the ſilent heaving of the waves, which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their feet; when, at a diſtance, her kinſwoman ſaw ſomething float on the waters, which ſhe fancied was a cheſt; and with a ſmile told her, ſhe ſaw it firſt, and if it came aſhore full of jewels, ſhe had a right to it. They both fixed their eyes upon it, and entertained themſelves with the ſubject of the wreck, the couſin ſtill aſſerting her right; but promiſing, if it was a prize, to give her a very rich coral for the child of which ſhe was then big, provided ſhe might

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be godmother. Their mirth soon abated, when they observed upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady, who had a heart naturally filled with pity and compassion, made many melancholy reflections on the occasion. Who knows (said she) but this man may be the only hope and heir of a wealthy house; the darling of indulgent parents, who are now in impertinent mirth, and pleasing themselves with the thoughts of offering him a bride they have got ready for him? Or, may he not be the master of a family, that wholly depended upon his life? There may, for ought we know, be half a dozen fatherless children, and a tender wife, now exposed to poverty by his death. What pleasure might he have promised himself in the different welcome he was to have from her and them? But let us go away, 'tis a dreadful sight! The best office we can do, is to take care that the poor man, whoever he is, may be decently buried. She turned away, when a wave threw the carcass on shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked out, oh, my cousin! And fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet, and dropt in a swoon upon the body. An old woman, who had been the gentleman's nurse, came out about this time to call the ladies into supper, and found her child (as she always called him) dead on the shore, her mistress and kinswoman both lying

dead

dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her young maſter to life, ſoon awaked the friend from her trance; but the wife was gone for ever.

When the family and neighbourhood got together round the bodies, no one aſked any queſtion, but the objects before them told the ſtory.

Incidents of this nature are the more moving, when they are drawn by perſons concerned in the cataſtrophe, notwithſtanding they are often oppreſſed beyond the power of giving them in a diſtinct light, except we gather their ſorrow from their inability to ſpeak it.

I have two original letters written both on the ſame day, which are to me exquiſite in their different kinds. The occaſion was this: A gentleman who had courted a moſt agreeable young woman, and won her heart, obtained alſo the conſent of her father, to whom ſhe was an only child. The old man had a fancy that they ſhould be married in the ſame church where he himſelf was, in a village in Weſtmorland, and made them ſet out while he was laid up with the gout at London. The bridegroom took only his man, and the bride her maid: They had the moſt agreeable journey imaginable to the place of marriage; from whence the bridegroom writ the following letter to his wife's father.

SIR,

SIR, March 18. 1672.

'AFTER a very pleaſant journey hither, 'we are preparing for the happy hour in 'which I am to be your ſon. I aſſure you the 'bride carries it in the eye of the vicar who 'married you, much beyond her mother; 'though he ſays, your open ſleeves, pantaloons, 'and ſhoulder-knot, made a much better ſhow 'than the finical dreſs I am in. However, I 'am contented to be the ſecond fine man this 'village ever ſaw, and ſhall make it very mer-'ry before night, becauſe I ſhall write myſelf 'from thence.

Your moſt dutiful ſon,

T. D.

'The bride gives her duty, and is as hand-'ſome as an angel——I am the happieſt man 'breathing.'

The villagers were aſſembling about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's man knew his maſter would leave the place on a ſudden after the wedding, and ſeeing him draw his piſtols the night before, took his opportunity to go into his chamber and charge them. Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room; and after a little fond raillery on the ſubject of their courtſhip, the lover took up a piſtol, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and preſenting it to her, ſaid, with the moſt graceful

ful air, whlie ſhe looked pleaſed at his agreeable flattery; Now Madam, repent of all thoſe cruelties you have been guilty of to me; conſider before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your caſement; you ſhall die, you tyrant, you ſhall die, with all thoſe inſtruments of death and deſtruction about you, with that inchanting ſmile, thoſe killing ringlets of your hair.—Give fire, ſaid ſhe, laughing. He did ſo, and ſhot her dead. Who can ſpeak his condition? But he bore it ſo patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his maſter locked the door upon him. Will, ſaid he, did you charge theſe piſtols? He anſwered, Yes. Upon which he ſhot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidſt a thouſand broken ſobs, piercing groans, and diſtracted motions, he writ the following letter to the father of his dead miſtreſs.

SIR,

'I WHO two hours ago told you truly, I 'was the happieſt man alive, am now the 'moſt miſerable. Your daughter lies dead at 'my feet, killed by my hand, through a miſ-'take of my man's charging my piſtols un-'known to me. Him have I murdered for it. 'Such is my wedding day.——I will immedi-'ately follow my wife to her grave: But be-'fore I throw myſelf upon my ſword, I com-'mand my diſtraction ſo far as to explain my

'ſtory to you. I fear my heart will not keep 'together till I have ſtabbed it. Poor good old 'man!——Remember he that killed your 'daughter, died for it. In the article of death 'I give you my thanks, and pray for you, 'though I dare not for myſelf. If it be poſſible, 'do not curſe me.'

TATLER, Vol. II. No. 82.

It was prettily obſerved by ſomebody concerning the great vices, that there are three which give pleaſure, as covetouſneſs, gluttony and luſt; one, which taſtes of nothing but pain, as envy; the reſt have a mixture of pleaſure and pain, as anger and pride. But when a man conſiders the ſtate of his own mind, about which every member of the Chriſtian world is ſuppoſed at this time to be employed, he will find that the beſt defence againſt vice, is preſerving the worthieſt part of his own ſpirit pure from any great offence againſt it. There is a magnanimity which makes us look upon ourſelves with diſdain, after we have been betrayed by ſudden deſire, opportunity of gain, the abſence of a perſon who excels us, the fault of a ſervant, or the ill fortune of an adverſary, into the gratification of luſt, covetouſneſs, envy, rage, or pride; when the more ſublime part of our ſouls is kept alive, and we have not repeated infirmities till they are become vicious habits.

The vice of covetouſneſs is what enters deepeſt into the ſoul of any other; and you may have

have ſeen men, otherwiſe the moſt agreeable creatures in the world, ſo ſeized with the deſire of being richer, that they ſhall ſtartle at indifferent things, and live in a continual guard and watch over themſelves from a remote fear of expence. No pious man can be ſo circumſpect in the care of his conſcience, as the covetous man is in that of his pocket.

If a man would preſerve his own ſpirit, and his natural approbation of higher and more worthy purſuits, he could never fall into this littleneſs, but his mind would be ſtill open to honour and virtue, in ſpite of infirmities and relapſes. But what extremely diſcourages me in my precautions as a Guardian, is, that there is an univerſal defection from the admiration of virtue. Riches and outward ſplendor have taken up the place of it; and no man thinks he is mean, if he is not poor. But, alas! this deſpicable ſpirit debaſes our very being, and makes our paſſions take a new turn from their natural bent.

It was a cauſe of great ſorrow and melancholy to me ſome nights ago at a play, to ſee a crowd in the habits of the gentry of England ſtup'd to the nobleſt ſentiments we have. The circumſtance happened in the ſcene of diſtreſs betwixt Piercy and Anna Bullen: One of the centinels who ſtood on the ſtage, to prevent the diſorders which the moſt unmannerly race of young men that ever were ſeen in any age frequently

raiſe in public aſſemblies, upon Piercy's beſeeching to be heard, burſt into tears; upon which the greateſt part of the audience fell into a loud and ignorant laughter; which others, who were touched with the liberal compaſſion in the poor fellow, could hardly ſuppreſs by their clapping. But the man, without the leaſt confuſion or ſhame in his countenance for what had happened, wiped away the tears, and was ſtill intent upon the play. The diſtreſs ſtill riſing, the ſoldier was ſo much moved, that he was obliged to turn his face from the audience, to their no ſmall merriment. Piercy had the gallantry to take notice of his honeſt heart; and as I am told, gave him a crown to help him in his affliction. It is certain this poor fellow, in his humble condition, had ſuch a lively compaſſion as a ſoul unwedded to the world; were it otherwiſe, gay lights and dreſſes, with appearances of people of faſhion and wealth, to which his fortune could not be familiar, would have taken up all his attention and admiration.

It is every thing that is praiſe-worthy, as well as pure religion, (according to a book too ſacred for me to quote) 'to viſit the fatherleſs 'and widows in their affliction, and to keep 'himſelf unſpotted from the world.' Every ſtep that a man makes beyond moderate and reaſonable proviſion, is taking ſo much from the worthineſs of his own ſpirit; and he that is intirely ſet upon making a fortune, is all that

while

while undoing the man. He muſt grow deaf to the wretched, eſtrange himſelf from the agreeable, learn hardneſs of heart, diſreliſh every thing that is noble, and terminate all in his deſpicable ſelf. Indulgence in any one immoderate deſire or appetite, engroſſes the whole creature, and his life is ſacrificed to that one deſire or appetite; but how much otherwiſe is it with thoſe that preſerve alive in them ſomething that adorns their condition, and ſhews the man, whether a prince or a beggar, above his fortune.

I have juſt now recorded a foot ſoldier for the politeſt man in a Britiſh audience, from the force of nature, untainted with the ſingularity of an ill-applied education. A good ſpirit, that is not abuſed, can add new glories to the higheſt ſtate in the world, as well as give beauties to the meaneſt. I ſhall exemplify this by inſerting a prayer of Harry the fourth of France juſt before a battle, in which he obtained an intire victory.

'O LORD of hoſts, who canſt ſee through 'the thickeſt veil and cloſeſt diſguiſe, who 'viewеſt the bottom of my heart, and the 'deepeſt deſigns of my enemies, who haſt in 'thy hands, as well as before thine eyes, all the 'events which concern human life, if thou 'knoweſt that my reign will promote thy glory 'and the ſafety of thy people, if thou knoweſt

'that I have no other ambition in my ſoul but 'to advance the honour of thy holy name, and 'the good of this ſtate, favour, O great God, 'the juſtice of my arms, and reduce all the re-'bels to acknowledge him whom thy ſacred de-'crees, and the order of a lawful ſucceſſion, 'have made their ſovereign; but if thy good 'providence has ordered it otherwiſe, and thou 'ſeeſt that I ſhall prove one of thoſe kings 'whom thou giveſt in thine anger, take from 'me, O merciful God, my life and my crown, 'make me this day a ſacrifice to thy will, let 'my death end the calamities of France, and 'let my blood be the laſt that is ſpilt in this 'quarrel.'

The king uttered this generous prayer in a voice, and with a countenance, that inſpired all who heard and beheld him with magnanimity: Then turning to the ſquadron, at the head of which he deſigned to charge, 'My fellow-'ſoldiers, (ſaid he) as you run my fortune, ſo 'do I yours; your ſafety conſiſts in keeping well 'your ranks; but if the heat of the action 'ſhould force you to diſorder, think of no-'thing but rallying again; if you loſe the ſight 'of your colours and ſtandards, look round for 'the white plume in my beaver, you ſhall ſee 'it wherever you are, and it ſhall lead you to 'glory and to victory.'

The

The magnanimity of this illuſtrious prince was ſupported by a firm reliance on Providence, which inſpired him with a contempt of life, and an aſſurance of conqueſt. His generous ſcorn of royalty, but as it conſiſted with the ſervice of God, and good of his people, is an inſtance that the mind of man, when it is well diſpoſed, is always above its condition, even though it be that of a monarch.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 19.

DIVINE NATURE.

I WAS yeſterday about ſun-ſet walking in the open fields, till the night inſenſibly fell upon me. I at firſt amuſed myſelf with all the richneſs and variety of colours, which appeared in the weſtern parts of heaven: In proportion as they faded away and went out, ſeveral ſtars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueneſs of the æther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the ſeaſon of the year, and by the rays of all thoſe luminaries that paſſed through it. The galaxy appeared in its moſt beautiful white. To complete the ſcene, the full moon roſe at length in that clouded majeſty, which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely ſhaded, and diſpoſed among ſofter lights, than that which the ſun had before diſcovered to us.

As

As I was ſurveying the moon walking in her brightneſs, and taking her progreſs among the conſtellations, a thought roſe in me which I believe very often perplexes and diſturbs men of ſerious and contemplative natures: David himſelf fell into it in that reflection, 'When I conſider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the ſtars which thou haſt ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the ſon of man that thou regardeſt him!' In the ſame manner when I conſidered that infinite hoſt of ſtars, or, to ſpeak more philoſophically, of ſuns, which were then ſhining upon me, with thoſe innumerable ſets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their reſpective ſuns; when I ſtill enlarged the idea, and ſuppoſed another heaven of ſuns and worlds riſing ſtill above this which we diſcovered, and theſe ſtill enlightened by a ſuperior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at ſo great a diſtance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the ſtars do to us; in ſhort, while I purſued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little inſignificant figure which I myſelf bore, amidſt the immenſity of God's works.

Were the ſun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the hoſt of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguiſhed and annihilated, they would not be miſſed more than a grain of ſand upon the ſea-ſhore.

The

The ſpace they poſſeſs is ſo exceedingly little in compariſon of the whole, that it would ſcarce make a blank in the creation. The chaſm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compaſs of nature, and paſs from one end of the creation to the other; as it is poſſible there may be ſuch a ſenſe in ourſelves hereafter, or in creatures which are at preſent more exalted than ourſelves. We ſee many ſtars by the help of glaſſes, which we do not diſcover with our naked eyes; and the finer our teleſcopes are, the more ſtill are our diſcoveries. Huygenius carries this thought ſo far, that he does not think it impoſſible there may be ſtars whoſe light is not yet travelled down to us, ſince their firſt creation. There is no queſtion but the univerſe has certain bounds ſet to it; but when we conſider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodneſs, with an infinite ſpace to exert itſelf in, how can our imagination ſet any bounds to it.

To return, therefore, to my firſt thought, I could not but look upon myſelf with ſecret horror, as a being that was not worth the ſmalleſt regard of one who had ſo great a work under his care and ſuperintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidſt the immenſity of nature, and loſt among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability ſwarm through all theſe immeaſurable regions of matter.

In

In order to recover myſelf from this mortifying thought, I conſidered that it took its riſe from thoſe narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourſelves cannot attend to many different objects at the ſame time. If we are careful to inſpect ſome things, we muſt of courſe neglect others. This imperfection which we obſerve in ourſelves, is an imperfection that cleaves in ſome degree to creatures of the higheſt capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The preſence of every created being is confined to a certain meaſure of ſpace, and conſequently his obſervation is ſtinted to a certain number of objects. The ſphere in which we move and act, and underſtand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we riſe one above another in the ſcale of exiſtence. But the wideſt of theſe our ſpheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are ſo uſed and accuſtomed to this imperfection in ourſelves, that we cannot forbear in ſome meaſure aſcribing it to him in whom there is no ſhadow of imperfection. Our reaſon indeed aſſures us, that his attributes are infinite, but the poorneſs of our conceptions is ſuch, that it cannot forbear ſetting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reaſon comes again to our ſuccour, and throws down all

all thoſe little prejudices which riſe in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We ſhall therefore utterly extinguiſh this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of thoſe objects among which he ſeems to be inceſſantly employed, if we conſider, in the firſt place, that he is omnipreſent; and, in the ſecond, that he is omniſcient.

If we conſider him in his omnipreſence, his being paſſes through, actuates, and ſupports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either ſo diſtant, ſo little, or ſo inconſiderable, which he does not eſſentially inhabit. His ſubſtance is within the ſubſtance of every being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately preſent to it, as that being is to itſelf. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himſelf from any thing he has created, or from any part of that ſpace which is diffuſed and ſpread abroad to infinity. In ſhort, to ſpeak of him in the language of the old philoſopher, he is a being whoſe centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the ſecond place, he is omniſcient as well as omnipreſent. His omniſcience indeed neceſſarily and naturally flows from his omnipreſence; he cannot but be conſcious of every motion that ariſes

ariſes in the whole material world, which he thus eſſentially pervades, and of every thought that is ſtirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moraliſts have conſidered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his preſence. Others have conſidered infinite ſpace as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: But the nobleſt and moſt exalted way of conſidering this infinite ſpace is that of Sir Iſaac Newton, who calls it the ſenſorium of the godhead. Brutes and men have their ſenſoriola, or little ſenſoriums, by which they apprehend the preſence and perceive the actions of a few objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and obſervation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he reſides, infinite ſpace gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniſcience.

Were the ſoul ſeparate from the body, and with one glance of thought ſhould ſtart beyond the bounds of the creation, ſhould it for millions of years continue its progreſs through infinite ſpace with the ſame activity, it would ſtill find itſelf within the embrace of its Creator, and encompaſſed round with the immenſity of the godhead. While we are in the body, he is not leſs preſent with us, becauſe he is concealed

cealed from us. 'O that I knew where I 'might find him!' ſays Job. 'Behold I go 'forward, but he is not there; and backward, 'but I cannot perceive him: On the left hand, 'where he does work, but I cannot behold 'him: He hideth himſelf on the right hand 'that I cannot ſee him.' In ſhort, reaſon as well as revelation aſſure us, that he cannot be abſent from us, notwithſtanding he is undiſcovered by us.

In this conſideration of God Almighty's omnipreſence and omniſcience, every uncomfortable thought vaniſhes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, eſpecially ſuch of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occaſion: For, as it is impoſſible he ſhould overlook any of his creatures, ſo we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, thoſe who endeavour to recommend themſelves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themſelves unworthy that he ſhould be mindful of them.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 565.

DRESS.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'THERE is an evil under the ſun which has 'not yet come within your ſpeculation, 'and is, the cenſure, diſeſteem, and contempt

'which ſome young fellows meet with from 'particular perſons, for the reaſonable methods 'they take to avoid them in general. This is 'by appearing in a better dreſs, than may ſeem 'to a relation regularly conſiſtent with a ſmall 'fortune; and therefore may occaſion a judg-'ment of a ſuitable extravagance in other par-'ticulars: But the diſadvantage with which 'the man of narrow circumſtances acts and 'ſpeaks, is ſo feelingly ſet forth in a little book 'called the Chriſtian Hero, that the appearing 'to be otherwiſe is not only pardonable, but 'neceſſary. Every one knows the hurry of 'concluſions that are made in contempt of a 'perſon that appears to be calamitous, which 'makes it very excuſable to prepare one's ſelf 'for the company of thoſe that are of a ſuperior 'quality and fortune, by appearing to be in a 'better condition than one is, ſo far as ſuch ap-'pearance ſhall not make us really of worſe.

'It is a juſtice due to the character of one 'who ſuffers hard reflections from any particu-'lar perſon upon this account, that ſuch per-'ſons would enquire into his manner of ſpend-'ing his time; of which, though no further in-'formation can be had than that he remains 'ſo many hours in his chamber, yet if this is 'cleared, to imagine that a reaſonable creature 'wrung with a narrow fortune does not make 'the beſt uſe of this retirement, would be a con-'cluſion extremely uncharitable. From what

'has,

'has, or will be ſaid, I hope no conſequence
'can be extorted, implying, that I would have
'any young fellow ſpend more time than the
'common leiſure which his ſtudies require, or
'more money than his fortune or allowance
'may admit of, in the purſuit of an acquain-
'tance with his betters: For as to his time,
'the groſs of that ought to be ſacred to more
'ſubſtantial acquiſitions; for each irrevocable
'moment of which he ought to believe he ſtands
'religiouſly accountable. And as to his dreſs,
'I ſhall engage myſelf no further than in the
'modeſt defence of two plain ſuits a year: For
'being perfectly ſatisfied in Eutrapelus's contri-
'vance of making a Mohock of a man, by pre-
'ſenting him with laced and embroidered ſuits,
'I would by no means be thought to contro-
'vert the conceit, by inſinuating the advanta-
'ges of foppery. It is an aſſertion which ad-
'mits of much proof, that a ſtranger of tole-
'rable ſenſe dreſſed like a genlteman, will be
'better received by thoſe of quality above him,
'than one of much better parts, whoſe dreſs is
'regulated by the rigid notions of frugality. A
'man's appearance falls within the cenſure of
'every one who ſees him; his parts and learn-
'ing very few are judges of; and even upon
'theſe few, they cannot at firſt be well intrud-
'ed; for policy and good-breeding will coun-
'ſel him to be reſerved among ſtrangers, and
'to ſupport himſelf only by the common

'ſpirit of converſation. Indeed among the in-
'judicious, the words delicacy, idiom, fine i-
'mages, ſtructure of periods, genius, fire, and
'the reſt, made uſe of with a frugal and come-
'ly gravity, will maintain the figure of im-
'menſe reading, and the depth of criticiſm.

'All gentlemen of fortune, at leaſt the young
'and middle-aged, are apt to pride themſelves
'a little too much upon their dreſs, and conſe-
'quently to value others in ſome meaſure upon
'the ſame conſideration. With what confuſion
'is a man of figure obliged to return the civi-
'lities of the hat to a perſon whoſe air and at-
'tire hardly intitle him to it? For whom ne-
'vertheleſs the other has a particular eſteem,
'though he is aſhamed to have it challenged in
'ſo public a manner. It muſt be allowed, that
'any young fellow that affects to dreſs and ap-
'pear genteely, might with artificial manage-
'ment ſave ten pounds a year; as inſtead of
'fine holland he might mourn in ſackcloth, and
'in other particulars be proportionably ſhabby:
'But of what ſervice would this ſum be to a-
'vert any misfortune, whilſt it would leave
'him deſerted by the little good acquaintance
'he has, and prevent his gaining any other? As
'the appearance of an eaſy fortune is neceſſary
'towards making one, I do not know but it
'might be of advantage ſometimes to throw in-
'to one's diſcourſe certain exclamations about
'bank-ſtock, and to ſhew a marvellous ſurpriſe

'upon

'upon its fall, as well as the moſt affected tri-
'umph upon its riſe. The veneration and re-
'ſpect which the practice of all ages has pre-
'ſerved to appearances, without doubt ſuggeſt-
'ed to our tradeſmen that wiſe and politic cu-
'ſtom, to apply and recommend themſelves to
'the public by all thoſe decorations upon their
'ſign-poſts and houſes, which the moſt eminent
'hands in the neighbourhood can furniſh them
'with. What can be more attractive to a man
'of letters, than that immenſe erudition of all
'ages and languages, which a ſkilful bookſeller,
'in conjunction with a painter, ſhall image up-
'on his column and the extremities of his ſhop?
'The ſame ſpirit of maintaining a handſome
'appearance reigns among the grave and ſolid
'apprentices of the law (here I could be parti-
'cularly dull in proving the word apprentice
'to be ſignificant of a barriſter) and you may
'eaſily diſtinguiſh who has moſt lately made his
'pretenſions to buſineſs, by the whiteſt and
'moſt ornamental frame of his window: If in-
'deed the chamber is a ground-room, and has
'rails before it, the finery is of neceſſity more
'extended, and the pomp of buſineſs better
'maintained. And what can be a greater indi-
'cation of the dignity of dreſs, than that bur-
'denſome finery which is the regular habit of
'our judges, nobles, and biſhops, with which
'upon certain days we ſee them incumbered?
'And though it may be ſaid, this is uſeful,

'and neceſſary for the dignity of the ſtate, yet 'the wiſeſt of them have been remarkable, be-'fore they arrived at their preſent ſtations, for 'being 'very well dreſſed perſons.' As to my 'own part, I am near thirty; and ſince I left 'ſchool have not been idle, which is a modern 'phraſe for having ſtudied hard. I brought 'off a clean ſyſtem of moral philoſophy, and a 'tolerable jargon of metaphyſicks from the uni-'verſity; ſince that, I have been engaged in the 'clearing part of the perplexed ſtile and matter 'of the law, which ſo hereditarily deſcends to 'all its profeſſors. To all which ſevere ſtudies 'I have thrown in, at proper interims, the 'pretty learning of the claſſics. Notwithſtand-'ing which, I am what Shakeſpeare calls 'A 'fellow of no mark or likelihood;' which 'makes me underſtand the more fully, that 'ſince the regular methods of making friends 'and a fortune by the mere force of a profeſſion 'is ſo very ſlow and uncertain, a man ſhould 'take all reaſonable opportunities, by enlarg-'ing a good acquaintance, to court that time 'and chance which is ſaid to happen to every 'man.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 360. T.

DRINKING.

NO vices are ſo incurable as thoſe which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenneſs ſhould have the good luck

luck to be of this number. Anarcharſis being invited to a match of drinking at Corinth, demanded the prize very humorouſly, becauſe he was drunk before any of the reſt of the company; for, ſays he, when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal firſt is entitled to the reward: On the contrary, in this thirſty generation, the honour falls upon him who carries off the greateſt quantity of liquor, and knocks down the reſt of the company. I was the other day with honeſt Will Funnell the Weſt-Saxon, who was reckoning up how much liquor had paſt through him in the laſt twenty years of his life, which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty three hogſheads of October, four ton of port, half a kilderkin of ſmall beer, nineteen barrels of cyder, and three glaſſes of champagne; beſides which he had aſſiſted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention ſips, drams, and whets without number. I queſtion not but every reader's memory will ſuggeſt to him ſeveral ambitious young men, who are as vain in this particular as Will Funnell, and can boaſt of as glorious exploits.

Our modern philoſophers obſerve, that there is a general decay of moiſture in the globe of the earth. This they chiefly aſcribe to the growth of vegetables, which incorporate into their own ſubſtance many fluid bodies that never return again to their former nature: But, with ſubmiſſion, they ought to throw into their account

count thoſe innummerable rational beings which fetch their nouriſhment chiefly out of liquids; eſpecially when we conſider that men, compared with their fellow-creatures, drink much more than comes to their ſhare

But however highly this tribe of people may think of themſelves, a drunken man is a greater monſter than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more deſpicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reaſonable perſons, than that of a drunkard. Bonoſus, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having ſet up for a ſhare in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himſelf. When he was ſeen by the army in this melancholy ſituation, notwithſtanding he had behaved himſelf very bravely, the common jeſt was, that the thing they ſaw hanging upon the tree before them, was not a man, but a bottle.

This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the perſon who is devoted to it.

In regard to the mind, it firſt of all diſcovers every flaw in it. The ſober man, by the ſtrength of reaſon, may keep under and ſubdue every vice or folly to which he is moſt inclined; but wine makes every latent ſeed ſprout up in the ſoul, and ſhew itſelf; it gives fury to the paſſions, and force to thoſe objects which are apt to

produce

produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old philoſopher that his wife was not handſome, put leſs water in your wine, ſays the philoſopher, and you'll quickly make her ſo. Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealouſy, and jealouſy into madneſs. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an aſſaſſin. It gives bitterneſs to reſentment, it makes vanity inſupportable, and diſplays every little ſpot of the ſoul in its utmoſt deformity.

Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and ſhew them in the moſt odious colours, but often occaſions faults to which he is not naturally ſubject. There is more of turn than of truth in a ſaying of Seneca, that drunkenneſs does not produce but diſcover faults. Common experience teaches the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himſelf, and infuſes qualities into the mind, which ſhe is a ſtranger to in her ſober moments. The perſon you converſe with, after the third bottle, is not the ſame man who at firſt ſat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettieſt ſayings I ever met with, which is inſcribed to Publius Syrus, 'Qui ebrium ludi-'ficat lædit abſentem; He who jeſts upon a 'man that is drunk, injures the abſent.'

Thus does drunkenneſs act in direct contradiction to reaſon, whoſe buſineſs it is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept into it, and

and to guard it againſt all the approaches of any that endeavours to make its entrance. But beſides theſe ill effects which this vice produces in the perſon who is actually under its dominion, it has alſo a bad influence on the mind even in its ſober moments, as it inſenſibly weakens the underſtanding, impairs the memory, and makes thoſe faults habitual which are produced by frequent exceſſes.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII, No. 569.

A method of ſpending one's time agreeably is a thing ſo little ſtudied, that the common amuſement of our young gentlemen, (eſpecially of ſuch as are at a diſtance from thoſe of the firſt breeding) is drinking. This way of entertainment has cuſtom on its ſide; but as much as it has prevailed, I believe there have been very few companies that have been guilty of exceſs this way, where there have not happened more accidents which make againſt, than for the continuance of it. It is very common that events ariſe from a debauch, which are fatal, and always ſuch as are diſagreeable. With all a man's reaſon and good ſenſe about him, his tongue is apt to utter things out of mere gaiety of heart which may diſpleaſe his beſt friends. Who then would truſt himſelf to the power of wine; without ſaying more againſt it, than that it raiſes the imagination, and depreſſes the judgment? Were there only this ſingle conſideration,

tion, that we are leſs maſters of ourſelves when we drink in the leaſt proportion above the exigencies of thirſt; I ſay, were this all that could be objected, it were ſufficient to make us abhor this vice. But we may go on to ſay, that as he who drinks but a little is not maſter of himſelf, ſo he who drinks much is a ſlave to himſelf. As for my part, I ever eſteemed a drunkard of all vicious perſons the moſt vicious: For if our actions are to be weighed and conſidered according to the intention of them, what can we think of him who puts himſelf into a circumſtance wherein he can have no intention at all, but incapacitates himſelf for the duties and offices of life, by a ſuſpenſion of all his faculties? If a man conſiders that he cannot, under the oppreſſion of drink, be a friend, a gentleman, a maſter, or a ſubject; that he has ſo long baniſhed himſelf from all that is dear, and given up all that is ſacred to him, he would even then think of a debauch with horror: But when he looks ſtill further, and acknowledges, that he is not only expelled out of all the relations of life, but alſo liable to offend againſt them all, what words can expreſs the terror and deteſtation he would have of ſuch a condition? And yet he owns all this of himſelf who ſays he was drunk laſt night.

As I have all along perſiſted in it, that all the vicious in general are in a ſtate of death, ſo I think I may add to the non-exiſtence of drunkards,

ards, that they died by their own hands. He is certainly as guilty of ſuicide who periſhes by a ſlow, as he that is diſpatched by an immediate poiſon. In my laſt lucubration I propoſed the general uſe of water-gruel, and hinted that it might not be amiſs at this very ſeaſon: But as there are ſome, whoſe caſes, in regard to their families, will not admit of delay, I have uſed my intereſt in ſeveral wards of the city, that the wholeſome reſtorative above-mentioned may be given in tavern-kitchens to all the mornings draught men within the walls when they call for wine before noon. For a further reſtraint and mark upon ſuch perſons, I have given orders, that in all the offices where policies are drawn upon lives, it ſhall be added to the article which prohibits that the nominee ſhould croſs the ſea, the words, 'Provided alſo, That 'the above-mentioned A. B. ſhall not drink 'before dinner during the term mentioned in 'this indenture.'

I am not without hopes that by this method I ſhall bring ſome unſizeable friends of mine into ſhape, and breadth, as well as others who are languid and conſumptive, into health and vigour. Moſt of the ſelf-murderers whom I yet hinted at, are ſuch as preſerve a certain regularity in taking their poiſon, and make it mix pretty well with their food: But the moſt conſpicuous of thoſe who deſtroy themſelves, are ſuch as in their youth fall into this ſort of debauchery,

bauchery, and contract a certain uneaſineſs of ſpirit, which is not to be diverted but by tippling as often as they can fall into company in the day, and conclude with downright drunkenneſs at night. Theſe gentlemen never know the ſatiſfactions of youth, but ſkip the years of manhood, and are decrepit ſoon after they are of age. I was godfather to one of theſe old fellows. He is now three and thirty, which is the grand climacterick of a young drunkard. I went to viſit the crazy wretch this morning, with no other purpoſe, but to rally him under the pain and uneaſineſs of being ſober.

But as our faults are double when they affect others beſides ourſelves, ſo this vice is ſtill more odious in a married than a ſingle man. He that is the huſband of a woman of honour, and comes home overloaded with wine, is ſtill more contemptible in proportion to the regard we have to the unhappy conſort of his beſtiality. The imagination cannot ſhape to itſelf any thing more monſtrous and unnatural than the familiarities between drunkenneſs and chaſtity. The wretched Aſtræa, who is the perfection of beauty and innocence, has long been thus condemned for life. The romantick tales of virgins devoted to the jaws of monſters, have nothing in them ſo terrible as the gift of Aſtræa to that bacchanal.

The reflection of ſuch a match as ſpotleſs innocence with abandoned lewdneſs is what puts

this vice in the worſt figure it can bear with regard to others; but when it is looked upon with reſpect only to the drunkard himſelf, it has deformities enough to make it diſagreeable, which may be ſummed up in a word, by allowing, that he who reſigns his reaſon, is actually guilty of all that he is liable to from the want of reaſon. TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 241.

DUELLING.

ALL gallantry and faſhion, one would imagine ſhould riſe out of the religion and laws of that nation wherein they prevail; but alas! in this kingdom, gay characters, and thoſe which lead in the pleaſure and inclinations of the faſhionable world, are ſuch as are readieſt to practiſe crimes the moſt abhorrent to nature, and contradictory to our faith. A Chriſtian and a gentleman are made inconſiſtent appellations of the ſame perſon; you are not to expect eternal life, if you do not forgive injuries, and your mortal life is uncomfortable, if you are not ready to commit a murder, in reſentment for an affront: For good ſenſe as well as religion is ſo utterly baniſhed the world, that men glory in their very paſſions, and purſue trifles with the utmoſt vengeance; ſo little do they know that to forgive is the moſt arduous pitch human nature can arrive at: A coward has often fought, a coward has often conquered, but a coward never forgave. The power of doing that

that flows from a ſtrength of ſoul conſcious of its own force; whence it draws a certain ſafety, which its enemy is not of conſideration enough to interrupt; for it is peculiar in the make of a brave man to have his friends ſeem much above him, his enemies much below him.

Yet though the neglect of our enemies may, ſo intenſe a forgiveneſs as the love of them is not to be in the leaſt accounted for by the force of conſtitution, but is a more ſpiritual and refined moral introduced by him who died for thoſe that perſecuted him; yet very juſtly delivered to us, when we conſider ourſelves offenders, and to be forgiven on the reaſonable terms of forgiving; for who can aſk what he will not beſtow? Eſpecially when that gift is attended with a redemption from the cruelleſt ſlavery to the moſt acceptable freedom: For when the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts muſt ſurely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancour, envy, hatred, and indignation; and they who profeſs a ſweet in the enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the conſummate bliſs of reconciliation: At ſuch an inſtant the falſe ideas we received unravel, and the ſhineſs, the diſtruſt, the ſecret ſcorns, and all the baſe ſatisfactions men had in each others faults and misfortunes, are diſpelled, and their ſouls appear in their native whiteneſs, without the leaſt ſtreak of that malice or diſtaſte which ſullied them: And perhaps thoſe very actions which,

(when we looked at them in the oblique glance with which hatred does always ſee things) were horrid and odious, when obſerved with honeſt and open eyes, are beauteous and ornamental.

But if men are averſe to us in the moſt violent degree, and we can never bring them to an amicable temper, then indeed we are to exert an obſtinate oppoſition to them; and never let the malice of our enemies have ſo effectual an advantage over us, as to eſcape our good-will: For the neglected and deſpiſed tenets of religion are ſo generous, and in ſo tranſcendent and heroic a manner diſpoſed for public good, that it is not in a man's power to avoid their influence; for the Chriſtian is as much inclined to your ſervice when your enemy, as the moral man when your friend.

But the followers of a crucified Saviour muſt root out of their hearts all ſenſe that there is any thing great and noble in pride or haughtineſs of ſpirit; yet it will be very difficult to fix that idea in our ſouls, except we can think as worthily of ourſelves, when we practiſe the contrary virtues; we muſt learn and be convinced that there is ſomething ſublime and heroic in true meekneſs and humility, for they ariſe from a great, not a groveling idea of things; for as certainly as pride proceeds from a mean and narrow view of the little advantages about a man's ſelf, ſo meekneſs is founded on the extended contemplation of the place we bear in

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the univerſe, and a juſt obſervation how little, how empty, how wavering are our deepeſt reſolves and counſels. And (as to a well-taught mind) when you have ſaid an haughty and proud man, you have ſpoke a narrow conception, little ſpirit, and deſpicable carriage; ſo when you have ſaid a man's meek and humble, you have acquainted us that ſuch a perſon has arrived at the hardeſt taſk in the world, in an univerſal obſervation round him, to be quick to ſee his own faults, and other mens virtues, and at the height of pardoning every man ſooner than himſelf; you have alſo given us to underſtand, that to treat him kindly, ſincerely and reſpectfully, is but a meer juſtice to him that is ready to do us the ſame offices. This temper of ſoul keeps us always awake to a juſt ſenſe of things, teaches us that we are as well akin to worms as to angels; and as nothing is above theſe, ſo nothing below thoſe. It keeps our underſtanding tight about us, ſo that all things appear to us great or little, as they are in nature and the ſight of heaven, not as they are gilded or ſullied by accident or fortune.

It were to be wiſhed that all men of ſenſe would think it worth their while to reflect upon the dignity of Chriſtian virtues, it would poſſibly enlarge their ſouls into ſuch a contempt of what faſhion and prejudice have made honourable, that their duty, inclination and honour would tend the ſame way, and make all their

lives an uniform act of religion and virtue.

As to the great catastrophe of this day, on which the Mediator of the world suffered the greatest indignities and death itself for the salvation of mankind, it would be worth gentlemens consideration, whether from his example it would not be proper to kill all inclinations to revenge; and examine whether it would not be expedient to receive new notions of what is great and honourable.

This is necessary against the day wherein he who died ignominiously for us, 'shall descend 'from heaven to be our Judge, in majesty and 'glory.' How will the man who shall die by the sword of pride and wrath, and in contention with his brother, appear before him, at 'whose 'presence nature shall be in an agony, and the 'great and glorious bodies of light be obscured; 'when the sun shall be darkened, the moon 'turned into blood, and all the powers of hea-'ven shaken; when the heavens themselves 'shall pass away with a great noise, and the 'elements dissolve with fervent heat; when 'the earth also, and all the works that are 'therein, shall be burnt up?'

What may justly damp in our minds the diabolical madness, which prompts us to decide our petty animosities by the hazard of eternity, is, that in that one act the criminal does not only highly offend, but forces himself into the presence of his Judge, that is certainly his case

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who dies in a duel. I cannot but repeat it, he that dies in a duel knowingly offends God, and in that very action ruſhes into his offended preſence. Is it impoſſible for the heart of man to conceive a more terrible image than that of a departed ſpirit in this condition? Could we but ſuppoſe it has juſt left its body, and ſtruck with the terrible reflection, that to avoid the laughter of fools, and being the by-word of idiots, it has now precipitated itſelf into the din of demons, and the howlings of eternal deſpair, how willingly now would it ſuffer the imputation of fear and cowardice, to have one moment left not to tremble in vain?

The ſcriptures are full of pathetical and warm pictures of the condition of an happy or miſerable futurity; and, I am confident, that the frequent reading of them, would make the way to an happy eternity ſo agreeable and pleaſant, that he who tries it will find the difficulties, which he before ſuffered in ſhunning the allurements of vice, abſorpt in the pleaſure he will take in the purſuit of virtue: And how happy muſt that mortal be, who thinks himſelf in the favour of an Almighty, and can think of death as a thing which it is an infirmity not to deſire?

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 20.

EDUCATION

EDUCATION.

I AM very much at a loſs to expreſs by any word that occurs to me in our language that which is underſtood by *indoles* in Latin. The natural diſpoſition to any particular art, ſcience, profeſſion, or trade, is very much to be conſulted in the care of youth, and ſtudied by men for their own conduct when they form to themſelves any ſcheme of life. It is wonderfully hard indeed for a man to judge of his own capacity impartially; that may look great to me which may appear little to another, and I may be carried by fondneſs towards myſelf ſo far to attempt things too high for my talents and accompliſhments: But it is not methinks ſo very difficult a matter to make a judgment of the abilities of others, eſpecially of thoſe who are in their infancy. My common-place book directs me on this occaſion to mention the dawning of greatneſs in Alexander, who being aſked in his youth to contend for a prize in the Olympick games, anſwered, he would, if he had Kings to run againſt him. Caſſius, who was one of the conſpirators againſt Cæſar, gave as great a proof of his temper, when in his childhood he ſtruck a playfellow, the ſon of Sylla, for ſaying his father was maſter of the Roman people. Scipio is reported to have anſwered, (when ſome flatterers at ſupper were aſking him what the Romans would do for a General after his death)

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take Marius. Marius was then a very boy, and had given no inſtances of his valour; but it was viſible to Scipio from the manners of the youth, that he had a ſoul formed for the attempt and execution of great undertakings. I muſt confeſs, I have very often, with much ſorrow, bewailed the misfortune of the children of Great-Britain, when I conſider the ignorance and undiſcerning of the generality of ſchoolmaſters. The boaſted liberty we talk of, is but a mean reward for the long ſervitude, the many heart-aches and terrors, to which our childhood is expoſed in going through a grammar ſchool: Many of theſe ſtupid tyrants exerciſe their cruelty without any manner of diſtinction of the capacities of children, or the intention of parents in their behalf. There are many excellent tempers which are worthy to be nouriſhed and cultivated with all poſſible diligence and care, that were never deſigned to be acquainted with Ariſtotle, Tully, or Virgil; and there are as many who have capacities for underſtanding every word thoſe great perſons have writ, and yet were not born to have any reliſh of their writings. For want of this common and obvious diſcerning in thoſe who have the care of youth, we have ſo many hundred unaccountable creatures every age whipped up into great ſcholars, that are for ever near a right underſtanding, and will never arrive at it. Theſe are the ſcandal of letters, and theſe are generally the men who

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are to teach others. The ſenſe of ſhame and honour, is enough to keep the world itſelf in order without corporal puniſhment, much more to train the minds of uncorrupted and innocent children. It happens, I doubt not, more than once in a year, that a lad is chaſtiſed for a blockhead, when it is good apprehenſion that makes him incapable of knowing what his teacher means: A briſk imagination very often may ſuggeſt an error, which a lad could not have fallen into if he had been as heavy in conjecturing as his maſter in explaining: But there is no mercy even towards a wrong interpretation of his meaning, the ſufferings of the ſcholar's body are to rectify the miſtakes of his mind.

I am confident that no boy who will not be allured to letters without blows, will ever be brought to any thing with them. A great or good mind muſt neceſſarily be the worſe for ſuch indignities; and it is a ſad change to loſe of its virtue for the improvement of its knowledge. No one who has gone through what they call a great ſchool, but muſt remember to have ſeen children of excellent and ingenuous natures, (as has afterwards appeared in their manhood) I ſay no man has paſſed through this way of education, but muſt have ſeen an ingenuous creature expiring with ſhame, with pale looks, beſeeching ſorrow, and ſilent tears, throw up its honeſt eyes, and kneel on its tender knees, to

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an inexorable blockhead, to be forgiven the falſe quantity of a word in making a Latin verſe: The child is puniſhed, and the next day he commits a like crime, and ſo a third with the ſame conſequence. I would fain aſk any reaſonable man whether this lad, in the ſimplicity of his native innocence, full of ſhame, and capable of any impreſſion from that grace of ſoul, was not fitter for any purpoſe in this life, than after that ſpark of virtue is extinguiſhed in him, though he is able to write twenty verſes in an evening.

Seneca ſays, after his exalted way of talking, 'As the immortal gods never learnt any virtue, 'though they are endued with all that is good; 'ſo there are ſome men who have ſo natural a 'propenſity to what they ſhould follow, that 'they learn it almoſt as ſoon as they hear it.' Plants and vegetables are cultivated into the production of finer fruit than they would yield without that care; and yet we cannot entertain hopes of producing a tender conſcious ſpirit into acts of virtue, without the ſame methods as is uſed to cut timber, or give new ſhape to a piece of ſtone.

It is wholly to this dreadful practice that we may attribute a certain hardneſs and ferocity which ſome men, though liberally educated, carry about them in all their behaviour. To be bred like a gentleman, and puniſhed like a malefactor, muſt, as we ſee it does, produce that illiberal

illiberal faucineſs which we ſee ſometimes in men of letters.

The Spartan boy who ſuffered the fox (which he had ſtolen and hid under his coat) to eat into his bowels, I dare ſay had not half the wit or petulance which we learn at great ſchools among us: But the glorious ſenſe of honour, or rather fear of ſhame, which he demonſtrated in that action, was worth all the learning in the world without it.

It is, methinks, a very melancholy conſideration, that a little negligence can ſpoil us, but great induſtry is neceſſary to improve us; the moſt excellent natures are ſoon depriciated, but evil tempers are long before they are exalted into good habits. To help this by puniſhments, is the ſame thing as killing a man to cure him of a diſtemper: when he comes to ſuffer puniſhment in that one circumſtance, he is brought below the exiſtence of a rational creature, and is in the ſtate of a brute that moves only by the admonition of ſtripes. But ſince this cuſtom of education by the laſh, is ſuffered by the gentry of Great Britain, I would prevail only that honeſt heavy lads may be diſmiſſed from ſlavery ſooner than they are at preſent, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth year, whether they expect any progreſs from them or not. Let the child's capacity be forthwith examined, and he ſent to ſome mechanic way of life, without reſpect to his birth, if nature deſigned

ſigned him for nothing higher: Let him go before he has innocently ſuffered, and is debaſed into a dereliction of mind for being what it is no guilt to be, a plain man. I would not here be ſuppoſed to have ſaid, that our learned men of either robe, who have been whipped at ſchool, are not ſtill men of noble and liberal minds; but I am ſure they had been much more ſo than they are, had they never ſuffered that infamy.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 157. T.

I conſider an human ſoul without education, like marble in the quarry, which ſhews none of its inherent beauties, till the ſkill of the poliſher fetches out the colours, makes the ſurface ſhine, and diſcovers every ornamental cloud, ſpot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the ſame manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without ſuch helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the alluſion ſo ſoon upon him, I ſhall make uſe of the ſame inſtance to illuſtrate the force of education, which Ariſtotle has brought to explain his doctrine of ſubſtantial forms, when he tells us, that a ſtatute lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the ſtatuary only clears away the ſuperfluous matter, and removes the rubbiſh.

biſh. The figure is in the ſtone, the ſculptor only finds it. What ſculpture is to a block of marble, education is to an human ſoul. The philoſopher, the ſaint, or the hero, the wiſe, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have diſ-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of ſavage nations, and with contemplating thoſe virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to ſee courage exerting itſelf in fierceneſs, reſolution in obſtinacy, wiſdom in cunning, patience in ſullenneſs and deſpair.

Mens paſſions operate variouſly, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or leſs rectified and ſwayed by reaſon. When one hears of Negroes, who, upon the death of their maſters, or upon changing their ſervice, hang themſelves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expreſſes itſelf in ſo dreadful a manner? What might not that ſavage greatneſs of ſoul, which appears in theſe poor wretches on many occaſions, be raiſed to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuſe can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our ſpecies? That we ſhould not put them upon the common foot of humanity, that we ſhould only ſet an inſignificant fine upon the

man

man who murders them; nay, that we ſhould, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the proſpects of happineſs in another world as well as in this, and deny them that, which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this ſubject, I cannot forbear mentioning a ſtory which I have lately heard, and which is ſo well atteſted, that I have no manner of reaſon to ſuſpect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy, that paſſed about twelve years ago at St. Chriſtopher's, one of our Britiſh leeward iſlands. The Negroes who were the perſons concerned in it, were all of them the ſlaves of a gentleman who is now in England.

This gentleman, among his Negroes, had a young woman, who was looked upon as a moſt extraordinary beauty by thoſe of her own complexion. He had at the ſame time two young fellows who were likewiſe Negroes and ſlaves, remarkable for the comelineſs of their perſons, and for the friendſhip which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the female Negro above-mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her huſband, provided they could agree between themſelves which ſhould be the man. But they were both ſo paſſionately in love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival; and at the ſame time were ſo true to one

another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's conſent. The torments of theſe two lovers, were the diſcourſe of the family to which they belonged, who could not forbear obſerving the ſtrange complication of paſſions which the perplexed hearts of the poor Negroes, that often dropped expreſſions of the uneaſineſs they underwent, and how impoſſible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long ſtruggle between love and friendſhip, truth and jealouſy, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their miſtreſs along with them: Where after abundance of lamentations, they ſtabbed her to the heart, of which ſhe immediately died. A ſlave who was at his work not far from the place where this aſtoniſhing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the ſhrieks of the dying perſon, ran to ſee what was the occaſion of them. He there diſcovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two Negroes on each ſide of her, kiſſing the dead corpſe, weeping over it, and beating their breaſts in the utmoſt agonies of grief and deſpair. He immediately ran to the Engliſh family with the news of what he had ſeen; who, upon coming to the place, ſaw the woman dead, and the two Negroes expiring by her with wounds they had given themſelves.

We ſee in this amazing inſtance of barbarity, what ſtrange diſorders are bred in the minds of thoſe

thoſe men whoſe paſſions are not regulated by virtue, and diſciplined by reaſon. Though the action which I have recited is in itſelf full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced very noble fruits, had it been informed and guided by a ſuitable education.

It is therefore an unſpeakable bleſſing to be born in thoſe parts of the world where wiſdom and knowledge flouriſh; though it muſt be confeſſed, there are, even in theſe parts, ſeveral poor uninſtructed perſons, who are but little above the inhabitants of thoſe nations of which I have been here ſpeaking; as thoſe who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, riſe above one another by ſeveral different degrees of perfection. For to return to our ſtatue in the block of marble, we ſee it ſometimes only begun to be chipped, ſometimes rough-hewn, and but juſt ſketched into a human figure; ſometimes we ſee the man appearing diſtinctly in all his limbs and features, ſometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegancy, but ſeldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or Praxiteles could not give ſeveral nice touches and finiſhings.

Diſcourſes of mortality, and reflections upon human nature, are the beſt means we can make uſe of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourſelves, and conſequently to recover our ſouls out of the vice, ignorance,

and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profeſt myſelf in this paper a promoter of theſe great ends; and I flatter myſelf that I do from day to day contribute ſomething to the poliſhing of mens minds; at leaſt my deſign is laudable, whatever the execution may be, I muſt confeſs I am not a little encouraged in it by many letters which I receive from unknown hands, in approbation of my endeavours; and muſt take this opportunity of returning my thanks to thoſe who write them, and excuſing myſelf for not inſerting ſeveral of them in my papers, which I am ſenſible would be a very great ornament to them. Should I publiſh the praiſes which are ſo well penned, they would do honour to the perſons who write them, but my publiſhing of them would, I fear, be a ſufficient inſtance to the world that I did not deſerve them.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 215. C.

I ſhall give the following letter no other recommendation, than by telling my readers that it comes from the ſame hand with that of laſt Thurſday.

SIR,

'I SEND you, according to my promiſe, 'ſome farther thoughts on the education of 'youth, in which I intend to diſcuſs that fa-'mous queſtion, 'Whether the education at a 'public ſchool, or under a private tutor, is to 'be preferred?

'As

'As ſome of the greateſt men in moſt ages 'have been of very different opinions in this 'matter, I ſhall give a ſhort account of what 'I think may be beſt urged on both ſides, and 'afterwards leave every perſon to determine 'for himſelf.

'It is certain from Suetonius, that the Romans thought the education of their children 'a buſineſs properly belonging to the parents 'themſelves; and Plutarch, in the life of Marcus Cato, tells us, that as ſoon as his ſon 'was capable of learning, Cato would ſuffer no 'body to teach him but himſelf, though he had 'a ſervant named Chilo, who was an excellent 'grammarian, and who taught a great many 'other youths.

'On the contrary, the Greeks ſeemed more 'inclined to public ſchools and ſeminaries.

'A private education, promiſes in the firſt 'place virtue and good breeding; a public 'ſchool, manly aſſurance, and an early knowledge in the ways of the world.

'Mr Locke, in his celebrated treatiſe of 'Education, confeſſes that there are inconveniencies to be feared on both ſides: 'If, ſays 'he, I keep my ſon at home, he is in danger 'of becoming my young maſter: If I ſend him 'abroad, it is ſcarce poſſible to keep him from 'the reigning contagion of rudeneſs and vice. 'He will perhaps be more innocent at home, 'but more ignorant of the world, and more

'ſheepiſh

'ſheepiſh when he comes abroad.' However, 'as this learned author aſſerts, That virtue is 'much more difficult to be obtained than know-'ledge of the world, and that vice is a more 'ſtubborn, as well as a more dangerous fault 'than ſheepiſhneſs, he is altogether for a private 'education, and the more ſo, becauſe he does 'not ſee why a youth, with right management, 'might not attain the ſame aſſurance in his fa-'ther's houſe, as at a public ſchool. To this 'end he adviſes parents to accuſtom their ſons 'to whatever ſtrange faces come to the houſe, 'to take them with them when they viſit their 'neighbours, and to engage them in converſa-'tion with men of parts and breeding.

'It may be objected to this method, that 'converſation is not the only thing neceſſary, 'but that unleſs it be a converſation with ſuch 'as are in ſome meaſure their equals in parts 'and years, there can be no room for emulati-'on, contention, and ſeveral of the moſt lively 'paſſions of the mind; which, without being 'ſometimes moved by theſe means, may poſſi-'bly contract a dulneſs and inſenſibility.

'One of the greateſt writers our nation ever 'produced obſerves, That a boy who forms 'parties, and makes himſelf popular in a ſchool 'or a college, would act the ſame part with e-'qual eaſe in a ſenate or a privy-council: And 'Mr Oſborn, ſpeaking like a man verſed in the

'ways

'ways of the world, affirms, that the well lay-
'ing and carrying on of a deſign to rob an or-
'chard, trains up a youth inſenſibly to caution,
'ſecrecy and circumſpection, and fits him for
'matters of greater importance.

'In ſhort, a private education ſeems the moſt
'natural method for the forming of a virtuous
'man; a public education for making a man
'of buſineſs. The firſt would furniſh out a
'good ſubject for Plato's republic, the latter a
'member for community over-run with arti-
'fice and corruption.

'It muſt however be confeſſed, that a per-
'ſon at the head of a public ſchool, has ſome-
'times ſo many boys under his direction, that it
'is impoſſible he ſhould extend a due proporti-
'on of his care to each of them. This is how-
'ever, in reality, the fault of the age, in
'which we often ſee twenty parents, who,
'though each expects his ſon ſhould be made a
'ſcholar, are not contented all together to make
'it worth while for any man of a liberal edu-
'cation to take upon him the care of their in-
'ſtruction.

'In our great ſchools indeed this fault has
'been of late years rectified, ſo that we have at
'preſent not only ingenious men for the chief
'maſters, but ſuch as have proper uſhers and
'aſſiſtants under them. I muſt nevertheleſs
'own, that for want of the ſame encourage-
'ment in the country, we have many a pro-

miſing

'miſing genius ſpoiled and abuſed in thoſe little 'ſeminaries.

'I am the more inclined to this opinion, 'having myſelf experienced the uſage of two 'rural maſters, each of them very unfit for the 'truſt they took upon them to diſcharge. The 'firſt impoſed much more upon me than my 'parts, though none of the weakeſt, could 'endure; and uſed me barbarouſly for not per-'forming impoſſibilities. The latter was of 'quite another temper; and a boy, who would 'run upon his errands, waſh his coffee-pot, or 'ring the bell, might have as little converſation 'with any of the clafficks as he thought fit. I 'have known a lad of this place excuſed his 'exerciſe for aſſiſting the cook maid; and re-'member a neighbouring gentleman's ſon was 'among us five years, moſt of which time he 'employed in airing and watering our maſter's 'gray pad. I ſcorned to compound for my 'faults, by doing any of theſe elegant offices, 'and was accordingly the beſt ſcholar, and the 'worſt uſed of any boy in the ſchool.

'I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe with an ad-'vantage mentioned by Quintilian, as accom-'panying a public way of education, which I 'have not yet taken notice of; namely, that 'we very often contract ſuch friendſhips at 'ſchool, as are a ſervice to us all the following 'parts of our lives.

'I ſhall

'I ſhall give you, under this head, a ſtory 'very well known to ſeveral perſons, and 'which you may depend upon as real truth.

'Every one, who is acquainted with Weſt-'minſter-ſchool, knows that there is a curtain 'which uſed to be drawn acroſs the room, to 'ſeparate the upper ſchool from the lower. A 'youth happened, by ſome miſchance, to tear 'the abovementioned curtain: The ſeverity of 'the maſter was too well known for the cri-'minal to expect any pardon for ſuch a fault; 'ſo that the boy, who was of a meek temper, 'was terrified to death at the thoughts of his 'appearance, when his friend, who ſat next to 'him, bade him be of good cheer, for that he 'would take the fault on himſelf. He kept 'his word accordingly. As ſoon as they were 'grown up to be men, the civil war broke out 'in which our two friends took the oppoſite 'ſides, one of them followed the parliament, 'the other the royal party.

'As their tempers were different, the youth, 'who had torn the curtain, endeavoured to 'raiſe himſelf on the civil liſt, and the other, 'who had borne the blame of it, on the mili-'tary: The firſt ſucceeded ſo well, that he 'was in a ſhort time made a judge under the 'Protector. The other was engaged in the 'unhappy enterprize of Penruddock and Grove 'in the Weſt. I ſuppoſe, Sir, I need not ac-'quaint you with the event of that undertak-

'taking

'taking. Every one knows that the royal party was routed, and all the heads of them, among whom was the curtain champion, impriſoned at Exeter. It happened to be his friend's lot at that time to go the Weſtern circuit: The trial of the rebels, as they were then called, was very ſhort, and nothing now remained but to paſs ſentence on them; when the judge hearing the name of his old friend, and obſerving his face more attentively, which he had not ſeen for many years, aſked him, if he was not formerly a Weſtminſter-ſcholar; by the anſwer, he was ſoon convinced that it was his former generous friend; and, without ſaying any thing more at that time, made the beſt of his way to London, where employing all his power and intereſt with the Protector, he ſaved his friend from the fate of his unhappy aſſociates.

'The gentleman, whoſe life was thus preſerved by the gratitude of his ſchool-fellow, was afterwards the father of a ſon, whom he lived to ſee promoted in the church, and who ſtill deſervedly fills one of the higheſt ſtations in it.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 313. X.

The gentleman who obliges the world in general, and me in particular, with his thoughts upon education, has juſt ſent me the following letter.

SIR,

SIR,

'I Take the liberty to ſend you a fourth letter upon the education of youth: In my laſt I gave you my thoughts about ſome particular taſks which I conceived it might not be amiſs to mix with their uſual exerciſes, in order to give them an early ſeaſoning of virtue; I ſhall in this propoſe ſome others, which I fancy might contribute to give them a right turn for the world, and enable them to make their way in it.

'The deſign of learning is, as I take it, either to render a man an agreeable companion to himſelf, and teach him to ſupport ſolitude with pleaſure, or if he is not born to an eſtate, to ſupply that defect, and furniſh him with the means of acquiring one. A perſon who applies himſelf to learning with the firſt of theſe views, may be ſaid to ſtudy for ornament, as he who propoſes to himſelf the ſecond, properly ſtudies for uſe. The one does it to raiſe himſelf a fortune, the other to ſet off that which he is already poſſeſſed of. But as far the greater part of mankind are included in the latter claſs, I ſhall only propoſe ſome methods at preſent for the ſervice of ſuch who expect to advance themſelves in the world by their learning: In order to which, I ſhall premiſe, that many more eſtates have been acquired by little accompliſhments than by extraordinary ones; thoſe qualities which

'make the greateſt figure in the eye of the 'world, not being always the moſt uſeful in 'themſelves, or the moſt advantageous to their 'owners.

'The poſts which require men of ſhining and 'uncommon parts to diſcharge them, are ſo 'very few, that many a great genius goes out of 'the world without ever having an opportunity 'to exert itſelf; whereas perſons of ordinary 'endowments meet with occaſions fitted to 'their parts and capacities every day in the 'common occurrences of life.

'I am acquainted with two perſons who 'were formerly ſchool-fellows, and have been 'good friends ever ſince. One of them was 'not only thought an impenetrable blockhead 'at ſchool, but ſtill maintained his reputation 'at the univerſity; the other was the pride of 'his maſter, and the moſt celebrated perſon in 'the college of which he was a member. The 'man of genius is at preſent buried in a country 'parſonage of eightſcore pounds a year; while 'the other, with the bare abilities of a com-'mon ſcrivener, has got an eſtate of above an 'hundred thouſand pounds.

'I fancy from what I have ſaid it will almoſt 'appear a doubtful caſe to many a wealthy citi-'zen, whether or no he ought to wiſh his ſon 'ſhould be a great genius; but this I am ſure 'of, that nothing is more abſurd than to give a 'lad the education of one, whom nature has

'not

'not favoured with any particular marks of 'diſtinction.

'The fault therefore of our grammar ſchools 'is, that every boy is puſhed on to works of 'genius; whereas it would be far more ad-'vantageous for the greateſt part of them to 'be taught ſuch little practical arts and ſciences 'as do not require any great ſhare of parts to 'be maſter of them, and yet may come often 'into play during the courſe of a man's life.

'Such are all the parts of practical geome-'try, I have known a man contract a friendſhip 'with a miniſter of ſtate, upon cutting a dial in 'his window; and remember a clergyman who 'got one of the beſt benefices in the weſt of 'England, by ſetting a country gentleman's af-'fairs in ſome method, and giving him an exact 'ſurvey of his eſtate.

'While I am upon this ſubject, I cannot for-'bear mentioning a particular which is of uſe 'in every ſtation of life, and which methinks 'every maſter ſhould teach his ſcholars: I 'mean the writing of Engliſh letters. To this 'end, inſtead of perplexing them with Latin 'epiſtles, themes and verſes, there might be a 'punctual correſpondence eſtabliſhed between 'two boys, who might act in any imaginary 'parts of buſineſs, or be allowed ſometimes to 'give a range to their own fancies, and com-'municate to each other whatever trifles they 'thought fit, provided neither of them ever

'failed at the appointed time to anſwer his 'correſpondent's letter.

'I believe I may venture to affirm, that the 'generality of boys would find themſelves more 'advantaged by this cuſtom, when they come 'to be men, than by all the Greek and Latin 'their maſters can teach them in ſeven or eight 'years.

'The want of it is very viſible in many learned 'perſons, who, while they are admiring the 'ſtiles of Demoſthenes, or Cicero, want phra-'ſes to expreſs themſelves on the moſt common 'occaſions. I have ſeen a letter from one 'of theſe Latin orators, which would have 'been deſervedly laught at by a common attor-'ney.

'Under this head of writing I cannot omit 'accounts and ſhort-hand, which are learned 'with little pains, and very properly come in-'to the number of ſuch arts as I have been here 'recommending.

'You, muſt doubtleſs, Sir, obſerve, that I 'have hitherto chiefly inſiſted upon theſe things 'for ſuch boys as do not appear to have any 'thing extraordinary in their natural talents, 'and conſequently are not qualified for the 'finer parts of learning; yet I believe I might 'carry this matter ſtill further, and venture to 'aſſert that a lad of genius has ſometimes occa-'ſion for theſe little acquirements, to be as it

'were

'were the forerunners of his parts, and to in-
'troduce him into the world.

'Hiſtory is full of examples of perſons, who,
'though they have had the largeſt abilities,
'have been obliged to inſinuate themſelves into
'the favour of great men by theſe trivial ac-
'compliſhments; as the complete gentleman
'in ſome of our modern comedies, makes his
'firſt advances to his miſtreſs under the diſguiſe
'of a painter, or a dancing-maſter.

'The difference is, that in a lad of genius
'theſe are only ſo many accompliſhments;
'which in another are eſſentials; the one di-
'verts himſelf with them, the other works at
'them. In ſhort I look upon a great genius,
'with theſe little additions, in the ſame light
'as I regard the Grand Signior, who is obliged,
'by an expreſs command in the Alcoran, to learn
'and practiſe ſome handicraft trade. Though
'I need not to have gone for my inſtance far-
'ther than Germany, where ſeveral Emperors
'have voluntarily done the ſame thing. Leo-
'pold the Laſt, worked in wood; and I have
'heard there are ſeveral handicraft works of
'his making to be ſeen at Vienna ſo neatly
'turned, that the beſt joiner in Europe might
'ſafely own them without any diſgrace to his
'profeſſion.

'I would not be thought by any thing I have
'ſaid, to be againſt improving a boy's genius
'to the utmoſt pitch it can be carried. What

'I would endeavour to ſhew in this eſſay, is, 'that there may be methods taken to make 'learning advantageous even to the meaneſt 'capacities.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 353. X.

'As I walked the other day in a fine garden, 'and obſerved the great variety of improve-'ments in plants and flowers beyond what they 'otherwiſe would have been, I was naturally 'led into a reflection upon the advantages of 'education, or modern culture; how many 'good qualities in the mind are loſt, for want 'of the like due care in nurſing and ſkilfully 'managing them, how many virtues are choak-'ed, by the multitude of weeds which are ſuf-'fered to grow among them; how excellent 'parts are often ſtarved and uſeleſs, by being 'planted in a wrong ſoil; and how very ſeldom 'do theſe moral ſeeds produce the noble fruits 'which might be expected from them, by a ne-'glect of proper manuring, neceſſary pruning, 'and an artful management of our tender in-'clinations and firſt ſpring of life? Theſe obvi-'ous ſpeculations made me at length conclude, 'that there is a ſort of vegetable principle in 'the mind of every man when he comes into 'the world. In infants the ſeeds lie buried and 'undiſcovered, 'till after a while they ſprout forth 'in a kind of rational *leaves*, which are *words*; 'and in due ſeaſon the *flowers* begin to appear

'in

'in variety of beautiful colours, and all the gay 'pictures of youthful fancy and imagination; 'at laſt the fruit knits and is formed, which is 'green, perhaps, firſt, and ſour, unpleaſant to 'the taſte, and not fit to be gathered; till ri-'pened by due care and application it diſco-'vers itſelf in all the noble productions of phi-'loſophy, mathematicks, cloſe reaſoning, and 'handſome argumentation: And theſe fruits, 'when they arrive at juſt maturity, and are of 'a good kind, afford the moſt vigorous nouriſh-'ment to the minds of men. I reflected fur-'ther on the intellectual leaves before-menti-'oned, and found almoſt as great a variety a-'mong them as in the vegetable world. I 'could eaſily obſerve the ſmooth ſhining Italian 'leaves; the nimble French aſpen always in 'motion; the Greek and Latin ever-greens, 'the Spaniſh myrtle, the Engliſh oak, the Scots 'thiſtle, the Iriſh ſhambrogue, the prickly Ger-'man and Dutch holly, the Poliſh and Ruſſian 'nettle, beſides a vaſt number of exoticks im-'ported from Aſia, Africa, and America. I 'ſaw ſeveral barren plants, which bore only 'leaves, without any hopes of flower or fruit: 'The leaves of ſome were fragrant and well-'ſhaped, of others ill-ſcented and irregular. I 'wondered at a ſet of old whimſical botaniſts, 'who ſpent their whole lives in the contempla-'tion of ſome withered Ægyptian, Coptic, Ar-'menian, or Chineſe leaves, while others made

'it

'it their buſineſs to collect in voluminous her-
'bals all the ſeveral leaves of ſome one tree.
'The flowers afford a moſt diverting entertain-
'ment, in a wonderful variety of figures, co-
'lours and ſcents; however, moſt of them
'withered ſoon, or at beſt are but annuals.
'Some profeſſed floriſts make them their con-
'ſtant ſtudy and employment, and deſpiſe all
'fruit; and now and then a few fanciful people
'ſpend all their time in the cultivation of a
'ſingle tulip, or a carnation: But the moſt a-
'greeable amuſement ſeems to be the well-
'chooſing, mixing, and binding together theſe
'flowers in pleaſing noſegays to preſent to
'ladies. The ſcent of Italian flowers is ob-
'ſerved, like their other perfumes, to be too
'ſtrong, and to hurt the brain; that of the
'French with glaring, gaudy colours, yet faint
'and languid; German and Northern flowers
'have little or no ſmell, or ſometimes an un-
'pleaſant one. The ancients had a ſecret to
'give a laſting beauty, colour and ſweetneſs
'to ſome of their choice flowers, which flouriſh
'to this day, and which few of the moderns
'can effect. Theſe are becoming enough and
'agreeable in their ſeaſon, and do often hand-
'ſomely adorn an entertainment, but an over-
'fondneſs of them ſeems to be a diſeaſe. It
'rarely happens to find a plant vigorous enough,
'to have (like an orange-tree) at once beau-
'tiful

'tiful ſhining leaves, fragrant flowers, and de-
'licious nouriſhing fruit.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 455. T.

I have lately been caſting in my thoughts the ſeveral unhappineſſes of life, and comparing the infelicities of old age to thoſe of infancy. The calamities of children are due to the negligence and miſconduct of parents, thoſe of age to the paſt life which led to it. I have here the hiſtory of a boy and girl to their wedding-day, and think I cannot give the reader a livelier image of the inſipid way which time uncultivated paſſes, than by entertaining him with their authentick epiſtles, expreſſing all that was remarkable in their lives, till the period of their life abovementioned. The Sentence at the head of this paper, which is only a warm interrogation, "What is there in nature ſo dear as a man's own children to him?" Is all the reflection I ſhall at preſent make on thoſe who are negligent or cruel in the education of them.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I Am now entering into my one and twentieth
'year, and do not know that I had one day's
'thorough ſatisfaction ſince I came to years of
'any reflection, till the time they ſay others loſe
'their liberty, the day of my marriage. I am
'ſon to a gentleman of a very great eſtate, who
'reſolved to keep me out of the vices of the
'age;

'age; and in order to it, never let me ſee any 'thing that he thought could give me the leaſt 'pleaſure. At ten years old I was put to a 'grammar-ſchool, where my maſter received 'orders every poſt to uſe me very ſeverely, and 'have no regard to my having a great eſtate. At 'fifteen I was removed to the univerſity, where 'I lived, out of my father's great diſcretion, in 'ſcandalous poverty and want, till I was big e-'nough to be married, and I was ſent for to ſee 'the lady who ſends you the underwritten. 'When we were put together, we both con-'ſidered that we could not be worſe than we 'were in taking one another, and out of a de-'ſire of liberty entered into wedlock. My fa-'ther ſays I am now a man, and may ſpeak to 'him like another gentleman.'

Mr SPEC.

'I Grew tall and wild at my mother's, who is 'a gay widow, and did not care for ſhewing 'me, till about two years and a half ago; at 'which time my guardian uncle ſent me to a 'boarding-ſchool, with orders to contradict me 'in nothing, for I had been miſuſed enough al-'ready. I had not been there above a month, 'when being in the kitchen, I ſaw ſome oat-'meal on the dreſſer; I put two or three corns 'in my mouth, liked it, ſtole a handful, went 'into my chamber, chewed it, and for two 'months after never failed taking toll of every

'pennyworth

'pennyworth of oatmeal that came into the 'houſe: But one day playing with a tobacco-'pipe between my teeth, it happened to break 'in my mouth, and the ſpitting out the pieces 'left ſuch a delicious roughneſs on my tongue, 'that I could not be ſatisfied till I had champed 'up the remaining part of the pipe. I forſook 'the oatmeal, and ſtuck to the pipes three 'months, in which time I had diſpenſed with 'thirty ſeven foul pipes, all to the boles; they 'belonged to an old gentleman, father to my 'governeſs.——He locked up the clean ones. I 'left off eating of pipes, and fell to licking of 'chalk. I was ſoon tired of this; I then nib-'bled all the red wax of our laſt ball-tickets, and 'three weeks after, the black wax from the 'burying-tickets of the old gentleman. Two 'months after this I lived upon thunderbolts, a 'certain long round bluiſh ſtone, which I found 'among the gravel in our garden. I was won-'derfully delighted with this; but thunderbolts 'growing ſcarce, I faſtened tooth and nail up-'on our garden-wall, which I ſtuck to almoſt a 'twelve-month and had in that time peeled and 'devoured half a foot toward our neighbour's 'yard. I now thought myſelf the happieſt crea-'ture in the world, and I believe in my conſci-'ence, I had eaten quite through, had I had it 'in my chamber; but now I became lazy, and 'unwilling to ſtir, and was obliged to ſeek food 'nearer home. I then took a ſtrange hankering

'to

'to coals; I fell to ſcranching them, and had 'already conſumed, I am certain, as much as 'would have dreſſed my wedding-dinner, when 'my uncle came for me home. He was in the 'parlour with my governeſs, when I was called 'down. I went in, fell on my knees, for he 'made me call him father; and when I expect-'ed the bleſſing I aſked, the good gentleman, in 'a ſurpriſe, turns himſelf to my governeſs, and 'aſks, whether this (pointing to me) was his 'daughter? This (added he) is the very picture 'of death. My child was a plump-faced, hale, 'freſh-coloured girl; but this looks as if ſhe was 'half-ſtarved, a mere ſkeleton. My governeſs, 'who is really a good woman, aſſured my father 'I had wanted for nothing; and withal told 'him, I was continually eating ſome traſh or o-'ther, and that I was almoſt eaten up with the 'green-ſickneſs, her orders being never to croſs 'me. But this magnified but little with my fa-'ther, who preſently in a kind of pet, paying 'for my board, took me home with him. I 'had not been long at home, but one Sunday at 'church (I ſhall never forget it) I ſaw a young 'neighbouring gentleman that pleaſed me huge-'ly; I liked him of all men I ever ſaw in my life 'and began to wiſh I could be as pleaſing to him. 'The very next day he came, with his father, a 'viſiting to our houſe: We were left alone to-'gether, with directions on both ſides to be in-'love with one another, and in three weeks time

'we

'we were married. I regained my former 'health and complexion, and am now as hap-'py as the day is long. Now, Mr Spec, I de-'ſire you would find out ſome name for theſe 'craving damſels, whether dignified or diſtin-'guiſhed under ſome or all of the following de-'nominations, (to wit) *traſh-eaters*, *oatmeal-'chewers*, *pipe-champers*, *chalk-lickers*, *wax-'nibblers*, *coal-ſcranchers*, *wall-peelers*, or '*gravel-diggers*: And, good Sir, do your ut-'moſt endeavour to prevent (by expoſing) this 'unaccountable folly, ſo prevailing among the 'young ones of our ſex, who may not meet 'with ſuch ſudden good luck as,

SIR, &c.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 431.

ELOQUENCE.

Will's Coffee-houſe, *September* 9.

THE ſubject of the diſcourſe this evening was eloquence and graceful action. Ly-ſander, who is ſomething particular in his way of thinking and ſpeaking, told us, a man could not be eloquent without action: For the de-portment of the body, the turn of the eye, and an apt ſound to every word that is uttered, muſt all conſpire to make an accompliſhed ſpeaker. Action in one that ſpeaks in public,

is the ſame thing as a good mein in ordinary life. Thus, as a certain inſenſibility in the countenance recommends a ſentence of humour and jeſt, ſo it muſt be a very lively conſciouſneſs that gives grace to great ſentiments. The jeſt is to be a thing unexpected; therefore your undeſigning manner is a beauty in expreſſions of mirth; but when you are to talk on a ſet ſubject, the more you are moved yourſelf, the more you will move others.

There is, ſaid he, a remarkable example of that kind. Æſchines, a famous orator of antiquity, had pleaded at Athens in a great cauſe againſt Demoſthenes; but having loſt it, retired to Rhodes. Eloquence was then the quality moſt admired among men, and the magiſtrates of that place having heard he had a copy of the ſpeech of Demoſthenes, deſired him to repeat both their pleadings. After his own, he recited alſo the oration of his antagoniſt. The people expreſſed their admiration of both, but more of that of Demoſthenes. If you are, ſaid he, thus touched with hearing only what that great orator ſaid, how would you have been affected had you ſeen him ſpeak? For he who hears Demoſthenes only, loſes much the better part of the oration. Certain it is, that they, who ſpeak gracefully, are very lamely repreſented in having their ſpeeches read or repeated by unſkilful people; for there is ſomething native to each man, ſo inherent to his thoughts and

and ſentiments, which it is hardly poſſible for another to give a true idea of. You may obſerve in common talk, when a ſentence of any man's is repeated, an acquaintance of his ſhall immediately obſerve, "That is ſo like him, "methinks I ſee how he looked when he ſaid "it."

But of all the people on the earth, there are none who puzzle me ſo much as the clergy of Great-Britain, who are, I believe, the moſt learned body of men now in the world; and yet this art of ſpeaking, with the proper ornaments of voice and geſture, is wholly neglected among them; and I will engage, were a deaf man to behold the greater part of them preach, he would rather think they were reading the contents only of ſome diſcourſe they intended to make, than actually in the body of an oration, even when they are upon matters of ſuch a nature, as one would believe it were impoſſible to think of without emotion.

I own there are exceptions to this general obſervation, and that the dean we heard the other day together, is an orator. He has ſo much regard to his congregation, that he commits to his memory what he is to ſay to them; and has ſo ſoft and graceful a behaviour, that it muſt attract your attention. His perſon, it is to be confeſſed, is no ſmall recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not loſing that advantage, and adding to the propriety of

ſpeech (which might paſs the criticiſm of Longinus) an action which would have been approved by Demoſthenes. He has a peculiar force in his way, and has many of his audience who could not be intelligent hearers of his diſcourſe, were there not explanation as well as grace in his action. This art of his is uſed with the moſt exact and honeſt ſkill: He never attempts your paſſions till he has convinced your reaſon. All the objections which he can form, are laid open and diſperſed, before he uſes the leaſt vehemence in his ſermon; but when he thinks he has your head, he very ſoon wins your heart, and never pretends to ſhew the beauty of holineſs, till he hath convinced you of the truth of it.

Would every one of our clergymen be thus careful to recommend truth and virtue in their proper figures, and ſhew ſo much concern for them as to give them all the additional force they were able, it is not poſſible that nonſenſe ſhould have ſo many hearers as you find it has in diſſenting congregations, for no reaſon in the world, but becauſe it is ſpoken *extempore*: For ordinary minds are wholly governed by their eyes and ears, and there is no way to come at their hearts, but by power over their imaginations.

There is my friend and merry companion Daniel: He knows a great deal better than he ſpeaks, and can form a proper diſcourſe as well as

as any orthodox neighbour. But he knows very well, that to bawl out, my beloved; and the words grace! Regeneration! Sanctification! A new light! The day! The day! Ay, my beloved, the day! Or rather the night! The night is coming! And judgment will come, when we leaſt think think of it! And ſo forth.——He knows, to be vehement is the only way to come at his audience. Daniel, when he ſees my friend Greenhat come in, can give a good hint, and cry out, This is only for the ſaints! The regenerated! By this force of action, though mixed with all the incoherence and ribaldry imaginable, Daniel can laugh at his dioceſian, and grow fat by voluntary ſubſcription, while the parſon of the pariſh goes to law for half his dues. Daniel will tell you, It is not the ſhepherd, but the ſheep with the bell, which the flock follows.

Another thing, very wonderful this learned body ſhould omit, is, learning to read; which is a moſt neceſſary part of eloquence in one who is to ſerve at the altar: For there is no man but muſt be ſenſible, that the lazy tone, and inarticulate ſound of our common readers, depriciates the moſt proper form of words that were ever extant in any nation or language, to ſpeak their own wants, or his power from whom we aſk relief.

There cannot be a greater inſtance of the power of action than in little parſon Dapper,

who is the common relief to all lazy pulpits in town. This ſmart youth has a very good memory, a quick eye, and a clean handkerchief. Thus equipped, he opens his text, ſhuts his book fairly, ſhews he has no notes in his bible, opens both palms, and ſhews all is fair there too. Thus with a deciſive air, my young man goes on without heſitation; and though from the beginning to the end of his pretty diſcourſe he has not uſed one proper geſture, yet at the concluſion the churchwarden pulls his gloves from off his hands; "Pray who is this extraordinary young "man?" Thus the force of action is ſuch, that it is more prevalent, even when improper, than all the reaſon and argument in the world without it. This gentleman concluded his diſcourſe by ſaying, I do not doubt but if our preachers would learn to ſpeak, and our readers to read, within ſix months time, we ſhould not have a diſſenter within a mile of a church in Great-Britain.

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 66.

EMILIA, *her Character.*

MR SPECTATOR,

'IF this paper has the good fortune to be honoured with a place in your writings, I 'ſhall be the more pleaſed, becauſe the 'character of Emilia is not an imaginary but a 'real one. I have induſtriouſly obſcured the 'whole

'whole by the addition of one or two circum-
'ſtances of no conſequence, that the perſon it
'is drawn from might ſtill be concealed; and
'that the writer of it might not be in the leaſt
'ſuſpected, and for ſome other reaſons, I
'chooſe not to give it the form of a letter:
'But, if beſides the faults of the compoſition,
'there be any thing in it more proper for a
'correſpondent than the SPECTATOR himſelf
'to write, I ſubmit it to your better judgment,
'to receive any other model you think fit.

'I am Sir,

'Your very humble ſervant.'

There is nothing which gives one ſo pleaſing a proſpect of human nature, as the contemplation of wiſdom and beauty: The latter is the peculiar portion of that ſex which is therefore called fair; but the happy concurrence of both theſe excellencies in the ſame perſon, is a character too celeſtial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an over-weaning ſelf-ſufficient thing, careleſs of providing itſelf any more ſubſtantial ornaments; nay ſo little does it conſult its own intereſts, that it too often defeats itſelf by betraying that innocence which renders it lovely and deſireable. As therefore virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, ſo beauty makes a virtuous woman really more virtuous. Whilſt I am conſidering theſe two perfections glorioufly united in one perſon, I cannot

cannot help repreſenting to my mind the image of Emilia.

Who ever beheld the charming Emilia, without feeling in his breaſt at once the glow of love and the tenderneſs of virtuous friendſhip? The unſtudied graces of her behaviour, and the pleaſing accents of her tongue, inſenſibly draw you on to wiſh for a nearer enjoyment of them; but even her ſmiles carry in them a ſilent reproof to the impulſes of licentious love. Thus though the attractives of her beauty play almoſt irreſiſtibly upon you and create deſire, you immediately ſtand corrected, not by the ſeverity but the decency of her virtue. That ſweetneſs and good-humour which is ſo viſible in her face, naturally diffuſes itſelf into every word and action: A man muſt be a ſavage, who at the ſight of Emilia, is not more inclined to do her good than gratify himſelf. Her perſon, as it is thus ſtudiouſly embelliſhed by nature, thus adorned with unpremeditated graces, is a fit lodging for a mind ſo fair and lovely; there dwell rational piety, modeſt hope, and cheerful reſignation.

Many of the prevailing paſſions of mankind do undeſervedly paſs under the name of religion; which is thus made to expreſs itſelf in action, according to the nature of the conſtitution in which it reſides: So that were we to make a judgment from appearances, one would imagine religion in ſome is little better than ſul-

lenneſs

lenneſs and reſerve, in many fear, in others the deſpondings of a melancholy complexion, in others the formality of inſignificant unaffecting obſervances, in others ſeverity, in others oſtentation. In Emilia it is a principle founded in reaſon and enlivened with hope; it does not break forth into irregular fits and ſallies of devotion, but is an uniform and conſiſtent tenour of action: It is ſtrict without ſeverity, compaſſionate without weakneſs; it is the perfection of that good-humour which proceeds from the underſtanding, not the effect of an eaſy conſtitution.

By a generous ſympathy in nature, we feel ourſelves diſpoſed to mourn when any of our fellow-creatures are afflicted; but injured innocence and beauty in diſtreſs, is an object that carries in it ſomething inexpreſſibly moving: It ſoftens the moſt manly heart with the tendereſt ſenſations of love and compaſſion, 'till at length it confeſſes its humanity, and flows out into tears.

Were I to relate that part of Emilia's life which has given her an opportunity of exerting the heroiſm of Chriſtianity, it would make too ſad, too tender a ſtory: But when I conſider her alone in the midſt of her diſtreſſes, looking beyond this gloomy vale of affliction and ſorrow into the joys of heaven and immortality, and when I ſee her in converſation thoughtleſs and eaſy, as if ſhe were the moſt happy creature in the

the world, I am tranſported with admiration. Surely never did ſuch a philoſophic ſoul inhabit ſuch a beauteous form! For beauty is often made a privilege againſt thought and reflection; it laughs at wiſdom, and will not abide the gravity of its inſtructions.

Were I able to repreſent Emilia's virtues in their proper colours and their due proportions, love or flattery might perhaps be thought to have drawn the picture larger than life; but as this is but an imperfect draught of ſo excellent a character, and as I cannot, will not hope to have any intereſt in her perſon, all that I can ſay of her is but impartial praiſe extorted from me by the prevailing brightneſs of her virtues. So rare a pattern of female excellence ought not to be concealed, but ſhould be ſet out to the view and imitation of the world; for how amiable does virtue appear thus as it were made viſible to us in ſo fair an example!

Honoria's diſpoſition is of a very different turn: Her thoughts are wholly bent upon conqueſt and arbitrary power. That ſhe has ſome wit and beauty no body denies, and therefore has the eſteem of all her acquaintance as a woman of an agreeable perſon and converſation; but (whatever her huſband may think of it) that is not ſufficient for Honoria: She waves that title to reſpect as a mean acquiſition, and demands veneration in the right of an idol; for this reaſon her natural deſire of life is continually

ly checked with an inconſiſtent fear of wrinkles and old age.

Emilia cannot be ſuppoſed ignorant of her perſonal charms, though ſhe ſeems to be ſo; but ſhe will not hold her happineſs upon ſo precarious a tenure, whilſt her mind is adorned with beauties of a more exalted and laſting nature. When in the full bloom of youth and beauty we ſaw her ſurrounded with a crowd of adorers, ſhe took no pleaſure in ſlaughter and deſtruction, gave no falſe deluding hopes which might increaſe the torments of her diſappointed lovers; but having for ſome time given to the decency of a virgin coyneſs, and examined the merit of their ſeveral pretenſions ſhe at length gratified her own, by reſigning herſelf to the ardent paſſion of Bromius. Bromius was then maſter of many good qualities and a moderate fortune, which was ſoon after unexpectedly increaſed to a plentiful eſtate. This for a good while proved his misfortune, as it furniſhed his unexperienced age with the opportunities of evil company and a ſenſual life. He might have longer wandered in the labyrinth's of vice and folly, had not Emilia's prudent conduct won him over to the government of his reaſon. Her ingenuity has been conſtantly employed in humanizing his paſſions and refining his pleaſures. She has ſhewed him by her own example, that virtue is conſiſtent with decent freedoms and good humour, or rather, that it cannot ſubſiſt without them.

them. Her good ſenſe readily inſtructed her, that a ſilent example, and an eaſy unrepining behaviour, will always be more perſuaſive than the ſeverity of lectures and admonitions; and that there is ſo much pride interwoven into the make of human nature, that an obſtinate man muſt only take the hint from another, and then be left to adviſe and correct himſelf. Thus by an artful train of management and unſeen perſuaſions, having at firſt brought him not to diſlike, and at length to be pleaſed with that which otherwiſe he would not have bore to hear of, ſhe then knew how to preſs and ſecure this advantage, by approving it as his thought, and ſeconding it as his propoſal. By this means ſhe has gained an intereſt in ſome of his leading paſſions, and made them acceſſary to his reformation.

There is another particular of Emilia's conduct which I cannot forbear mentioning: To ſome perhaps it may at firſt ſight appear but a trifling inconſiderable circumſtance; but, for my part, I think it highly worthy of obſervation, and to be recommended to the conſideration of the fair ſex. I have often thought wrapping gowns and dirty linen, with all that huddled œconomy of dreſs which paſſes under the general name of a mob, the bane of conjugal love, and one of the readieſt means imaginable to alienate the affection of an huſband, eſpecially a fond one. I have heard ſome ladies, who have been

been ſurprized by company in ſuch a diſhabille, apologize for it after this manner; "Truly I "am aſhamed to be caught in this pickle; but "my huſband and I were ſitting all alone by "ourſelves, and I did not expect to ſee ſuch "good company."——This, by the way, is a fine compliment to the good man, which tis ten to one but he returns in dogged anſwers and a churliſh behaviour, without knowing what it is that puts him out of humour.

Emilia's obſervation teaches her, that as little inadvertencies and neglects caſt a blemiſh upon a great character; ſo the neglect of apparel, even among the moſt intimate friends, does inſenſibly leſſen their regards to each other, by creating a familiarity too low and contemptible. She underſtands the importance of thoſe things which the generality account trifles; and conſiders every thing as a matter of conſequence, that has the leaſt tendency toward keeping up or abating the affection of her huſband; him ſhe eſteems as a fit object to employ her ingenuity in pleaſing, becauſe he is to be pleaſed for life.

By the help of theſe, and a thouſand other nameleſs arts, which tis eaſier for her to practiſe than for another to expreſs, by the obſtinacy of her goodneſs and unprovoked ſubmiſſion, in ſpite of all her afflictions and ill uſage, Bromius is become a man of ſenſe and a kind huſband; Emilia, a happy wife.

Ye guardian angels, to whoſe care Heaven has intruſted its dear Emilia, guide her ſtill forward in the paths of virtue, defend her from the inſolence and wrongs of this undiſcerning world; at length when we muſt no more converſe with ſuch purity on earth, lead her gently hence, innocent and unreprovable, to a better place, where by an eaſy tranſition from what ſhe now is, ſhe may ſhine forth an angel of light.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 302. T.

ENGLISH, *Character of the*

"THERE is nothing, (ſays Plato,) ſo de-
"lightful, as the hearing or the ſpeaking
"of truth." For this reaſon there is no converſation ſo agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and ſpeaks without any intention to deceive.

Among all the accounts which are given of Cato, I do not remember of one that more redounds to his honour than the following paſſage related by Plutarch. As an advocate was pleading the cauſe of his client before one of the prætors, he could only produce a ſingle witneſs in a point where the law required the teſtimony of two perſons; upon which the advocate inſiſted on the integrity of that perſon whom he had produced: But the prætor told him, That where

where the law required two witneſſes he would not accept of one, though it were Cato himſelf. Such a ſpeech from a perſon who ſat at the head of a court of juſtice, while Cato was ſtill living, ſhews us more than a thouſand examples, the high reputation this great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his ſincerity.

When ſuch an inflexible integrity is a little ſoftned and qualified by the rules of converſation and good-breeding, there is not a more ſhining virtue in the whole catalogue of ſocial duties. A man however ought to take great care not to poliſh himſelf out of his veracity, nor to refine his behaviour to the prejudice of his virtue.

This ſubject is exquiſitely treated in the moſt elegant ſermon of the great Britiſh preacher. I ſhall beg leave to tranſcribe out of it two or three ſentences, as a proper introduction to a very curious letter, which I ſhall make the chief entertainment of this ſpeculation.

'The old Engliſh plainneſs and ſincerity, 'that generous integrity of nature, and honeſty 'of diſpoſition, which always argues true 'greatneſs of mind, and is uſually accompani-'ed with undaunted courage and reſolution, is 'in a great meaſure loſt among us.

'The dialect of converſation is now-'a-days ſo ſwelled with vanity and compli-'ment, and ſo ſurfeited (as I may ſay) of

'expreſſions of kindneſs and reſpect; that if 'a man that lived an age or two ago, ſhould 'return into the world again, he would really 'want a dictionary to help him to underſtand 'his own language, and to know the true in-'trinſic value of the phraſe in faſhion; and 'would hardly, at firſt, believe at what a low 'rate the higheſt ſtrains and expreſſions of kind-'neſs imaginable do commonly paſs in cur-'rent payment; and when he ſhould come to 'underſtand it, it would be a great while be-'fore he could bring himſelf, with a good 'countenance and a good conſcience, to con-'verſe with men upon equal terms and in their 'own way.'

I have by me a letter which I look upon as a great curioſity, and which may ſerve as an exemplification to the foregoing paſſage, cited out of this moſt excellent prelate. It is ſaid to have been written in King Charles II's reign by the ambaſſador of Bantam, a little after his arrival in England.

Maſter,

'THE people, where I am now, have 'tongues further from their hearts than 'from London to Bantam, and thou knoweſt 'the inhabitants of one of theſe places do not 'know what is done in the other. They call 'thee and thy ſubjects Barbarians, becauſe we 'ſpeak what we mean; and account themſelves

'a

'a civilized people, becauſe they ſpeak one 'thing and mean another: Truth they call 'barbarity, and falſhood politeneſs. Upon 'my firſt landing, one who was ſent from the 'King of this place to meet me, told me, 'That he was extremely ſorry for the ſtorm 'I had met with juſt before my arrival. I 'was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict 'himſelf upon my account; but in leſs than a 'quarter of an hour he ſmiled, and was as 'merry as if nothing had happened. Another, 'who came with him, told me by my inter-'preter, He ſhould be glad to do me any ſervice 'that lay in his power. Upon which I de-'ſired him to carry one of my portmantuas for 'me; but inſtead of ſerving me according to 'his promiſe, he laughed, and bid another do 'it. I lodged, the firſt week, at the houſe of 'one who deſired me to think myſelf at 'home, and to conſider his houſe as my own. 'Accordingly, I the next morning began to 'knock down one of the walls of it, in order 'to let in the freſh air, and had packed up ſome 'of the houſhold-goods, of which I intended 'to have made thee a preſent; but the falſe 'varlet no ſooner ſaw me falling to work, but 'he ſent word to deſire me to give over, for 'that he would have no ſuch doings in his 'houſe. I had not been long in this nation, be-'fore I was told by one, for whom I had aſked 'a certain favour from the chief of the King's

'ſervants, whom they here called the Lord-'Treaſurer, That I had eternally obliged 'him. I was ſo ſurprized at this gratitude, 'that I could not forbear ſaying, what ſervice 'is there which one man can do for another, 'that can oblige him to all eternity! However, 'I only aſked him, for my reward, that he 'would lend me his eldeſt daughter during my 'ſtay in this country; but I quickly found that 'he was as treacherous as the reſt of his coun-'trymen.

'At my firſt going to court one of the great 'men almoſt put me out of countenance, by 'aſking ten thouſand pardons of me for only 'treading by accident upon my toe. They call 'this kind of lye a compliment; for when they 'are civil to a great man, they tell him un-'truths, for which thou wouldſt order any of thy 'officers of ſtate to receive a hundred blows 'upon his foot. I do not know how I ſhall 'negociate any thing with this people, ſince 'there is ſo little credit to be given to them. 'When I go to ſee the King's ſcribe, I am ge-'nerally told that he is not at home, though 'perhaps I ſaw him go into his houſe almoſt 'the very moment before. Thou wouldeſt 'fancy that the whole nation are phyſicians, 'for the firſt queſtion they always aſk me, is, 'How I do: I have this queſtion put to 'me above a hundred times a day. Nay, 'they are not only thus inquiſitive after my

'health,

'health, but wiſh it in a more ſolemn manner, 'with a full glaſs in their hands, every time I 'ſit with them at table, though at the ſame 'time they would perſuade me to drink their 'liquors in ſuch quantities as I have found by 'experience will make me ſick. They often 'pretend to pray for the health alſo in the ſame 'manner; but I have more reaſon to expect it 'from the goodneſs of my conſtitution, than 'the ſincerity of their wiſhes. May thy ſlave 'eſcape in ſafety from this double-tongued race 'of men, and live to lay himſelf once more at 'thy feet in thy royal city of Bantam.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 557.

ENGLISH *Language.*

I Have ſomewhere read of an eminent perſon, who uſed in his private offices of devotion, to give thanks to Heaven that he was born a Frenchman: For my own part, I look upon it as a peculiar bleſſing that I was born an Engliſhman. Among many other reaſons, I think myſelf very happy in my country, as the *language* of it is wonderfully adapted to a man who is ſparing of his words, and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I ſhall communicate to the public my ſpeculations upon the Engliſh tongue,

tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

The Engliſh delight in ſilence more than any other European nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our diſcourſe is not kept up in the converſation, but falls into more pauſes and intervals than in our neighbouring countries; as it is obſerved, that the matter of our writings is thrown much cloſer together, and lies in a narrower compaſs than is uſual in the works of foreign authors: For, to favour our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts, we do it in the ſhorteſt way we are able, and give as quick a birth to our conceptions as poſſible.

This humour ſhews itſelf in ſeveral remarks that we may make upon the Engliſh language. As firſt of all by its abounding in monoſyllables, which gives us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in few ſounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our tongue, but at the ſame time expreſſes our ideas in the readieſt manner, and conſequently anſwers the firſt deſign of ſpeech better than the multitude of ſyllables, which make the words of other languages more tunable and ſonorous. The ſound our Engliſh words are commonly like thoſe of ſtring muſic, ſhort and tranſient, which riſe and periſh upon a ſingle touch; thoſe of other languages are like the notes of wind inſtruments,

ſweet

ſweet and ſwelling, and lengthened out into variety of modulation.

In the next place we may obſerve, that where the words are not monoſyllables, we often make them ſo, as much as lies in our power, by our rapidity of pronounciation; as it generally happens in moſt of our long words which are derived from the Latin, where we contract the length of the ſyllables that gives them a grave and ſolemn air in their own language, to make them more proper for diſpatch, and more conformable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as liberty, conſpiracy, theatre, orator, &c.

The ſame natural averſion to loquacity has of late years made a very conſiderable alteration in our language, by cloſing in one ſyllable the termination of our præterperfect tenſe, as in theſe words, drown'd, walk'd, arriv'd, for drowned, walked, arrived, which has very much diſfigured the tongue, and turned a tenth part of our ſmootheſt words into ſo many cluſters of conſonants. This is the more remarkable, becauſe the want of vowels in our language has been the general complaint of our politeſt authors, who nevertheleſs are the men that have made theſe retrenchments, and conſequently very much increaſed our former ſcarcity.

This reflexion on the words that end in ed, I have heard in converſation from one of the greateſt genius's this age has produced. I think we

we may add to the foregoing obſervation, the change which has happened in our language, by the abbreviation of ſeveral words that are determined in eth, by ſubſtituting an s in the room of the laſt ſyllable, as in drowns, walks, arrives, and innumerable other words, which in the pronounciation of our forefathers were drowneth, walketh, arriveth. This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the Engliſh tongue, and added to that hiſſing in our language, which is taken ſo much notice of by foreigners; but at the ſame time humours our taciturnity, and eaſes us of many ſuperfluous ſyllables.

I might here obſerve, that the ſame ſingle letter on many occaſions does the office of a whole word, and repreſents the *his* and *her* of our forefathers. There is no doubt but the ear of a foreigner, which is the beſt judge in this caſe, would very much diſapprove of ſuch innovations, which indeed we do ourſelves in ſome meaſure, by retaining the old termination in writing, and in all the ſolemn offices of our religion.

As in the inſtances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular words to the detriment of our tongue, ſo on other occaſions we have drawn two words into one, which has likewiſe very much untuned our language, and clogged it with conſonants, as *may'nt*, *can't*, *ſhan't*,

ſhan't, *won't*, and the like, for *may not*, *can not*, *ſhall not*, *will not*, &c.

It is perhaps this humour of ſpeaking no more than we needs muſt, which has ſo miſerably curtailed ſome of our words, that in familiar writings and converſations they often loſe all but their firſt ſyllables, as in *mob. rep. pos. incog.* and the like; and as all ridiculous words make their firſt entry into a language by familiar phraſes, I dare not anſwer for theſe that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our tongue. We ſee ſome of our poets have been o indiſcreet as to imitate Hudibras's doggrel expreſſions in their ſerious compoſitions, by throwing out the ſigns of our ſubſtantives, which are eſſential to the Engliſh language. Nay, this humour of ſhortning our language had once run ſo far, that ſome of our celebrated authors, among whom we may reckon Sir Roger L'Eſtrange in particular, began to prune their words of all ſuperfluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjuſt the ſpelling to the pronounciation; which would have confounded all our etymologies, and have quite deſtroyed our tongue.

We may here likewiſe obſerve that our proper names, when familiarized in Engliſh, generally dwindle to monoſyllables, whereas in other modern languages they receive a ſoften turn on this occaſion, by the additon of a new ſyllable.

Nick

Nick in Italian is Nicolini, Jack in French Janot and ſo of the reſt.

There is another particular in our language which is a great inſtance of our frugality of words, and that is the ſuppreſſing of ſeveral particles which muſt be produced in other tongues to make a ſentence intelligible: This often perplexes the beſt writers, when they find the relatives whom, which, or they, at their mercy whether they may have admiſſion or not; and will never be decided till we have ſomething like an academy, that by the beſt authorities and rules drawn from the analogy of languages, ſhall ſettle all controverſies between grammar and Idiom.

I have only conſidered our language as it ſhews the genius and natural temper of the Engliſh, which is modeſt, thoughtful and ſincere, and which perhaps may recommend the people, though it has ſpoiled the tongue. We might perhaps carry the ſame thought into languages, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who ſpeak them. It is certain, the light talkative humour of the French has not a little infected their tongue, which might be ſhewn by many inſtances; as the genius of the Italians, which is ſo much addicted to muſic and ceremony, has moulded all their words and phraſes to thoſe particular uſes. The ſtatelineſs and gravity of the Spaniards ſhews itſelf to perfection

tion in the ſolemnity of their language, and the blunt honeſt humour of the Germans ſounds better in the roughneſs of the High-Dutch, than it would in a politer tongue. C.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 135.

I have often wiſhed, that as in our conſtitution there are ſeveral perſons whoſe buſineſs it is to watch over our laws, our liberties and commerce, certain men might be ſet apart as ſuperintendants of our language, to hinder any words of a foreign coin from paſſing among us; and in particular to prohibit any French phraſes from becoming current in this kingdom, when thoſe of our own ſtamp are altogether as valuable. The preſent war has ſo adulterated our tongue with ſtrange words, that it would be impoſſible for one of our great grandfathers to know what his poſterity have been doing, were he to read their exploits in a modern news paper. Our warriors are very induſtrious in propagating the French language, at the ſame time that they are ſo glorioufly ſucceſsful in beating down their power. Our ſoldiers are men of ſtrong heads for action, and perform ſuch feats as they are not able to expreſs. They want words in their own tongue to tell us what it is they atchieve, and therefore ſend us over accounts of their performances in a jargon of phraſes, which they learn among their conquered enemies. They ought however to be provided with ſecretaries,

and aſſiſted by our foreign miniſters, to tell their ſtory for them in plain Engliſh, and to let us know in our mother-tongue what it is our brave country-men are about. The French would indeed be in the right to publiſh the news of the preſent war in Engliſh phraſes, and make their campaigns unintelligible. Their people might flatter themſelves that things are not ſo bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with foreign terms, and thrown into ſhades and obſcurity; but the Engliſh cannot be too clear in their narrative of thoſe actions which have raiſed their country to a higher pitch of glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be ſtill the more admired the better they are explained.

For my part, by that time a ſiege is carried on two or three days, I am altogether loſt and bewildered in it, and meet with ſo many inexplicable difficulties, that I ſcarce know which ſide has the better of it, till I am informed by the tower guns that the place is ſurrendered. I do indeed make ſome allowances for this part of the war, fortifications having been foreign inventions, and upon that account abounding in foreign terms. But when we have won battles which may be deſcribed in our own language, why are our papers filled with ſo many unintelligible exploits, and the French obliged to lend us a part of their tongue before we can know how they are conquered? They muſt be made acceſſary to their own diſgrace, as the Britons were

were formerly ſo artificially wrought in the curtain of the Roman theatre, that they ſeemed to draw it up in order to give the ſpectators an opportunity of ſeeing their own defeat celebrated upon the ſtage: For ſo Mr Dryden has tranſlated that verſe in Virgil:

Purpurea intexti tollunt aulæa Britanni.
Georg. 3. v. 25.

Which interwoven Britons ſeem to raiſe,
And ſhew the triumph that their ſhame diſplays.

The hiſtories of all our former wars are tranſmitted to us in our vernacular idiom, to uſe the phraſe of a great modern critic. I do not find, in any of our chronicles, that Edward the third ever reconnoitred the enemy, though he often diſcovered the poſture of the French, and as often vanquiſhed them in battle. The Black Prince paſſed many a river without the help of pontoons, and filled a ditch with faggots as ſucceſsfully as the generals of our times do it with faſcines. Our commanders loſe half their praiſe, and our people half their joy, by means of thoſe hard words and dark expreſſions in which our news-papers do ſo much abound. I have ſeen many a prudent citizen, after having read every article, enquire of his next neighbour what news the mail had brought.

I remember in that remarkable year when our country was delivered from the greateſt fears and apprehenſions, and raiſed to the greateſt height of gladneſs it had ever felt ſince it was a nation, I mean the year of Blenheim, I had the copy of a letter ſent me out of the country, which was written from a young gentleman in the army to his father, a man of a good eſtate and plain ſenſe: As the letter was very modiſhly chequered with this modern military eloquence, I ſhall preſent my reader with a copy of it.

SIR,

'UPON the junction of the French and Bavarian armies, they took poſt behind a 'great moraſs which they thought impracti-'cable. Our general the next day ſent a party 'of horſe to reconnoitre them from a little Hau-'teur, at about a quarter an hour's diſtance 'from the army, who returned again to the 'camp unobſerved through ſeveral defiles, in 'one of which they met with a party of French 'that had been marauding, and made them all 'priſoners at diſcretion. The day after a drum 'arrived at our camp, with a meſſage which 'he would communicate to none but the gene-'ral; he was followed by a trumpet, who they 'ſay behaved himſelf very ſaucily, with a meſ-'ſage from the Duke of Bavaria. The next 'morning our army being divided into two

'corps,

'corps, made a movement towards the enemy: 'You will hear in the public prints how we 'treated them, with the other circumſtances 'of that glorious day. I had the good-fortune 'to be in that regiment that puſhed the Gens 'd'Armes. Several French battalions, whom 'ſome ſay were a corps de reſerve, made a 'ſhew of reſiſtance; but it only proved a gaſ-'conade, for upon our preparing to fill up a 'little foſſe, in order to attack them, they beat 'the Chamade, and ſent us Charte Blanche. 'Their commandant, with a great many other 'general officers, and troops without number, 'are made priſoners of war, and will, I believe, 'give you a viſit in England, the cartel not be-'ing yet ſettled. Not queſtioning but theſe 'particulars will be very welcome to you, I 'congratulate you upon them, and am your 'moſt dutiful ſon, &c.'

The father of the young gentleman upon the peruſal of the letter found it contained great news, but could not gueſs what it was. He immediately communicated it to the curate of the pariſh, who upon the reading of it, being vexed to ſee any thing he could not underſtand, fell into a kind of a paſſion, and told him that his ſon had ſent him a letter that was neither fiſh, fleſh, nor good red-herring. I wiſh, ſays he, the captain may be Compos Mentis, he talks of a ſaucy trumpet, and a drum that carries

meſſages; then who is this Charte Blanche? He muſt either banter us or he is out of his ſenſes. The father, who always looked upon the curate as a learned man, began to fret inwardly at his ſon's uſage, and producing a letter which he had written to him about three poſts before, You ſee here, ſays he, when he writes for money he knows how to ſpeak intelligibly enough; there is no man in England can expreſs himſelf clearer, when he wants a new furniture for his horſe. In ſhort, the old man was ſo puzzled upon the point, that it might have fared ill with his ſon, had he not ſeen all the prints about three days after filled with the ſame terms of art, and that Charles only writ like other men. L.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 165.

SIR,

'I am an old man retired from all acquaintance with the town, but what I have from your papers (not the worſt entertainment of my ſolitude;) yet being ſtill a well-wiſher to my country, and the common-wealth of learning, *(a qua confiteor nullam Ætatis meæ partem abhorruiſſe)* and hoping the plain phraſe in writing that was current in my younger days would have laſted for my time, I was ſtartled at the picture of modern politeneſs, (tranſmitted by your ingenious correſpondent) and grieved to ſee our ſterling Engliſh language fallen into the hands of *clippers* and *coiners*.

'*coiners*. That mutilated epiſtle, conſiſting of 'Hippo, Rep's, and ſuch like enormous curtail-'ings, was a mortifying ſpectacle, but with the 'reſerve of comfort to find this and other abuſes 'of our mother tongue, ſo pathetically com-'plained of, and to the proper perſon for re-'dreſſing them, the cenſor of Great Britain.

'He had before repreſented the deplorable 'ignorance that for ſeveral years paſt has reign-'ed amongſt our Engliſh writers, the great de-'pravity of our taſte, and continual corruption 'of our ſtile. But, Sir, before you give your-'ſelf the trouble of preſcribing remedies for 'theſe diſtempers (which you own will require 'the greateſt care and application) give me 'leave (having long had my eye upon theſe miſ-'chiefs, and thoughts exerciſed about them) to 'mention what I humbly conceive to be the 'cauſe of them, and in your friend Horace's 'words, *Quo fonte derivata clades in patriam 'populumque fluxit.*

'I take our corrupt ways of writing to pro-'ceed from the miſtakes and wrong meaſures 'in our common methods of *education*, which 'I always looked upon as one of our national 'grievances, and a ſingularity that renders us, 'no leſs than our ſituation,

—— *Penitus toto deviſos orbe Britannos.*

'This puts me upon conſulting the moſt cele-'brated

'brated critics on that ſubject, to compare our 'practice with their precepts, and find where it 'was that we came ſhort or went wide.

'But after all, I found our caſe required 'ſomething more than theſe doctors had direct-'ed, and the principal defect of our Engliſh 'diſcipline to lie in the *initiatory* part, which 'although it needs the greateſt care and ſkill, 'is uſually left to the conduct of thoſe blind 'guides, *viz.* chance and ignorance.

'I ſhall trouble you but with a ſingle in-'ſtance, purſuant to what your ſagacious friend 'has ſaid, That he could furniſh you with a 'catalogue of Engliſh books, that would coſt 'you an hundred pounds at firſt hand, wherein 'you could not find ten lines together of com-'mon grammar; which is a neceſſary conſe-'quence of our miſmanagement in that pro-'vince.

'For can any thing be more abſurd than our 'way of proceeding in this part of literature? 'To puſh tender wits into the intricate mazes 'of grammar, and a Latin grammar? To learn 'an unknown art by an unknown tongue? To 'carry them a dark round-about way to let them 'in at the back-door? whereas by teaching them 'firſt the grammar of their mother tongue (ſo 'eaſy to be learned) their advance to the gram-'mars of Latin and Greek would be gradual and 'eaſy; but our precipitate way of hurrying them 'over ſuch a *gulph*, before we have built them a

'*bridge*

'*bridge* to it, is a ſhock to their weak under-
'ſtandings, which they ſeldom, or very late,
'recover. In the mean time we wrong nature,
'and ſlender infants, who want neither capaci-
'ty nor will to learn, till we put them upon
'ſervice beyond their ſtrength, and then we
'baulk them.

'The liberal arts and ſciences are all beauti-
'ful as the graces; nor has Grammar (the ſe-
'vere mother of all) ſo frightful a face of her
'own; it is the Vizard put upon it that ſcares
'children. She is made to ſpeak hard words,
'that to them ſound like conjuring. Let her
'talk intelligibly, and they will liſten to her.

'In this, I think, as on other accounts, we
'ſhew ourſelves true Britons, always overlook-
'ing our natural advantages. It has been the
'practice of the wiſeſt nations to learn their
'own language by ſtated rules, to avoid the
'confuſion that would follow from leaving it
'to vulgar uſe. Our Engliſh tongue (ſays a
'learned man) is the moſt determinate in its
'conſtruction, and reducible to the feweſt rules;
'whatever language has leſs grammar in it, is
'not intelligible; and whatever has more, all
'that it has more is ſuperfluous; for which
'reaſons he would have it made the foundation
'of learning Latin, and all other languages.

'To ſpeak and write without abſurdity the
'language of one's country, is commendable in
'perſons of all ſtations, and to ſome indiſpen-
'ſably

'ſably neceſſary; and to this purpoſe I would 'recommend above all things the having a 'Grammar of our mother tongue firſt taught in 'our ſchools, which would facilitate our youths 'learning their Latin and Greek grammars, 'with ſpare time for arithmetic, aſtronomy, 'coſmography, hiſtory, &c. that would make 'them paſs the ſpring of their life with profit 'and pleaſure, that is now miſerably ſpent in 'grammatical perplexities.

'But here, methinks, I ſee the reader ſmile, 'and ready to aſk me (as the lawyer did Sexton 'Diego on his bequeathing rich legacies to the 'poor of the pariſh, where are theſe mighty 'ſums to be raiſed?) where is there ſuch a 'Grammar to be had? I will not anſwer, as 'he did, even where your worſhip pleaſes. 'No, it is our good fortune to have ſuch a 'Grammar with notes, now in the preſs, and 'to be publiſhed next term.

'I hear it is a chargeable work, and wiſh the 'publiſher to have cuſtomers of all that have 'need of ſuch a book; yet fancy that he cannot 'be ſuch a ſufferer, if it is only bought by all 'that have more need for it than they think 'they have.

'A certain author brought a poem to Mr 'Cowley, for his peruſal and judgment of the 'performance, which he demanded at the next 'viſit with a Poetaſter's aſſurance; and Mr 'Cowley, with his uſual modeſty, deſired that

'he

'he would be pleaſed to look a little to the 'Grammar of it. To the Grammar of it! 'What do you mean, Sir, Would you ſend me 'to ſchool again? Why Mr ——, Would 'it do you any harm?

'This put me on conſidering how this voyage 'of literature may be made with more ſafety 'and profit, expedition and delight; and at 'laſt, for compleating ſo good a ſervice, to re-'queſt your directions in ſo deplorable a caſe; 'hoping that, as you have had compaſſion on 'our over-grown coxcombs in concerns of leſs 'conſequence, you will exert your charity to-'wards innocents, and vouchſafe to be guardi-'an to the children and youth of Great-Britain 'in this important affair of Education, where-'in miſtakes and wrong meaſures have ſo often 'occaſioned their averſion to books, that had 'otherwiſe proved the chief ornament and 'pleaſure of their life. I am with ſincereſt re-'ſpect,

SIR,

Yours, &c.'

ENVY.

OBSERVING one perſon behold another, who was an utter ſtranger to him with a caſt of his eye, which, methought, expreſſed an emotion of heart very different from what could be raiſed by an object ſo agreeable as the gentle-

gentleman he looked at, I began to conſider, not without ſome ſecret ſorrow, the condition of an envious man. Some have fancied that envy has a certain magical force in it, and that the eyes of the envious have by their faſcination blaſted the enjoyments of the happy. Sir Francis Bacon ſays, ſome have been ſo curious as to remark the times and ſeaſons when the ſtroke of an envious eye is moſt effectually pernicious, and have obſerved that it has been when the perſon envied has been in any circumſtance of glory and triumph. At ſuch a time the mind of the proſperous man goes, as it were, abroad, among things without him, and is more expoſed to the malignity. But I ſhall not dwell upon ſpeculations ſo abſtracted as this, or repeat the many excellent things which one might collect out of authors upon this miſerable affection; but keeping in the road of common life, conſider the envious man with relation to theſe three heads, his pains, his reliefs, and his happineſs.

The envious man is in pain upon all occaſions which ought to give him pleaſure. The reliſh of his life is inverted; and the objects which adminiſter the higheſt ſatisfaction to thoſe who are exempt from this paſſion, give the quickeſt pangs to perſons who are ſubject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious: Youth, beauty, valour, and wiſdom are provocations of their diſpleaſure. What a wretched and apoſtate ſtate is this! To be offended

fended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the moſt emphatically miſerable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit of ſucceſs, but lives in a World wherein all mankind are in a plot againſt his Quiet, by ſtudying their own happineſs and advantage. Will Proſper is an honeſt tale-bearer, he makes it his buſineſs to join in converſation with envious men. He points to ſuch an handſome young fellow, and whiſpers that he is ſecretly married to a great fortune: When they doubt, he adds circumſtances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their diſtreſs, by aſſuring 'em, that to his knowledge he has an uncle will leave him ſome thouſands. Will has many arts of this kind to torture this ſort of temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and ſay faintly they wiſh ſuch a piece of news is true, he has the malice to ſpeak ſome good or other of every man of their acquaintance.

The reliefs of the envious man are thoſe little blemiſhes and imperfections that diſcover themſelves in an illuſtrious character. It is matter of great conſolation to an envious perſon, when a man of known honour does a thing unworthy himſelf: Or when any action which was well executed, upon better information appears ſo altered in its circumſtances, that the fame of it is divided among many, inſtead of being attributed to one. This is a ſecret ſatisfac-

tion to theſe Malignants; for the perſon whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own condition as ſoon as his merit is ſhared among others. I remember ſome years ago there came out an excellent poem without the name of the author. The little wits, who were incapable of writing it, began to pull in pieces the ſuppoſed writer. When that would not do, they took great pains to ſuppreſs the opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next refuge was to ſay it was overlooked by one man, and many pages wholly written by another. An honeſt fellow, who ſat among a cluſter of them in debate on this ſubject, cried out, Gentlemen, if you are ſure none of you yourſelves had a hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it. But the moſt uſual ſuccour to the envious, in caſes of nameleſs merit in this kind, is to keep the property, if poſſible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the reputation of it from falling upon any particular perſon. You ſee an envious man clear up his countenance, if in the relation of any man's great happineſs in one point, you mention his uneaſineſs in another. When he hears ſuch a one is very rich he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many children. In a word, the only ſure way to an envious man's favour is not to deſerve it.

But if we conſider the envious man in delight, it is like reading the ſeat of a giant in a romance;

mance; the magnificence of his houſe conſiſts in the many limbs of men whom he has ſlain. If any who promiſed themſelves ſucceſs in any uncommon undertaking miſcarry in the attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been uſeful and laudable, meets with contempt and deriſion, the envious man, under the colour of hating vain-glory, can ſmile with an inward wantonneſs of heart at the ill effect it may have upon an honeſt ambition for the future.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 19.

It is the buſineſs of reaſon and philoſophy to ſooth and ally the paſſions of the mind, or turn them to a vigorous proſecution of what is dictated by the underſtanding. In order to this good end, I would keep a watchful eye upon the growing inclinations of youth, and be particularly careful to prevent their indulging themſelves in ſuch ſentiments as may imbitter their more advanced age. I have now under cure a young gentleman, who lately communicated to me, that he was of all men living the moſt miſerably envious. I deſired the circumſtances of his diſtemper; upon which, with a ſigh that would have moved the moſt inhuman breaſt, 'Mr 'Bickerſtaff, ſaid he, I am nephew to a gentle-'man of a very great eſtate, to whoſe favour I 'have a couſin that has equal pretenſions with 'myſelf. This kinſman of mine is a young 'man of the higheſt merit imaginable, and has 'a mind ſo tender and ſo generous, that I can

'obſerve he returns my envy with pity. He 'makes me, upon all occaſions, the moſt 'obliging condeſcenſions: And I cannot but take 'notice of the concern he is in to ſee my life 'blaſted with this racking paſſion, though it is 'againſt himſelf. In the preſence of my uncle, 'when I am in the room, he never ſpeaks ſo 'well as he is capable of, but always lowers 'his talents and accompliſhments out of regard 'to me. What I beg of you, dear Sir, is to 'inſtruct me how to love him as I know he 'does me: And I beſeech you, if poſſible, to 'ſet my heart right, that it may no longer be 'tormented where it ſhould be pleaſed, or hate 'a man whom I cannot but approve.'

The patient gave me this account with ſuch candour and openneſs, that I conceived immediate hopes of his cure; becauſe in diſeaſes of the mind, the perſon affected is half recovered when he is ſenſible of his diſtemper. Sir, ſaid I, the acknowledgment of your kinſman's merit is a very hopeful ſymptom; for it is the nature of perſons afflicted with this evil, when they are incurable, to pretend a contempt of the perſon envied, if they are taxed with that weakneſs. A man who is really envious, will not allow he is ſo; but upon ſuch an accuſation is tormented with the reflection, that to envy a man is to allow him your ſuperior. But in your caſe, when you examine the bottom of your heart, I am apt to think it is Avarice, which

which you miſtake for Envy. Were it not that you have both expectations from the ſame man, you would look upon your couſin's accompliſhments with pleaſure. You that now conſider him as an obſtacle to your intereſt, would then behold him as an ornament to your family. I obſerved my patient upon this occaſion recover himſelf in ſome meaſure; and he owned to me, that he hoped it was as I imagined; for that in all places but where he was his rival, he had pleaſure in his company. This was the firſt diſcourſe we had upon this malady; but I do not doubt but, after two or three more, I ſhall by juſt degrees ſoften his envy into emulation.

Such an envy as I have here deſcribed, may poſſibly creep into an ingenuous mind: But the envy which makes a man uneaſy to himſelf, and others, is a certain diſtortion and perverſeneſs of temper, that renders him unwilling to be pleaſed with any thing without him that has either beauty or perfection in it. I look upon it as a diſtemper in the mind, (which I know no moraliſt that has deſcribed in this light) when a man cannot diſcern any thing which another is maſter of that is agreeable. For which reaſon I look upon the good-natured man to be endowed with a certain diſcerning faculty which the envious are altogether deprived of. Shallow wits, ſuperficial critics, and conceited fops, are with me ſo many blind men in reſpect of excellencies. They can behold nothing but faults

and blemiſhes, and indeed ſee nothing that is worth ſeeing. Shew them a poem, it is ſtuff; a picture, it is daubing. They find nothing in architecture that is not irregular, or in muſic that is not out of tune. Theſe men ſhould conſider, that it is their envy which deforms every thing, and that the uglineſs is not in the object, but in the eye. And as for nobler minds, whoſe merits are either not diſcovered, or are miſrepreſented by the envious part of mankind, they ſhould rather conſider their defamers with pity than indignation. A man cannot have an idea of perfection in another, which he was never ſenſible of in himſelf. Mr Locke tells us, That upon aſking a blind man, what he thought ſcarlet was? He anſwered, that he believed it was like the ſound of a trumpet. He was forced to form his conceptions of ideas which he had not, by thoſe which he had. In the ſame manner, aſk an envious man what he thinks of virtue? He will call it deſign; What of good nature? And he will term it dulneſs. The difference is, That as the perſon before-mentioned was born blind, your envious men have contracted the diſtemper themſelves, and are troubled with a ſort of an acquired blindneſs. Thus the devil, in Milton, though made an angel of light, could ſee nothing to pleaſe him even in paradiſe, and hated our firſt parents, though in their ſtate of innocence.

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 227.

ETERNITY.

ETERNITY.

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up ſeveral oriental manuſcripts, which I have ſtill by me. Among others I met with one entitled, *The Viſions of Mirzah*, which I have read over with great pleaſure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and ſhall begin with the firſt viſion, which I have tranſlated word for word as follows.

'On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the cuſtom of my forefather's, I always keep holy, after having waſhed myſelf, and offered up my morning devotions, I aſcended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to paſs the reſt of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myſelf on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and paſſing from one thought to another, ſurely, ſaid I, man is but a ſhadow, and life a dream. Whilſt I was thus muſing, I caſt my eyes towards the ſummit of a rock that was not far from me, where I diſcovered one in the habit of a ſhepherd, with a little muſical inſtrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The ſound of it was exceeding ſweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes

'tunes that were inexpreſſibly melodious, and 'altogether different from any thing I had ever 'heard: They put me in mind of thoſe hea-'venly airs that are played to the departed 'ſouls of good men upon their firſt arrival in 'paradiſe, to wear out the impreſſions of the 'laſt agonies, and qualify them for the plea-'ſures of that happy place. My heart melted 'away in ſecret raptures.

'I had been often told that the rock before 'me was the haunt of a genius; and that ſeve-'ral had been entertained with muſic who had 'paſſed by it, but never heard that the muſici-'an had before made himſelf viſible. When 'he had raiſed my thoughts by thoſe tranſport-'ing airs which he played, to taſte the plea-'ſures of his converſation, as I looked upon 'him like one aſtoniſhed, he beckoned to me, 'and by the waving of his hand directed me to 'approach the place where he ſat. I drew 'near with that reverence which is due to a 'ſuperior nature; and as my heart was entire-'ly ſubdued by the captivating ſtrains I had 'heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. 'The genius ſmiled upon me with a look of 'compaſſion and affability that familiarized 'him to my imagination, and at once diſpelled 'all the fears and apprehenſions with which I 'approached him. He lifted me from the 'ground, and taking me by the hand, Mir-

'zah,

'zah, ſaid he, I have heard thee in thy ſolilo-
'quies; follow me.

'He then led me to the higheſt pinacle of
'the rock, and placing me on the top of it, caſt
'thy eyes eaſtward, ſaid he, and tell me what
'thou ſeeſt. I ſee, ſaid I, a huge valley, and
'a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.
'The valley that thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is the
'vale of miſery, and the tide of water that
'thou ſeeſt is part of the great tide of eter-
'nity. What is the reaſon, ſaid I, that the
'tide I ſee riſes out of a thick miſt at one end,
'and again loſes itſelf in a thick miſt at the
'other? What thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is that por-
'tion of eternity which is called Time, meaſur-
'ed out by the ſun, and reaching from the be-
'ginning of the world to its conſummation.
'Examine now, ſaid he, this ſea that is bound-
'ed with darkneſs at both ends, and tell me
'what thou diſcovereſt in it. I ſee a bridge,
'ſaid I, ſtanding in the midſt of the tide. The
'bridge thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is human life,
'conſider it attentively. Upon a more leiſure-
'ly ſurvey of it, I found that it conſiſted of
'threeſcore and ten intire arches, with ſeveral
'broken arches, which added to thoſe that
'were intire, made up the number about an
'hundred. As I was counting the arches, the
'genius told me that this bridge conſiſted at
'firſt of a thouſand arches; but that a great
'flood ſwept away the reſt, and left the bridge

'in

'in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: But 'tell me farther, ſaid he, what thou diſcovereſt 'on it. I ſee multitudes of people paſſing over 'it, ſaid I, and a black cloud hanging on each 'end of it. As I looked more attentively, I 'ſaw ſeveral of the paſſengers dropping through 'the bridge into the great tide that flowed un-'derneath it; and upon farther examination, 'perceived there were innumerable trap-doors 'that lay concealed in the bridge, which the 'paſſengers no ſooner trod upon, but they fell 'through them into the tide, and immediately 'diſappeared. Theſe hidden pit-falls were ſet 'very thick at the entrance of the bridge, 'ſo that throngs of people no ſooner broke 'through the cloud, but many of them fell into 'them. They grew thinner towards the 'middle, but multiplied and lay cloſer together 'towards the end of the arches that were intire.

'There were indeed ſome perſons, but their 'number was very ſmall, that continued a kind 'of hobbling march on the broken arches, but 'fell through one after another, being quite 'tired and ſpent with ſo long a walk.

'I paſſed ſome time in the contemplation of 'this wonderful ſtructure, and the great va-'riety of objects which it preſented. My heart 'was filled with a deep melancholy to ſee ſeve-'ral dropping unexpectedly in the midſt of 'mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing 'that ſtood by them to ſave themſelves. Some 'were looking up towards the heavens in a

'thought-

'thoughtful poſture, and in the midſt of a ſpe-
'culation ſtumbled and fell out of ſight. Mul-
'titudes were very buſy in the purſuit of
'bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced
'before them; but often when they thought
'themſelves within the reach of them, their
'footing failed and down they ſunk. In this
'confuſion of objects, I obſerved ſome with
'ſcimetars in their hands, and others with uri-
'nals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge,
'thruſting ſeveral perſons on trap-doors which
'did not ſeem to lie in their way, and which
'they might have eſcaped had they not been
'thus forced upon them.

'The genius ſeeing me indulge myſelf in
'this melancholy proſpect, told me I had
'dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine eyes
'off the bridge, ſaid he, and tell me if thou
'yet ſeeſt any thing thou doſt not comprehend.
'Upon looking up, What mean, ſaid I, thoſe
'great flights of birds that are perpetually ho-
'vering about the bridge, and ſettling upon it
'from time to time? I ſee vultures, harpies,
'ravens, cormorants, and among many other
'feathered creatures ſeveral little winged boys,
'that perch in great numbers upon the middle
'arches. Theſe, ſaid the genius, are Envy,
'Avarice, Superſtition, Deſpair, Love, with the
'like cares and paſſions that infeſt human life.

'I here fetched a deep ſigh, alas, ſaid I,
'man was made in vain! How is he given
'away

'away to miſery and mortality! tortured 'in life, and ſwallowed up in death! the 'genius being moved with compaſſion to-'wards me, bid me quit ſo uncomfortable a 'proſpect. Look no more, ſaid he, on man in 'the firſt ſtage of his exiſtence, in his ſetting 'out for eternity; but caſt thine eye on that 'thick miſt into which the tide bears the ſeve-'ral generations of mortals that fall into it. I 'directed my ſight as I was ordered, and '(whether or no the good genius ſtrengthened 'it with any ſupernatural force, or diſſipated 'part of the miſt that was before too thick for 'the eye to penetrate) I ſaw the valley opening 'at the farther end, and ſpreading forth into 'an immenſe ocean, that had a huge rock of 'adamant running through the midſt of it, and 'dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds 'ſtill reſted on one half of it, inſomuch that I 'could diſcover nothing in it: But the other 'appeared to me a vaſt ocean planted with in-'numerable iſlands, that were covered with 'fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a 'thouſand little ſhining ſeas that ran among 'them. I could ſee perſons dreſſed in glorious 'habits with garlands upon their heads, paſſing 'among the trees, lying down by the ſides of 'fountains, or reſting on beds of flowers; and 'could hear a confuſed harmony of ſinging 'birds, falling waters, human voices, and mu-'ſical inſtruments, gladneſs grew in me upon

'the

'the diſcovery of ſo delightful a ſcene. I wiſh-
'ed for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly
'away to thoſe happy ſeats; but the genius told
'me there was no paſſage to them, except
'through the gates of death that I ſaw opening
'every moment upon the bridge. The iſlands,
'ſaid he, that lie ſo freſh and green before thee,
'and with which the whole face of the ocean
'appears ſpotted as far as thou canſt ſee, are
'more in number than the ſands on the ſea-
'ſhore; there are myriads of iſlands behind
'thoſe which thou here diſcovereſt, reaching
'farther than thine eye, or even thine imagina-
'tion can extend itſelf. Theſe are the manſi-
'ons of good men after death, who, according
'to the degree and kinds of virtue in which
'they excelled, are diſtributed among theſe ſe-
'veral iſlands, which abound with pleaſures of
'different kinds and degrees, ſuitable to the re-
'liſhes and perfections of thoſe who are ſettled
'in them; every iſland is a paradiſe accommo-
'dated to its reſpective inhabitants. Are not
'theſe, O Mirzah, habitations worth contend-
'ing for? Does life appear miſerable, that
'gives thee opportunities of earning ſuch a re-
'ward? Is death to be feared, that will con-
'vey thee to ſo happy an exiſtence? Think not
'man was made in vain, who has ſuch an eter-
'nity reſerved for him. I gazed with inex-
'preſſible pleaſure on theſe happy iſlands. At
'length, ſaid I, ſhew me now, I beſeech thee,

'the ſecrets that lie hid under thoſe dark 'clouds which cover the ocean on the other 'ſide of the rock of adamant. The genius 'making me no anſwer, I turned about to ad-'dreſs myſelf to him a ſecond time, but I found 'that he had left me; I then turned again to 'the viſion which I had been ſo long contemp-'lating; but inſtead of the rolling tide, the 'arched bridge, and the happy iſlands, I ſaw 'nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, 'with oxen, ſheep, and camels grazing upon 'the ſides of it.'

The end of the firſt viſion of Mirzah. C.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 159.

EXPENCES.

SOME ludicrous ſchoolmen have put the caſe, that if an aſs were placed between two bundles of hay, which affected his ſenſes equally on each ſide, and tempted him in the very ſame degree, whether it would be poſſible for him to eat of either. They generally determine this queſtion to the diſadvantage of the aſs, who they ſay would ſtarve in the midſt of plenty, as not having a ſingle grain of free-will to determine him more to the one than to the other. The bundle of hay on either ſide ſtriking his ſight and ſmell in the ſame proportion, would keep him in a perpetual ſuſpence, like the two magnets, which travellers have told us, are

are placed one of them in the roof, and the other in the floor of Mahomet's burying-place at Mecca, and by that means, ſay they, pull the impoſtor's iron coffin with ſuch an equal attraction, that it hangs in the air between both of them. As for the aſs's behaviour in ſuch nice circumſtances, whether he would ſtarve ſooner than violate his neutrality to the two bundles of hay, I ſhall not preſume to determine; but only take notice of the conduct of our own ſpecies in the ſame perplexity. When a man has a mind to venture his money in a lottery, every figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to ſucceed as any of its fellows. They all of them have the ſame pretenſions to good-luck, ſtand upon the ſame foot of competition, and no manner of reaſon can be given why a man ſhould prefer one to the other before the lottery is drawn. In this caſe therefore caprice very often acts in the place of reaſon, and forms to itſelf ſome groundleſs imaginary motive, where real and ſubſtantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning man that is very well pleaſed to riſk his good-fortune upon the number 1711, becauſe it is the year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a tacker that would give a good deal for the number 134. On the contrary, I have been told of a certain zealous diſſenter, who being a great enemy to popery, and believing that bad men are the moſt fortunate in this world, will

lay two to one on the number 666 againſt any other number, becauſe, ſays he, it is the number of the beaſt. Several would prefer the number 12000 before any other, as it is the number of the pounds in the great prize. In ſhort, ſome are pleaſed to find their own age in their number; ſome that they have got a number which makes a pretty appearance in the cyphers; and others, becauſe it is the ſame number that ſucceeded in the laſt lottery. Each of theſe upon no other grounds, thinks he ſtands faireſt for the great lot, and that he is poſſeſſed of what may not be improperly called the *Golden-Number*.

Theſe principles of election are the paſtimes and extravagancies of human reaſon, which is of ſo buſy a nature, that it will be exerting itſelf in the meaneſt trifles, and working even when it wants materials. The wiſeſt of men are ſometimes acted by ſuch unaccountable motives, as the life of the fool and the ſuperſtitious is guided by nothing elſe.

I am ſurprized that none of the fortune-tellers, or, as the French call them, the *diſſeurs de bonne avanture*, who publiſh their bills in every quarter of the town, have not turned our lotteries to their advantage: Did any of them ſet up for a caſter of fortunate figures, what might he not get by his pretended diſcoveries and predictions?

I re-

I remember among the advertiſements in the *Poſt-Boy* of *September* the 27th, I was ſurpriſed to ſee the following one:

"This is to give notice, That ten ſhillings "over and above the market-price, will be "given for the ticket in the 1500000 l. lottery, "No. 132, by Nath. Cliff, at the Bible and "Three Crowns in Cheapſide."

This advertiſement has given great matter of ſpeculation to coffee-houſe theoriſts. Mr Cliff's principles and converſation have been canvaſſed upon this occaſion, and various conjectures made why he ſhould thus ſet his heart upon No. 132. I have examined all the powers in thoſe numbers, broken them into fractions, extracted the ſquare and cube root, divided and multiplied them all ways, but could not arrive at the ſecret till about three days ago, when I received the following letter from an unknown hand, by which I find that Mr Nathaniel Cliff is only the agent, and not the principal in this advertiſement.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I AM the perſon that lately advertiſed I 'would give ten ſhillings more than the cur-'rent price for the ticket No. 132, in the lot-'tery now drawing; which is a ſecret I have 'communicated to ſome friends, who rally 'me inceſſantly upon that account. You muſt

'know I have but one ticket, for which reaſon, 'and a certain dream I have lately had more 'than once, I was reſolved it ſhould be the 'number I moſt approved. I am ſo poſitive I 'have pitched upon the great lot, that I could 'almoſt lay all I am worth of it. My viſions 'are ſo frequent and ſtrong upon this occaſion, 'that I have not only poſſeſſed the lot, but diſ-'poſed of the money which in all probability it 'will ſell for. This morning, in particular, I 'ſet up an equipage which I look upon to be 'the gaieſt in the town; the liveries are very 'rich, but not gaudy. I ſhould be very glad to 'ſee a ſpeculation or two upon lottery ſubjects, 'in which you would oblige all people con-'cerned, and in particular

Your moſt humble ſervant,

George Goſling.

P. S. 'Dear SPEC, if I get the 12000 pound, 'I will make thee a handſome preſent.'

After having wiſhed my correſpondent good luck, and thanked him for his intended kind-neſs, I ſhall for this time diſmiſs the ſubject of the lottery, and only obſerve, that the greateſt part of mankind are in ſome degree guilty of my friend Goſling's extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future proſpects, and become really expenſive while we are only rich in poſſibility. We live up to our expectations, not to our poſ-

ſeſſions,

ſeſſions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We outrun our preſent income, as not doubting to diſburſe ourſelves out of the profits of ſome future place, project, or reverſion that we have in view. It is through this temper of mind, which is ſo common among us, that we ſee tradſemen break, who have met with no misfortunes in their buſineſs; and men of eſtates reduced to poverty, who have never ſuffered from loſſes or repairs, tenants, taxes, or law-ſuits. In ſhort, it is this fooliſh ſanguine temper, this depending upon contingent futurities, that occaſions romantic generoſity, chimerical grandeur, ſenſeleſs oſtentation, and generally ends in beggary and ruin. The man, who will live above his preſent circumſtances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the Italian proverb runs, The man who lives by hope will die by hunger.

It ſhould be an indiſpenſable rule in life, to contract our deſires to our preſent condition, and whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compaſs of what we actually poſſeſs. It will be time enough to enjoy an eſtate when it comes into our hands; but if we anticipate our good fortune, we ſhall loſe the pleaſure of it when it arrives, and may poſſibly never poſſeſs what we have ſo fooliſhly counted upon. L.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 191.

EXERCISE.

EXERCISE.

THERE is a ſtory in the Arabian Night's Tales, of a King who had long languiſhed under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpoſe; at length, ſays the fable, a phyſician cured him by the following method: He took a hollow ball of wood, and filled it with ſeveral drugs, after which he cloſed it up ſo artificially that nothing appeared, he likewiſe took a mall, and after having hollowed the handle and that part which ſtrikes the ball, he incloſed in them ſeveral drugs after the ſame manner as in the ball itſelf; he then ordered the Sultan, who was his patient, to exerciſe himſelf early in the morning, with theſe *rightly prepared* inſtruments, till ſuch time as he ſhould ſweat. When, as the ſtory goes, the virtue of the medicaments perſpiring through the wood, had ſo good an influence on the Sultan's conſtitution, that they cured him of an indiſpoſition which all the compoſitions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This Eaſtern Allegory is finely contrived to ſhew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exerciſe is the moſt effectual phyſic.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 195.

FAITH.

FAITH.

RELIGION may be conſidered under two general heads. The firſt comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practiſe. By thoſe things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the Holy Writings, and which we could not have obtained the knowledge of by the light of nature; by the things which we are to practiſe, I mean all thoſe duties to which we are directed by reaſon or natural religion. The firſt of theſe I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of Faith, the ſecond by that of Morality.

If we look into the more ſerious part of mankind, we find many who lay ſo great a ſtreſs upon Faith, that they neglect Morality; and many who build ſo much upon Morality, that they do not pay a due regard to Faith. The perfect man ſhould be defective in neither of theſe particulars, as will be very evident to thoſe who conſider the benefits which ariſe from each of them, and which I ſhall make the ſubject of this day's paper.

Notwithſtanding this general diviſion of Chriſtian duty into Morality and Faith, and that they have both their peculiar excellencies, the firſt has the pre-eminence in ſeveral reſpects.

Firſt, becauſe the greateſt part of Morality (as I have ſtated the notion of it) is of a fixt eternal

eternal nature, and will endure when Faith ſhall fail, and be loſt in conviction.

Secondly, Becauſe a perſon may be qualified to do greater good to mankind, and become more beneficial to the world, by Morality without Faith, than by Faith without Morality.

Thirdly, Becauſe Morality gives a greater perfection to human nature, by quieting the mind, moderating the paſſions, and advancing the happineſs of every man in his private capacity.

Fourthly, Becauſe the rule of Morality is much more certain than that of Faith, all the civilized nations of the world agreeing in the great points of Morality, as much as they differ in thoſe of Faith.

Fifthly, Becauſe Infidelity is not of ſo malignant a nature as Immorality; or to put the ſame reaſon in another light, becauſe it is generally owned, there may be ſalvation for a virtuous Infidel, (particularly in the caſe of invincible Ignorance) but none for a vicious Believer.

Sixthly, Becauſe Faith ſeems to draw its principal, if not all its excellency, from the influence it has upon Morality; as we ſhall ſee more at large, if we conſider wherein conſiſts the excellency of Faith, or the belief of Revealed Religion; and this I think is,

Firſt, In explaining and carrying to greater heights, ſeveral points of Morality.

Secondly,

Secondly, In furniſhing new and ſtronger motives to enforce the practice of morality.

Thirdly, In giving us more amiable ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing notions of one another, and a truer ſtate of ourſelves, both in regard to the grandeur and vileneſs of our natures.

Fourthly, By ſhewing us the blackneſs and deformity of Vice, which in the Chriſtian Syſtem is ſo very great, that he who is poſſeſſed of all perfection and the Sovereign Judge of it, is repreſented by ſeveral of our Divines as hating Sin to the ſame degree that he loves the Sacred Perſon who was made the propitiation of it.

Fifthly, In being the ordinary and preſcribed method of making Morality effectual to Salvation.

I have only touched on theſe ſeveral heads, which every one who is converſant in diſcourſes of this nature will eaſily enlarge upon in his own thoughts, and draw concluſions from them which may be uſeful to him in the conduct of his life. One I am ſure is ſo obvious, that he cannot miſs it, namely, that a man cannot be perfect in his ſcheme of Morality, who does not ſtrengthen and ſupport it with that of the Chriſtian Faith.

Beſides this, I ſhall lay down two or three other maxims, which I think we may deduce from what has been ſaid.

Firſt,

First, That we ſhould be particularly cautious of making any thing an article of Faith, which does not contribute to the confirmation or improvement of Morality.

Secondly, That no article of Faith can be true and authentic, which weakens or ſubverts the practical part of Religion, or what I have hitherto called Morality.

Thirdly, That the greateſt friend of Morality, or Natural Religion, cannot poſſibly apprehend any danger from embracing Chriſtianity, as it is preſerved pure and uncorrupt in the doctrines of our National Church.

There is likewiſe another maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing conſiderations, which is this, that we ſhould, in all dubious points, conſider any ill conſequences that may ariſe from them, ſuppoſing they ſhould be erroneous, before we give up our aſſent to them.

For example, in that diſputable point of perſecuting men for conſcience ſake, beſides the imbittering their minds with hatred, indignation, and all the vehemence of reſentment, and inſnaring them to profeſs what they do not believe; we cut them off from the pleaſures and advantages of ſociety, afflict their bodies, diſtreſs their fortunes, hurt their reputations, ruin their families, make their lives painful, or put an end to them. Sure when I ſee ſuch dreadful conſequences riſing from a principle, I would

would be as fully convinced of the truth of it, as of a mathematical demonſtration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a part of my religion.

In this caſe the injury done our neighbour is plain and evident; the principle that puts us upon doing it, of a dubious and diſputable nature. Morality ſeems highly violated by the one, and whether or no a zeal for what a man thinks the true ſyſtem of faith may juſtify it, is very uncertain. I cannot but think, if our religion produces charity as well as zeal, it will not be for ſhewing itſelf by ſuch cruel inſtances. But to conclude with the words of an excellent Author, 'We have juſt enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another'.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 459. C.

FALSHOOD.

WILL Honeycomb was complaining to me yeſterday, that the converſation of the town is ſo altered of late years, that a fine gentleman is at a loſs for matter to ſtart diſcourſe, as well as unable to fall in with the talk he generally meets with. WILL takes notice, that there is now an evil under the ſun which he ſuppoſes to be entirely new, becauſe not mentioned by any ſatyriſt or moraliſt in any age: Men, ſaid he, grow knaves ſooner than they

ever did ſince the creation of the world before. If you read the tragedies of the laſt age, you find the artful men, and perſons of intrigue, are advanced very far in years, and beyond the pleaſures and fallies of youth; but now WILL obſerves that the young have taken in the vices of the aged, and you ſhall have a man of five and twenty crafty, falſe, and intriguing, not aſhamed to over-reach, cozen, and beguile. My friend adds, that till about the latter end of King Charles's reign, there was not a raſcal of any eminence under forty: In the places of reſort for converſation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving men's fortunes, without regard to the methods toward it. This is ſo faſhionable, that young men form themſelves upon a certain neglect of every thing that is candid, ſimple, and worthy of true eſteem; and effect being yet worſe than they are, by acknowledging, in their general turn of mind and diſcourſe, that they have not any remaining value for true honour and honeſty; preferring the capacity of being artful to gain their ends when to the merit of deſpiſing thoſe ends they come in competition with their honeſty. All this is due to the very filly pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the ability of carrying their point; in a word, from the opinion that ſhallow and unexperienced people entertain of the ſhort-lived force of cunning. But I ſhall, before I enter upon the various faces which folly, covered with artifice, puts

on

on to impoſe upon the unthinking, produce a great authority for aſſerting, that nothing but truth and ingenuity has any laſting good effect, even upon a man's fortune and intereſt.

'Truth and reality have all the advantages of 'appearance, and many more. If the ſhew of 'any thing, be good for any thing, I am ſure 'ſincerity is better: For why does any man diſ-'ſemble, or ſeem to be that which he is not, 'but becauſe he thinks it good to have ſuch a 'quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit 'and diſſemble, is to put on the appearance of 'ſome real excellency. Now the beſt way in 'the world for a man to ſeem to be any 'thing is really to be what he would ſeem to 'be, beſides that it is many times as trouble-'ſome to make good the pretence of a 'good quality as to have it? and if a man have 'it not, it is ten to one but he is diſcovered to 'want it, and then all his pains and labour to 'ſeem to have it is loſt. There is ſomething 'unnatural in painting, which a ſkilful eye will 'eaſily diſcern from native beauty and com-'plexion.

'It is hard to perſonate and act a part long; 'for where truth is not at the bottom, nature 'will always be endeavouring to return, and 'will peep out and betray herſelf one time or 'other. Therefore if any man think it con-'venient to ſeem good, let him be ſo indeed, 'and then his goodneſs will appear to every 'body's ſatisfaction; ſo that upon all accounts

'ſincerity is true wiſdom. Particularly as to 'the affairs of this world, integrity hath many 'advantages over all the fine and artificial 'ways of diſſimulation and deceit; it is much 'the plainer and eaſier, much the ſafer and 'more ſecure way of dealing in the world; it 'has leſs of trouble and difficulty, of entangle-'ment and perplexity, of danger and hazard in 'it; it is the ſhorteſt and neareſt way to our 'end, carrying us thither in a ſtraight line, and 'will hold out and laſt longeſt. The arts of 'deceit and cunning do continually grow weak-'er and leſs effectual and ſerviceable to them 'that uſe them; whereas integrity gains 'ſtrength by uſe, and the more and longer any 'man practiſeth it, the greater ſervice it does 'him, by confirming his reputation, and en-'couraging thoſe with whom he has to do, to 'repoſe the greateſt truſt and confidence in 'him, which is an unſpeakable advantage in 'the buſineſs and affairs of life.

'Truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and 'needs nothing to help it out; it is always near 'at hand, and ſits upon our lips, and is ready 'to drop out before we are aware; whereas a 'lie is troubleſome, and ſets a man's invention 'upon the rack, and one trick needs a great 'many more to make it good. It is like build-'ing upon a falſe foundation, which continual-'ly ſtands in need of props to ſhore it up, and 'proves at laſt more chargeable, than to have

'raiſed

'raiſed a ſubſtantial building at firſt upon a true
'and ſolid foundation; for ſincerity is firm and
'ſubſtantial, and there is nothing hollow and
'unſound in it, and becauſe it is plain and open,
'fears no diſcovery; of which the crafty man is
'always in danger, and when he thinks he walks
'in the dark, all his pretences are ſo tranſpa-
'rent that he that runs may read them; he is
'the laſt man that finds himſelf to be found out,
'and whilſt he takes it for granted that he
'makes fools of others, he renders himſelf ri-
'diculous.

'Add to all this, that ſincerity is the moſt
'compendious wiſdom, and an excellent in-
'ſtrument for the ſpeedy diſpatch of buſineſs;
'it creates confidence in thoſe we have to deal
'with, ſaves the labour of many enquires, and
'brings things to an iſſue in few words: It is
'like travelling in a plain beaten road, which
'commonly brings a man ſooner to his jour-
'ney's end than bye-ways, in which men
'often loſe themſelves. In a word, whatſo-
'ever conveniencies may be thought to be in
'falſhood and diſſimulation, it is ſoon over;
'but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, be-
'cauſe it brings a man under an everlaſting jea-
'louſy and ſuſpicion, ſo that he is not believed
'when he ſpeaks truth, nor truſted perhaps
'when he means honeſtly. When a man has
'once forfeited the reputation of his integrity,

'he is ſet faſt, and nothing will then ſerve his 'turn, neither truth nor falſhood.

'And I have often thought, that God hath 'in his great wiſdom hid from men of falſe and 'diſhoneſt minds the wonderful advantages of 'truth and integrity to the proſperity even of 'our worldly affairs; theſe men are ſo blinded 'by their covetouſneſs and ambition, that they 'cannot look beyond a preſent advantage, nor 'forbear to ſeize upon it, though by ways never 'ſo indirect; they cannot ſee ſo far as to the 'remoteſt conſequences of a ſteady integrity, 'and the vaſt benefit and advantages which it will 'bring a man at laſt. Were but this ſort of 'men wiſe, and clear-ſighted enough to diſcern 'this, they would be honeſt out of very knave-'ry, not out of any love to honeſty and virtue, 'but with a crafty deſign to promote and ad-'vance more effectually their own intereſts; 'and therefore the juſtice of the Divine Provi-'dence hath hid this trueſt point of wiſdom 'from their eyes, that bad men might not be 'upon equal terms with the juſt and upright, 'and ſerve their own wicked deſigns by honeſt 'and lawful means.

'Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the 'world for a day, and ſhould never have occa-'ſion to converſe more with mankind, never 'more need their good opinion or good word, 'it were then no great matter (ſpeaking as to 'the concernments of this world) if a man

'ſpent

'ſpent his reputation all at once, and ventured 'it at one throw: But if he be to continue in 'the world and would have the advantage of 'converſation whilſt he is in it, let him make 'uſe of truth and ſincerity in all his words and 'actions; for nothing but this will laſt and 'hold out to the end; all other arts will fail, 'but truth and integrity will carry a man 'through and bear him out to the laſt.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 352.

FAME.

THE ſoul, conſidered abſtractedly from its paſſions, is of a remiſs and ſedentary nature, ſlow in its reſolves, and languiſhing in its executions. The uſe therefore of the paſſions is to ſtir it up, and to put it upon action, to awaken the underſtanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the proſecution of his deſigns. As this is the end of the paſſions in general, ſo it is particularly of ambition, which puſhes the ſoul to ſuch actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the actor. But if we carry our reflections higher, we may diſcover farther ends of Providence in implanting this paſſion in mankind.

It was neceſſary for the world, that arts ſhould be invented and improved, books written and

tranſmitted to poſterity, nations conquered and civilized: Now ſince the proper and genuine motives to theſe and the like great actions, would only influence virtuous minds, there would be but ſmall improvements in the world, were there not ſome common principle of action working equally with all men. And ſuch a principle is ambition or a deſire of Fame, by which great endowments are not ſuffered to lie idle and uſeleſs to the public, and many vicious men, over-reached, as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural inclinations in a glorious and laudable courſe of action. For we may farther obſerve, that men of the greateſt abilities are moſt fired with ambition: And that, on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the leaſt actuated by it; whether it be that a man's ſenſe of his own incapacities makes him deſpair of coming at Fame, or that he has not range enough of thought to look out for any good, which does not more immediately relate to his intereſt or convenience, or that Providence, in the very frame of his ſoul, would not ſubject him to ſuch a paſſion as would be uſeleſs to the world, and a torment to himſelf.

Were not this deſire of Fame very ſtrong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of loſing it when obtained, would be ſufficient to deter a man from ſo vain a purſuit.

How few are there who are furniſhed with abilities ſufficient to recommend their actions to the

the admiration of the world, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt of mankind? Providence for the moſt part ſets us upon a level, and obſerves a kind of proportion in its diſpenſations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one accompliſhment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and ſeems careful rather of preſerving every perſon from being mean and deficient in his qualifications, than of making any ſingle one eminent or extraordinary.

And among thoſe who are the moſt richly endowed by nature, and accompliſhed by their own induſtry, how few are there whoſe virtues are not obſcured by the ignorance, prejudice or envy of their beholders? Some men cannot diſcern between a noble and a mean action. Others are apt to attribute them to ſome falſe end or intention; and others purpoſely miſrepreſent or put a wrong interpretation on them.

But the more to enforce this conſideration, we may obſerve, that thoſe are generally moſt unſucceſsful in their purſuit after Fame, who are moſt deſirous of obtaining it. It is Salluſt's Remark upon Cato, that the leſs he coveted glory, the more he acquired it.

Men take an ill-natured pleaſure in croſſing our inclinations, and diſappointing us in what our hearts are moſt ſet upon. When therefore they have diſcovered the paſſionate deſire of Fame in the ambitious man (as no temper of mind

mind is more apt to ſhew itſelf) they become ſparing and reſerved in their commendations, they envy him the ſatisfaction of an applauſe, and look on their praiſes rather as a kindneſs done to his perſon, than as a tribute paid to his merit. Others who are free from this natural perverſeneſs of temper, grow wary in their praiſes of one, who ſets too great a value on them, leſt they ſhould raiſe him too high in his own imagination, and by conſequence remove him to a greater diſtance from themſelves.

But farther, this deſire of Fame naturally betrays the ambitious man into ſuch indecencies as are a leſſening to his reputation. He is ſtill afraid leſt any of his actions ſhould be thrown away in private, leſt his deſerts ſhould be concealed from the notice of the world, or receive any diſadvantage from the reports which others make of them. This often ſets him on empty boaſts and oſtentations of himſelf, and betrays him into vain fantaſtical recitals of his own performances: His diſcourſe generally leans one way, and, whatever is the ſubject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himſelf. Vanity is the natural weakneſs of an ambitious man, which expoſes him to the ſecret ſcorn and deriſion of thoſe he converſes with, and ruins the character he is ſo induſtrious to advance by it. For though his actions are never ſo glorious, they loſe their luſtre when they

are

are drawn at large, and ſet to ſhow by his own hand; and as the world is more apt to find fault than to commend, the boaſt will probably be cenſured, when the great action that occaſioned it is forgotten.

Beſides this very deſire of Fame is looked on as a meanneſs and imperfection in the greateſt character. A ſolid and ſubſtantial greatneſs of ſoul looks down with a generous neglect on the cenſures and applauſes of the multitude, and places a man beyond the little noiſe and ſtrife of tongues. Accordingly we find in ourſelves a ſecret awe and veneration for the character of one who moves above us in a regular and illuſtrious courſe of virtue, without any regard to our good or ill opinions of him, to our reproaches or commendations. As on the contrary it is uſual for us, when we would take off from the Fame and reputation of an action, to aſcribe it to vain-glory, and a deſire of Fame in the actor. Nor is this common judgment and opinion of mankind ill founded: For certainly it denotes no great bravery of mind to be worked up to any noble action by ſo ſelfiſh a motive, and to do that out of a deſire of Fame, which we could not be prompted to by a diſintereſted love to mankind, or by a generous paſſion for the glory of him that made us.

Thus is Fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by thoſe who thirſt after it, ſince moſt men have ſo much either of ill-

nature

nature, or of wariness, as not to gratify or sooth the vanity of the ambitious man, and since this very thirst after Fame naturally betrays him into such indecencies as are a lessening to his reputation, and is itself looked upon as a weakness in the greatest characters.

In the next place, Fame is easily lost, and as difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the subject of a following paper. C.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 255.

There are many passions and tempers of mind which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind. All those who made their entrance into the world with the same advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the Fame of his merits a reflection on their own indeserts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the scandal of some past action, or derogate from the worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same level with themselves. The like kind of consideration often stirs up the envy of such as were once his superiors, who think it a detraction from their merit to see another get ground upon them and overtake them in the pursuits of glory, and will therefore endeavour to sink his reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his equals, envy and defame

ſame him, becauſe they now ſee him their ſuperior; and thoſe who were once his ſuperiors, becauſe they look upon him as their equal.

But farther, a man, whoſe extraordinary reputation thus lifts him up to the notice and obſervation of mankind, draws a multitude of eyes upon him that will narrowly inſpect every part of him, conſider him nicely in all views, and not be a little pleaſed when they have taken him in the worſt and moſt diſadvantageous light. There are many who find a pleaſure in contradicting the common reports of Fame, and in ſpreading abroad the weakneſſes of an exalted character. They publiſh their ill-natured diſcoveries with a ſecret pride, and applaud themſelves for the ſingularity of their judgment which has ſearched deeper than others, detected what the reſt of the world have overlooked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admires. Others there are who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great man with an inward ſatisfaction and complacency, if they diſcover none of the like errors and infirmities in themſelves; for while they are expoſing another's weakneſſes, they are tacitly aiming at their own commendations, who are not ſubject to the like infirmities, and are apt to be tranſported with a ſecret kind of vanity to ſee themſelves ſuperior in ſome reſpects to one of a ſublime and celebrated reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more induſtrious

in publiſhing the blemiſhes of an extraordinary reputation, than ſuch as lie open to the ſame cenſures in their own characters, as either hoping to excuſe their own defects by the authority of ſo high an example, or raiſing an imaginary applauſe to themſelves for reſembling a perſon of an exalted reputation, though in the blameable parts of his character. If all theſe ſecret ſprings of detraction fail, yet very often a vain oſtentation of wit ſets a man on attacking an eſtabliſhed name, and ſacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of thoſe about him. A ſatire or a libel on one of the common ſtamp, never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers, as what is aimed at a perſon whoſe merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conſpicuous figure among men. Whether it be that we think it ſhews greater art to expoſe and turn to ridicule a man whoſe character ſeems ſo improper a ſubject for it, or that we are pleaſed, by ſome implicit kind of revenge, to ſee him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in ſome meaſure reduced to our own rank, who had ſo far raiſed himſelf above us in the reports and opinions of mankind.

Thus we ſee how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious ſpies are ſearching into the actions of a great man, who is not always the beſt prepared for ſo narrow an inſpection.

For

For we may generally obſerve, that our admiration of a famous man leſſens upon our nearer acquaintance with him; and that we ſeldom hear the deſcription of a celebrated perſon, without a catalogue of ſome notorious weaknesſes and infirmities. The reaſon may be, because any little ſlip is more conſpicuous and obſervable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the reſt of his character, or becauſe it is impoſſible for a man at the ſame time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconſiderable circumſtances of his behaviour and converſation; or becauſe, as we have before obſerved, the ſame temper of mind which inclines us to a deſire of Fame, naturally betrays us into ſuch ſlips and unwarineſſes as are not incident to men of a contrary diſpoſition.

After all it muſt be confeſſed, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through and diſſipates theſe little ſpots and ſullies in its reputation; but if by a miſtaken purſuit after Fame, or through human infirmity, any falſe ſtep be made in the more momentous concerns of life, the whole ſcheme of ambitious deſigns is broken and diſappointed. The ſmaller ſtains and blemiſhes may die away and diſappear amidſt the brightneſs that furrounds them; but a blot of a deeper nature caſts a ſhade on all the other beauties, and darkens the whole character. How difficult therefore is it to preſerve a great

name, when he that has acquired it is ſo obnoxious to ſuch little weakneſſes and infirmities as are no ſmall diminution to it when diſcovered, eſpecially when they are ſo induſtriouſly proclaimed, and aggravated by ſuch as were once his ſuperiors or equals; by ſuch as would ſet to ſhow their judgment or their wit, and by ſuch as are guilty or innocent of the ſame ſlips or miſconducts in their own behaviour?

But were there none of theſe diſpoſitions in others to cenſure a famous man, nor any ſuch miſcarriages in himſelf, yet would he meet with no ſmall trouble in keeping up his reputation in all its height and ſplendor. There muſt be always a noble train of actions to preſerve his Fame in life and motion. For when it is once at a ſtand, it naturally flags and languiſhes. Admiration is a very ſhort-lived paſſion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unleſs it be ſtill fed with freſh diſcoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual ſucceſſion of miracles riſing up to its view. And even the greateſt actions of a celebrated perſon labour under this diſadvantage, that however ſurprizing and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the opinion that is conceived of him, though they might raiſe the reputation of another, they are a diminution to *him*.

One

One would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the possession of Fame, that, notwithstanding all these mortifying considerations, can engage a man in so desperate a pursuit; and yet if we consider the little happiness that attends a great character, and the multitude of disquietudes to which the desire of it subjects an ambitious mind, one would be still the more surprized to see so many restless candidates for glory.

Ambition raises a secret tumult in the soul, it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought: It is still reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or satisfy it. Most other things we long for can allay the cravings of their proper sense, and for a while set the appetite at rest: But Fame is a good so wholly foreign to our natures, that we have no faculty in the soul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to relish it; an object of desire placed out of the possibility of fruition. It may indeed fill the mind for a while with a giddy kind of pleasure, but it is such a pleasure as makes a man restless and uneasy under it; and which does not so much satisfy the present thirst, as it excites fresh desires, and sets the soul on new enterprises. For how few ambitious men are there, who have got as much fame as they desired, and whose thirst after it has not been as eager in the very height of their reputation, as it was before they became

known and eminent among men? There is not any circumſtance in Cæſar's character which gives me a greater idea of him, than a ſaying which Cicero tells us he frequently made uſe of in private converſation, that he was ſatisfyed with his ſhare of life and Fame, *Se ſatis vel ad Naturam, vel ad Gloriam vixiſſe.* Many indeed have given over their purſuits after fame, but that has proceeded either from the diſappointments they have met in it, or from their experience of the little pleaſure which attends it, or from the better informations or natural coldneſs of old age; but ſeldom from a full ſatisfaction and acquieſcence in the preſent enjoyments of it.

Nor is Fame only unſatisfying in itſelf, but the deſire of it lays us open to many accidental troubles which thoſe are free from who have no ſuch a tender regard for it. How often is the ambitious man caſt down and diſappointed, if he receives no praiſe where he expected it? Nay how often is he mortified with the very praiſes he receives, if they do not riſe ſo high as he thinks they ought, which they ſeldom do unleſs encreaſed by flattery, ſince few men have ſo good an opinion of us as we have of ourſelves? But if the ambitious man can be ſo much grieved even with praiſe itſelf, how will he be able to bear up under ſcandal and defamation? For the ſame temper of mind which makes him deſire Fame, makes him hate reproach. If he can be tranſported with the extraordinary praiſes of men,

men, he will be as much dejected by their cenſures. How little therefore is the happineſs of an ambitious man, who gives every one a dominion over it, who thus ſubjects himſelf to the good or ill ſpeeches of others, and puts it in the power of every malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy, and deſtroy his natural reſt and repoſe of mind? Eſpecially when we conſider that the world is more apt to cenſure than applaud, and himſelf fuller of imperfections than virtues.

We may farther obſerve, that ſuch a man will be more grieved for the loſs of Fame, than he could have been pleaſed with the enjoyment of it. For though the preſence of this imaginary good cannot make us happy, the abſence of it may make us miſerable: Becauſe in the enjoyment of an object we only find that ſhare of pleaſure which it is capable of giving us, but in the loſs of it we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imaginations ſet upon it.

So inconſiderable is the ſatisfaction that Fame brings along with it, and ſo great the diſquietudes to which it makes us liable. The deſire of it ſtirs up very uneaſy motions in the mind, and is rather inflamed than ſatisfied by the preſence of the thing deſired. The enjoyment of it brings but very little pleaſure, though the loſs or want of it be very ſenſible and afflicting; and even this little happineſs is ſo very precarious,

that

that it wholly depends on the will of others. We are not only tortured by the reproaches which are offered us, but are diſappointed by the ſilence of men when it is unexpected, and humbled even by their praiſes. C.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 256.

That I might not loſe myſelf upon a ſubject of ſo great extent as that of Fame, I have treated it in a particular order and method. I have firſt of all conſidered the reaſons why Providence may have implanted in our mind ſuch a principle of action. I have in the next place ſhewn from many conſiderations, firſt, that Fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and eaſily loſt; ſecondly, that it brings the ambitious man very little happineſs, but ſubjects him to much uneaſineſs and diſſatisfaction. I ſhall in the laſt place ſhew, that it hinders us from obtaining an end which we have abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with fulneſs of ſatisfaction. I need not tell my reader, that I mean by this end that happineſs which is reſerved for us in another world, which every one has abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it fulneſs of joy and pleaſures for evermore.

How the purſuit after Fame may hinder us in the attainment of this great end, I ſhall leave the reader to collect from the three following conſiderations.

Firſt,

First, Becauſe the ſtrong deſire of Fame breeds ſeveral vicious habits in the mind.

Secondly, Becauſe many of thoſe actions, which are apt to procure Fame, are not in their nature conducive to this our ultimate happineſs.

Thirdly, Becauſe if we ſhould allow the ſame actions to be the proper inſtruments, both of acquiring Fame, and of procuring this happineſs, they would nevertheleſs fail in the attainment of this laſt end, if they proceeded from a deſire of the firſt.

Theſe three propoſitions are ſelf-evident to thoſe who are verſed in ſpeculations of morality. For which reaſon I ſhall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a point of the ſame nature, which may open to us a more uncommon field of ſpeculation.

From what has already been obſerved, I think we may have a natural concluſion, that it is the greateſt folly to ſeek the praiſe or approbation of any being, beſides the Supreme, and that for theſe two reaſons; becauſe no other being can make a right judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our merits; and becauſe we can procure no conſiderable benefit or advantage from the eſteem and approbation of any other being.

In the firſt place, no other being can make a right judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our merits. Created beings ſee nothing but

our outſide, and can therefore only frame a judgment of us from our exterior actions and behaviour; but how unfit theſe are to give us a right notion of each other's perfections, may appear from ſeveral conſiderations. There are many virtues, which in their own nature are incapable of any outward repreſentation: Many ſilent perfections in the ſoul of a good man, which are great ornaments to human nature, but not able to diſcover themſelves to the knowledge of others; they are tranſacted in private without noiſe or ſhow, and are only viſible to the great ſearcher of hearts. What actions can expreſs the intire purity of thought which refines and ſanctifies a virtuous man; that ſecret reſt and contentedneſs of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his preſent condition? That inward pleaſure and complacency, which he feels in doing good? That delight and ſatisfaction which he takes in the proſperity and happineſs of another? Theſe and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of a ſoul, the ſecret graces which cannot be diſcovered by a mortal eye, but make the ſoul lovely and precious in his ſight, from whom no ſecrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting and ſhewing themſelves in actions. Every virtue requires time and place, a proper object, and a fit conjuncture of circumſtances, for the due exerciſe of it. A ſtate of poverty obſcures all

all the virtues of liberality and munificence. The patience and fortitude of a martyr or confeſſor lie concealed in the flouriſhing times of Chriſtianity. Some virtues are only ſeen in affliction, and ſome in proſperity; ſome in a private, and others in a public capacity. But the Great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obſcurity, and not only ſees what we do, but what we would do. He views our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and ſees us engaged in all the poſſibilities of action. He diſcovers the martyr and confeſſor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the reward of actions which they had never the opportunity of performing. Another reaſon why men cannot form a right judgment of us is, becauſe the ſame actions may be aimed at different ends, and ariſe from quite contrary principles. Actions are of ſo mixt a nature, and ſo full of circumſtances, that as men pry into them more or leſs, or obſerve ſome parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; ſo that the ſame actions may repreſent a man as hypocritical and deſigning to one, which makes him appear a ſaint or hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the ſoul through its outward actions, often ſees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to diſcolour and pervert the object: So that on this account alſo *he* is the only proper judge of our perfections, who does not gueſs at the ſincerity

cerity of our intentions from the goodneſs of our actions, but weighs the goodneſs of our actions by the ſincerity of our intentions.

But farther; it is impoſſible for outward actions to repreſent the perfections of the ſoul, becauſe they can never ſhew the ſtrength of thoſe principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expreſſions of our virtues, and can only ſhew us what habits are in the ſoul, without diſcovering the degree and perfection of ſuch habits. They are at beſt but weak reſemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies that may acquaint us with the general deſigns, but can never expreſs the beauty and life of the original. But the Great Judge of all the earth knows every different ſtate and degree of human improvement, from thoſe weak ſtirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themſelves into regular purpoſes and deſigns, to the laſt entire finiſhing and conſummation of a good habit. He beholds the firſt imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the ſoul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progreſs, till it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we ſee that none but the Supreme Being can eſteem us according to our proper merits, ſince all others muſt judge of us from our outward actions, which can never give them a juſt eſtimate of us, ſince there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural incapacity

capacity of ſhewing themſelves, want an opportunity of doing it; or ſhould they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet thoſe actions may be miſinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or though they plainly diſcovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never ſhew the degree, ſtrength and perfection of thoſe principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper judge of our perfections, ſo is he the only fit rewarder of them. This is a conſideration that comes home to our intereſt, as the other adapts itſelf to our ambition. And what could the moſt aſpiring, or the moſt ſelfiſh man deſire more, were he to form the notion of a Being to whom he would recommend himſelf, than ſuch a knowledge as can diſcover the leaſt appearance of perfection in him, and ſuch a goodneſs as will proportion a reward to it.

Let the ambitious man therefore turn all his deſire of Fame this way; and, that he may propoſe to himſelf a Fame worthy of his ambition, let him conſider that if he employs his abilities to the beſt advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the Great Judge of mankind, who ſees every degree of perfection in others, and poſſeſſes all poſſible perfection in himſelf, ſhall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him in the preſence of the whole creation that beſt

and moſt ſignificant of applauſes, 'Well done 'thou good and faithful ſervant, enter thou in-'to thy Maſter's joy.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 257.

FEAR *of* GOD.

LOOKING over the late edition of Monſieur Boileau's works, I was very much pleaſed with the article which he has added to his notes on the tranſlation of Longinus. He there tells us, that the ſublime in writing riſes either from the nobleneſs of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phraſe, and that the perfect ſublime ariſes from all theſe three in conjunction together. He produces an inſtance of this perfect ſublime in four verſes from the Athaliah of Monſieur Racine. When Abner, one of the chief officers of the court, repreſents to Joad the High-Prieſt, that the Queen was incenſed againſt him, the High-prieſt, not in the leaſt terrified at the news, returns this anſwer:

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait auſſi des mechans arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec reſpect à ſa volonté ſainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, & n'ai point de autre crainte.

'He

'He who ruleth the raging of the ſea, knows 'alſo how to check the deſigns of the ungodly. 'I ſubmit myſelf with reverence to his holy 'will. O Abner, I fear my God, and I fear 'none but him.' Such a thought gives no leſs a ſublimity to human nature than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by juſt apprehenſions of a Divine Power, naturally overlooks all human greatneſs that ſtands in competition with it, and extinguiſhes every other terror that can ſettle itſelf in the heart of man; it leſſens and contracts the figure of the moſt exalted perſon; it diſarms the tyrant and executioner, and repreſents to our minds the moſt enraged and the moſt powerful, as altogether harmleſs and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this Fear, as there is no other principle of ſo ſettled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from conſtitution very often forſakes a man when he has occaſion for it; and when it is only a kind of inſtinct in the ſoul breaks out on all occaſions without judgment or diſcretion. That courage which proceeds from the ſenſe of our duty, and from the fear of offending him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reaſon.

What can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to pleaſe a Being that is omnipo-

tent? A Being who is able to crush all his adversaries? A being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such misfortune to his advantage? The person who lives with this constant and habitual regard to the great Superintendant of the world, is indeed sure that no real evil can come into his lot. Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses and disappointments, but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may rest satisfied that they will either not reach him, or that if they do, they will be the instruments of good to him. In short, he may look upon all crosses and accidents, sufferings and afflictions, as means which are made use of to bring him to happiness. This is even the worst of that man's condition, whose mind is possessed with the habitual Fear of which I am now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear evils in our own eyes, appear also as such to him who has human nature under his care, in which case, they are certainly averted from the person who has made himself, by this virtue, an object of Divine favour. Histories are full of instances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary escapes out of such dangers as have inclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable.

There is no example of this kind in Pagan History which more pleases me than that which

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is recorded in the life of Timoleon. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his ſucceſſes to Providence. Cornelius Nepos acquaints us that he had in his houſe a private chapel in which he uſed to pay his devotions to the goddeſs who repreſented Providence among the Heathens. I think no man was ever more diſtinguiſhed, by the Deity whom he blindly worſhipped, than the great perſon I am ſpeaking of in ſeveral occurrences of his life, but particularly in the following one which I ſhall relate out of Plutarch.

Three perſons had entered into a conſpiracy to aſſaſſinate Timoleon, as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it they took their ſeveral ſtands in the moſt convenient places for their purpoſe. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their deſign in execution, a ſtranger having obſerved one of the conſpirators, fell upon him and ſlew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been diſcovered, threw themſelves at Timoleon's feet and confeſſed the whole matter. This ſtranger, upon examination, was found to have underſtood nothing of the intended aſſaſſination, but having ſeveral years before had a brother killed by the conſpirator, whom he here put to death, and having till now ſought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himſelf there for

the above-mentioned purpoſe. Plutarch cannot forbear on this occaſion ſpeaking with a kind of rapture on the ſchemes of Providence, which, in this particular, had ſo contrived it, that the ſtranger ſhould for ſo great a ſpace of time, be debarred the means of doing juſtice to his brother, till, by the ſame blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preſerved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of Timoleon's religion ſhould have his intrepidity and firmneſs of mind, or that he ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by ſuch a deliverance as I have here related.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 117.

FORTITUDE.

IT is neceſſary to an eaſy and happy life, to poſſeſs our minds in ſuch a manner as to be always well ſatisfied with our own reflections. The way to this ſtate is to meaſure our actions by our own opinion, and not by that of the reſt of the world. The ſenſe of other men ought to prevail over us in things of leſs conſideration, but not in concerns where truth and honour are engaged. When we look into the bottom of things, what at firſt appears a paradox, is a plain truth; and thoſe profeſſions which for want of being duly weighed, ſeem to

to proceed from a ſort of romantic philoſophy, and ignorance of the world, after a little reflection are ſo reaſonable, that it is direct madneſs to walk by any other rules. Thus to contradict our deſires, and to conquer the impulſes of our ambition, if they do not fall in with what we in our inward ſentiments approve, is ſo much our intereſt, and ſo abſolutely neceſſary to our real happineſs, that to contemn all the wealth and power in the world, where they ſtand in competition with a man's honour, is rather good ſenſe than greatneſs of mind.

Did we conſider that the mind of a man is the man himſelf, we ſhould think it the moſt unnatural ſort of ſelf-murder to ſacrifice the ſentiment of the ſoul, to gratify the appetites of the body. Bleſs us! Is it poſſible that when the neceſſities of life are ſupplied, a man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful? When we meet a poor wretch, urged with hunger and cold, aſking an alms, we are apt to think this a ſtate we could rather ſtarve than ſubmit to? But yet how much more deſpicable is his condition who is above neceſſity, and yet ſhall reſign his reaſon and his integrity to purchaſe ſuperfluities? Both theſe are abject and common beggars; but ſure it is leſs deſpicable to beg a ſupply to a man's hunger, than his vanity. But cuſtom and general prepoſſeſſions have ſo far prevailed over an unthinking world,

that

that those necessitous creatures who cannot relish life without applause, attendance, and equipage, are so far from making a contemptible figure, that distressed Virtue is less esteemed than successful Vice. But if a man's appeal in cases that regard his honour were made to his own soul, there would be a basis and standing rule for our conduct, and we should always endeavour rather to be than appear honourable. Mr Collier in his essay of Fortitude, has treated this subject with great wit and magnanimity. 'What, says he, can be more honourable 'than to have courage enough to execute the 'commands of reason and conscience; to 'maintain the dignity of our nature, and the 'station assigned us? To be proof against poverty, pain, and death itself? I mean so far 'as not to do any thing that is scandalous or 'sinful to avoid them? To stand adversity under all shapes with decency and resolution? 'To do this, is to be great above title and fortune. This argues the soul of an heavenly 'extraction, and is worthy the offspring of the 'Deity.'

What a generous ambition has this man pointed to us! When men have settled in themselves a conviction by such noble precepts, that there is nothing honourable which is not accompanied with innocence; nothing mean but what has guilt in it: I say, when they have attained thus much, though poverty, pain, and death,

death, may ſtill retain their terrors, yet riches, pleaſures, and honours, will eaſily loſe their charms, if they ſtand between us and our integrity.

What is here ſaid with alluſion to fortune and fame may as juſtly be applied to wit and beauty; for theſe latter are as adventitious as the other, and as little concern the eſſence of the ſoul. They are all laudable in the man who poſſeſſes them only for the juſt application of them. A bright imagination, while it is ſubſervient to an honeſt and noble ſoul, is a faculty which makes a man juſtly admired by mankind, and furniſhes him with reflections upon his own actions, which add delicates to the feaſt of a good conſcience: But when wit deſcends to wait upon ſenſual pleaſures, or promote the baſe purpoſes of ambition, it is then to be contemned in proportion to its excellence. If a man will not reſolve to place the foundation of his happineſs in his own mind, life is a bewildered and unhappy ſtate, incapable of reſt or tranquillity. For to ſuch a one the general applauſe of valour, wit, nay of honeſty itſelf, can give him but a very feeble comfort, ſince it is capable of being interrupted by any one who wants either underſtanding or good-nature to ſee or acknowledge ſuch excellencies. This rule is ſo neceſſary, that one may very ſafely ſay, it is impoſſible to know any true reliſh of our being without it. Look about you in common

common life among the ordinary race of mankind, and you will find merit in every kind is allowed only to those who are in particular diſtricts or ſets of company: But ſince men can have little pleaſure in theſe faculties which denominate them perſons of diſtinction, let them give up ſuch an empty purſuit, and think nothing eſſential to happineſs but what is in their own power, the capacity of reflecting with pleaſure on their own actions, however they are interpreted.

It is ſo evident a truth, that it is only in our own boſoms we are to ſearch for any thing to make us happy, that it is, methinks, a diſgrace to our nature to talk of taking our meaſures from thence only as a matter of Fortitude. When all is well there, the viciſſitudes and diſtinctions of life are the mere ſcenes of a drama, and he will never act his part well who has his thoughts more fixed upon the applauſe of the audience than the deſign of his part.

The life of a man who acts with a ſteady integrity, without valuing the interpretation of his actions, has but one uniform regular path to move in, where he cannot meet oppoſition, or fear ambuſcade. On the other ſide, the leaſt deviation from the rules of honour introduces a train of numberleſs evils, and involves him in inexplicable mazes. He that has entered into guilt has bid adieu to reſt, and every criminal

criminal has his ſhare of the miſery expreſſed ſo emphatically in the Tragedian;

Macbeth ſhall ſleep no more!

It was with deteſtation of any other grandeur but the calm command of his own paſſions, that the excellent Mr Cowley cries out with ſo much juſtice;

If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any thought ſo mean as to be great,
Continue, Heav'n, ſtill from me to remove
The humble bleſſings of that life I love.

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 251.

FREE-THINKERS.

IT is indeed a melancholy reflection to conſider, That the Britiſh nation, which is now at a greater height of glory for its councils and conqueſts, than it ever was before, ſhould diſtinguiſh itſelf by a certain looſeneſs of principles, and a falling off from thoſe ſchemes of thinking, which conduce to the happineſs and perfection of human nature. This evil comes upon us from the works of a few ſolemn blockheads, that meet together with the zeal and ſerioufneſs of apoſtles, to extirpate common ſenſe, and propagate infidelity. Theſe are wretches, who, without any ſhew of wit, learning,

learning, or reaſon, publiſh their crude conceptions with an ambition of appearing more wiſe than the reſt of mankind, upon no other pretence, than that of diſſenting from them. One gets by heart a catalogue of title-pages and editions; and immediately to become conſpicuous, declares that he is an unbeliever. Another knows how to write a receipt, or cut up a dog, and forthwith argues againſt the immortality of the ſoul. I have known many a little wit, in the oſtentation of his parts, rally the truth of the Scripture, who was not able to read a chapter in it. Theſe poor wretches talk blaſphemy for want of diſcourſe, and are rather the objects of ſcorn or pity, than of our indignation; but the grave diſputant, that reads and writes, and ſpends all his time in convincing himſelf and the world, that he is no better than a brute, ought to be whipped out of a government, as a blot to civil ſociety, and a defamer of mankind. I love to conſider an Infidel, whether diſtinguiſhed by the title of Deiſt, Atheiſt, or Free-Thinker, in three different lights, in his ſolitudes, his afflictions, and his laſt moments.

A wiſe man that lives up to the principles of reaſon and virtue, if one conſiders him in his ſolitude, as taking in the ſyſtem of the univerſe, obſerving the mutual dependence and harmony, by which the whole frame of it hangs together, beating down his paſſions, or

ſwelling

ſwelling his thoughts with magnificent ideas of Providence, makes a nobler figure in the eye of an intelligent being, than the greateſt conqueror amidſt all the pomps and ſolemnities of a triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ridiculous animal than an Atheiſt in his retirement. His mind is incapable of rapture or elevation: He can only conſider himſelf as an inſignificant figure in a landſkip, and wandring up and down in a field or a meadow, under the ſame terms as the meaneſt animals about him, and as ſubject to as total a mortality as they, with this aggravation, that he is the only one amongſt them who lies under the apprehenſion of it.

In diſtreſſes, he muſt be of all creatures the moſt helpleſs and forlorn; he feels the whole preſſure of a preſent calamity without being relieved by the memory of any thing that is paſt, or the proſpect of any thing that is to come. Annihilation is the greateſt bleſſing that he propoſes to himſelf, and an halter or a piſtol the only refuge he can fly to. But if you would behold one of thoſe gloomy miſcreants in his pooreſt figure, you muſt conſider him under the terrors or at the approach of death.

About thirty years ago I was a ſhipboard with one of theſe vermin, when there aroſe a briſk gale, which could frighten no body but himſelf. Upon the rowling of the ſhip he fell upon his knees, and confeſſed to the Chaplain, that

he had been a vile Atheiſt, and had denied a Supreme Being ever ſince he came to his eſtate. The good man was aſtoniſhed, and a report immediately ran through the ſhip, that there was an Atheiſt upon the upper-deck. Several of the common ſeamen, who had never heard the word before, thought it had been ſome ſtrange fiſh; but they were more ſurprized when they ſaw it was a man, and heard out of his own mouth, that he never believed till that day that there was a God. As he lay in the agonies of confeſſion, one of the honeſt tars whiſpered to the boatſwain, that it would be a good deed to heave him over-board. But we were now within ſight of the port, when of a ſudden the wind fell, and the penitent relapſed, begging all of us that were preſent, as we were gentlemen, not to ſay any thing of what had paſſed.

He had not been aſhore above two days, when one of the company began to rally him upon his devotion on ſhipboard, which the other denied in ſo high terms, that it produced the lie on both ſides, and ended in a duel. The Atheiſt was run through the body, and after ſome loſs of blood, became as good a Chriſtian as he was at ſea, till he found that his wound was not mortal. He is at preſent one of the Free-Thinkers of the age, and now writing a pamphlet againſt ſeveral received opinions concerning the exiſtence of Fairies.

As I have taken upon me to cenſure the faults of the age and country which I live in, I ſhould

I ſhould have thought myſelf inexcuſable to have paſſed over this crying one, which is the ſubject of my preſent diſcourſe. I ſhall therefore from time to time give my countrymen particular cautions againſt this diſtemper of the mind, that is almoſt become faſhionable, and by that means more likely to ſpread. I have ſomewhere either read or heard, a very memorable ſentence, That a man would be a moſt inſupportable monſter, ſhould he have the faults that are incident to his years, conſtitution, profeſſion, family, religion, age, and country; and yet every man is in danger of them all. For this reaſon, as I am an old man, I take particular care to avoid being covetous, and telling long ſtories: As I am choleric, I forbear not only ſwearing, but all interjections of fretting, as pugh! or piſh! and the like. As I am a lay-man, I reſolve not to conceive an averſion for a wiſe and a good man, becauſe his coat is of a different colour from mine. As I am deſcended of the ancient family of the Bickerſtaffs, I never call a man of merit an Upſtart. As a Proteſtant, I do not ſuffer my zeal ſo far to tranſport me, as to name the Pope and the devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate age, I guard myſelf particularly againſt the folly I have been now ſpeaking of. And as I am an Engliſhman, I am very cautious not to hate a ſtranger, or deſpiſe a poor Palatine.

TATLER, Vol. II. No. 111.

Several letters which I have lately received give me information, that ſome well-diſpoſed perſons have taken offence at my uſing the word Free-Thinker as a term of reproach. To ſet therefore this matter in a clear light, I muſt declare, that no one can have a greater veneration than myſelf for the Free-Thinkers of antiquity, who acted the ſame part in thoſe times, as the great men of the reformation did in ſeveral nations of Europe, by exerting themſelves againſt the idolatry and ſuperſtition of the times in which they lived. It was by this noble impulſe that Socrates and his diſciples, as well as all the philoſophers of note in Greece, and Cicero, Seneca, with all the learned men of Rome, endeavoured to enlighten their contemporaries amidſt the darkneſs and ignorance in which the world was then ſunk and buried.

The great points which theſe Free-thinkers endeavoured to eſtabliſh and inculcate into the minds of men, were, the formation of the univerſe, the ſuperintendency of Providence, the perfection of the Divine Nature, the immortality of the ſoul, and the future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments. They all complied with the religion of their country, as much as poſſible, in ſuch particulars as did not contradict and pervert theſe great and fundamental doctrines of mankind. On the contrary the perſons who now ſet up for Free-Thinkers, are ſuch as endeavour by a little traſh of words and ſophiſtry, to weaken

weaken and deſtroy thoſe very principles, for the vindication of which, freedom of thought at firſt became laudable and heroic. Theſe apoſtates from reaſon and good ſenſe, can look at the glorious frame of nature, without paying an adoration to him that raiſed it; can conſider the great revolutions in the univerſe, without lifting up their minds to that ſuperior power which hath the direction of it; can preſume to cenſure the Deity in his ways towards men; can level mankind with the beaſts that periſh; can extinguiſh in their own minds all the pleaſing hopes of a future ſtate, and lull themſelves into a ſtupid ſecurity againſt the terrors of it. If one were to take the word prieſtcraft out of the mouths of theſe ſhallow monſters, they would be immediately ſtruck dumb. It is by the help of this ſingle term that they endeavour to diſappoint the good works of the moſt learned and venerable order of men, and harden the hearts of the ignorant againſt the very light of nature, and the common received notions of mankind. We ought not to treat ſuch miſcreants as theſe upon the foot of fair diſputants, but to pour out contempt upon them, and ſpeak of them with ſcorn and infamy, as the peſts of ſociety, the revilers of human nature, and the blaſphemers of a Being, whom a good man would rather die than hear diſhonoured. Cicero, after having mentioned the great heroes of knowledge

that recommended this Divine doctrine of the immortality of the ſoul, calls thoſe ſmall pretenders to wiſdom who declared againſt it, certain Minute philoſophers, uſing a diminutive even of the word Little, to expreſs the deſpicable opinion he had of them. The contempt he throws upon them in another paſſage is yet more remarkable; where, to ſhew the mean thoughts he entertains of them, he declares, he would rather be in the wrong with Plato, than in the right with ſuch company. There is indeed nothing in the world ſo ridiculous as one of theſe grave philoſophical Free-Thinkers, that hath neither paſſions nor appetites to gratify, no heats of blood, nor vigour of conſtitution that can turn his ſyſtems of infidelity to his advantage, or raiſe pleaſures out of them which are inconſiſtent with the belief of an hereafter. One that has neither wit, gallantry, mirth or youth to indulge by theſe notions, but only a poor, joyleſs, uncomfortable vanity of diſtinguiſhing himſelf from the reſt of mankind, is rather to be regarded as a miſchievous lunatic, than a miſtaken philoſopher. A chaſte Infidel, a ſpeculative Libertine, is an animal that I ſhould not believe to be in nature, did I not ſometimes meet with theſe ſpecies of men, that plead for the indulgence of their paſſions in the midſt of a ſevere ſtudious life, and talk againſt the immortality of the ſoul over a diſh of coffee.

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I would fain aſk a Minute philoſopher, what good he propoſes to mankind by the publiſhing of his Doctrines? Will they make a man a better citizen, or father of a family, a more endearing huſband, friend or ſon? Will they enlarge his public or private virtues, or correct any of his frailties or vices? What is there either joyful or glorious in ſuch opinions? Do they either refreſh or enlarge our thoughts? Do they contribute to the happineſs, or raiſe the dignity of human nature? The only good that I have ever heard pretended to, is, that they baniſh terrors, and ſet the mind at eaſe. But whoſe terrors do they baniſh? It is certain, if there were any ſtrength in their arguments, they would give great diſturbance to minds that are influenced by virtue, honour and morality, and take from us the only comforts and ſupports of affliction, ſickneſs and old age. The minds therefore which they ſet at eaſe, are only thoſe of impenitent criminals and malefactors, and which to the good of mankind, ſhould be in perpetual terror and alarm.

I muſt confeſs, nothing is more uſual than for a Free-Thinker, in proportion as the inſolence of ſcepticiſm is abated in him by years and knowledge, or humbled or beaten down by ſorrow or ſickneſs, to reconcile himſelf to the general conceptions of reaſonable creatures; ſo that we frequently ſee the Apoſtates turning from their revolt towards the end of their lives,

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and employing the refuſe of their parts in promoting thoſe truths which they had before endeavoured to invalidate.

The hiſtory of a gentleman in France is very well known, who was ſo zealous a promoter of Infidelity, that he had got together a ſelect company of diſciples, and travelled into all parts of the kingdom to make converts. In the midſt of his fantaſtical ſucceſs he fell ſick, and was reclaimed to ſuch a ſenſe of his condition, that after he had paſſed ſome time in great agonies and horrors of mind, he begged thoſe who had the care of burying him, to dreſs his body in the habit of a capuchin, that the devil might not run away with it. And to do further juſtice upon himſelf, deſired them to tie an halter about his neck, as a mark of that ignominious puniſhment, which in his own thoughts he had ſo juſtly deſerved.

I would not have perſecution ſo far diſgraced, as to wiſh theſe vermin might be animadverted on by any legal penalties; though I think it would be highly reaſonable, that thoſe few of them who die in the profeſſions of their Infidelity, ſhould have ſuch tokens of infamy fixed upon them, as might diſtinguiſh thoſe bodies which are given up by the owners to oblivion and putrefaction, from thoſe which reſt in hope, and ſhall riſe in glory. But at the ſame time that I am againſt doing them the honour of the notice of our laws, which ought not

not to ſuppoſe there are ſuch criminals in being, I have often wondered, how they can be tolerated in any mixed converſations, while they are venting theſe abſurd opinions; and ſhould think, that if on any ſuch occaſions, half a dozen of the moſt robuſt Chriſtians in the company would lead one of theſe gentlemen to a pump, or convey him into a blanket, they would do very good ſervice both to church and ſtate. I do not know how the laws ſtand in this particular; but I hope, whatever knocks, bangs or thumps, might be given with ſuch an honeſt intention, would not be conſtrued as a breach of the peace. I dare ſay they would not be returned by the perſon who receives them; for whatever theſe fools may ſay in the vanity of their hearts, they are too wiſe to riſk their lives upon the uncertainty of their opinions.

When I was a young man about this town, I frequented the ordinary of the Black Horſe in Holbourn, where the perſon that uſually preſided at the table was a rough old-faſhioned gentleman, who according to the cuſtoms of thoſe times, had been the major and preacher of a regiment. It happened one day that a noiſy young officer, bred in France, was venting ſome new-fangled notions, and ſpeaking, in the gaiety of his humour, againſt the diſpenſations of Providence. The Major at firſt only deſired him to talk more reſpectfully of one for whom all the company had an honour; but finding

ing him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him after a more ſerious manner. Young man, ſaid he, do not abuſe your Benefactor whilſt you are eating his bread. Conſider whoſe air you breathe, whoſe preſence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very ſpeech which you make uſe of to his diſhonour. The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jeſt, aſked him if he was going to preach? But at the ſame time deſired him to take care what he ſaid when he ſpoke to a man of honour. A man of honour! ſays the Major; Thou art an Infidel and a blaſphemer, and I ſhall uſe thee as ſuch. In ſhort, the quarrel run ſo high, that the Major was deſired to walk out. Upon their coming into the garden, the old fellow adviſed his antagoniſt to conſider the place into which one paſs might drive him; but finding him grow upon him to a degree of ſcurrility, as believing the advice proceeded from fear: Sirrah, ſays he, if a thunderbolt does not ſtrike thee dead before I come at thee, I ſhall not fail to chaſtiſe thee for thy profaneneſs to thy Maker, and thy ſaucineſs to his ſervant. Upon this he drew his ſword, and cried out with a loud voice, 'The 'ſword of the Lord and of Gideon;' which ſo terrified his antagoniſt, that he was immediately diſarmed, and thrown upon his knees. In this poſture he begged his life; but the Major refuſed to grant it, before he had aſked pardon

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for his offence in a ſhort extemporary prayer, which the old gentleman dictated to him upon the ſpot, and which his proſelyte repeated after him in the preſence of the whole ordinary, that were now gathered about him in the garden.

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 135.

It is uſual with polemical writers to object ill deſigns to their adverſaries. This turns their argument into ſatire, which inſtead of ſhewing an error in the underſtanding, tends only to expoſe the morals of thoſe they write againſt. I ſhall not act after this manner with reſpect to the Free-Thinkers. Virtue, and the happineſs of ſociety, are the great ends which all men ought to promote, and ſome of that ſect would be thought to have at heart above the reſt of mankind. But ſuppoſing thoſe who make that profeſſion to carry on a good deſign in the ſimplicity of their hearts, and according to their beſt knowledge, yet it is much to be feared, thoſe well-meaning ſouls, while they endeavoured to recommend Virtue, have in reality been advancing the intereſts of Vice, which as I take to proceed from their ignorance of human nature, we may hope, when they become ſenſible of their miſtake, they will, in conſequence of that beneficent principle they pretend to act upon, reform their practice for the future.

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The ſages whom I have in my eye ſpeak of Virtue as the moſt amiable thing in the world; but at the ſame time that they extol her beauty, they take care to leſſen her portion. Such innocent creatures are they, and ſo great ſtrangers to the world, that they think this a likely method to increaſe the number of her admirers.

Virtue has in herſelf the moſt engaging charms; and Chriſtianity as it places her in the ſtrongeſt light, and adorned with all her native attractions, ſo it kindles a new fire in the ſoul, by adding to them the unutterable rewards which attend her votaries in an eternal ſtate. Or if there are men of a Saturnine and heavy complexion, who are not eaſily lifted up by hope, there is the proſpect of everlaſting puniſhments to agitate their ſouls, and frighten them into the practice of Virtue and an averſion from Vice.

Whereas your ſober Free-Thinkers tell you, that virtue indeed is beautiful, and vice deformed; the former deſerves your love, and the latter your abhorrence; but then, it is for their own ſake, or an account of the good and evil which immediately attend them, and are inſeparable from their reſpective natures. As for the immortality of the ſoul, or eternal puniſhments and rewards, thoſe are openly ridiculed, or rendered ſuſpicious by the moſt ſly and laboured artifice.

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I will not ſay, theſe men act treacherouſly in the cauſe of virtue; but will any one deny, that they act fooliſhly, who pretend to advance the intereſt of it by deſtroying or weakening the ſtrongeſt motives to it, which are accommodated to all capacities, and fitted to work on all diſpoſitions, and enforcing thoſe alone which can affect only a generous and exalted mind?

Surely they muſt be deſtitute of paſſion themſelves, and unacquainted with the force it hath on the minds of others, who can imagine that the mere beauty of fortitude, temperance and juſtice, is ſufficient to ſuſtain the mind of man in a ſevere courſe of ſelf-denial againſt all the temptations of preſent profit and ſenſuality.

It is my opinion the Free-Thinkers ſhould be treated as a ſet of poor ignorant creatures, that have not ſenſe to diſcover the excellency of religion; it being evident thoſe men are no witches, nor likely to be guilty of any deep deſign, who proclaim aloud to the world, that they have leſs motives to honeſty than the reſt of their fellow-ſubjects; who have all the inducements to the exerciſe of any virtue which a Free-Thinker can poſſibly have, and beſides the expectation of never ending happineſs or miſery as the conſequence of their choice.

Are not men actuated by their paſſions, and are not hope and fear the moſt powerful of our paſſions? And are there any objects which can rouſe and awaken our hopes and fears, like

thoſe proſpects that warm and penetrate the heart of a chriſtian, but are not regarded by a Free-Thinker?

It is not only a clear point, that a chriſtian breaks through ſtronger engagements whenever he ſurrenders himſelf to commit a criminal action, and is ſtung with a ſharper remorſe after it, than a Free-Thinker; but it ſhould even ſeem that a man who believes no future ſtate, would act a fooliſh part in being thoroughly honeſt. For what reaſon is there why ſuch a one ſhould poſtpone his own private intereſt or pleaſure to the doing his duty? If a chriſtian foregoes ſome preſent advantage for the ſake of his conſcience, he acts accountably, becauſe it is with a view of gaining ſome greater future good. But he that, having no ſuch view, ſhould yet conſcientiouſly deny himſelf a preſent good in any incident where he may ſave appearances, is altogether as ſtupid as he that would truſt him at ſuch a juncture.

It will, perhaps, be ſaid, that virtue is her own reward, that a natural gratification attends good actions, which is alone ſufficient to excite men to the performance of them. But although there is nothing more lovely than virtue, and the practice of it is the ſureſt way to ſolid, natural happineſs, even in this life; yet titles, eſtates, and fantaſtical pleaſures, are more ardently ſought after by moſt men, than the natural gratifications of a reaſonable mind; and

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it cannot be denied, that virtue and innocence are not always the readieſt methods to attain that ſort of happineſs. Beſides, the fumes of paſſion muſt be allayed, and reaſon muſt burn brighter than ordinary, to enable men to ſee and reliſh all the native beauties and delights of a virtuous life. And though we ſhould grant our Free-Thinkers to be a ſet of refined ſpirits, capable only of being enamoured of virtue, yet what would become of the bulk of mankind who have groſs underſtandings, but lively ſenſes and ſtrong paſſions? What a deluge of luſt, and fraud and violence would in a little time overflow the whole nation, if theſe wiſe advocates for Morality were univerſally hearkened to? Laſtly, Opportunities do ſometimes offer in which a man may wickedly make his fortune, or indulge a pleaſure, without fear of temporal damage, either in reputation, health or fortune. In ſuch caſes what reſtraint do they lie under who have no regards beyond the grave? the inward compunctions of a wicked, as well as the joys of an upright mind, being grafted on the ſenſe of another ſtate.

The thought, 'that our exiſtence terminates 'with this life,' doth naturally check the ſoul in any generous purſuit, contract her views, and fix them on temporary and ſelfiſh ends. It dethrones the reaſon, extinguiſhes all noble and heroic ſentiments, and ſubjects the mind to the ſlavery of every preſent paſſion. The wiſe

Heathens of antiquity were not ignorant of this; hence they endeavoured by fables and conjectures, and the glimmerings of nature, to poſſeſs the minds of men with the belief of a future ſtate, which has been ſince brought to light by the goſpel, and is now moſt inconſiſtently decryed by a few weak men, who would have us believe that they promote virtue by turning religion into ridicule.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 55.

FRIENDSHIP.

ONE would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and ſubjects would be ſtarted in diſcourſe; but inſtead of this, we find that converſation is never ſo much ſtraitned and confined as in numerous aſſemblies. When a multitude meet together upon any ſubject of diſcourſe, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general poſitions; nay, if we come into a more contracted aſſembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, faſhions, news, and the like public topics. In proportion, as converſation gets into clubs and knots of friends, it deſcends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: But the moſt open, inſtructive, and unreſerved diſcourſe, is that which paſſes between

tween two perſons who are familiar and intimate friends. On theſe occaſions, a man gives a looſe to every paſſion and every thought that is uppermoſt, diſcovers his moſt retired opinions of perſons and things, tries the beauty and ſtrength of his ſentiments, and expoſes his whole ſoul to the examination of his friend.

Tully was the firſt who obſerved, that Friendſhip improves happineſs and abates miſery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the Eſſayers upon Friendſhip, that have written ſince his time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely deſcribed other advantages, or, as he calls them, Fruits of Friendſhip; and indeed there is no ſubject of morality which has been better handled and more exhauſted than this. Among the ſeveral fine things which have been ſpoken of it, I ſhall beg leave to quote ſome out of a very ancient author, whoſe book would be regarded by our modern wits as one of the moſt ſhining tracts of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a Confucius, or of any celebrated Grecian Philoſopher: I mean the little Apocryphal Treatiſe, entitled, 'The Wiſdom of the Son of Sirach.' How finely has he deſcribed the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behaviour? And laid down that precept which a late excellent author has delivered as his own, 'That 'we ſhould have many well-wiſhers, but few

'friends.' 'Sweet language will multiply 'friends; and a fair ſpeaking tongue will in-'creaſe kind greetings. Be in peace with ma-'ny, nevertheleſs have but one counſellor of a 'thouſand.' With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends? And with what ſtrokes of nature (I could almoſt ſay of humour) has he deſcribed the behaviour of a treacherous and ſelf-intereſted friend? 'If 'thou wouldſt get a friend, prove him firſt, 'and be not haſty to credit him: For ſome 'man is a friend for his own occaſion, and 'will not abide in the day of thy trouble. 'And there is a friend, who being turned to 'enmity and ſtrife, will diſcover thy reproach.' Again, 'Some friend is a companion at the 'table, and will not continue in the day of thy 'affliction: But in thy proſperity he will be as 'thyſelf, and will be bold over thy ſervants. 'If thou be brought low he will be againſt 'thee, and hide himſelf from thy face.' What can be more ſtrong and pointed than the following verſe? 'Separate thyſelf from thine 'enemies, and take heed of thy friends.' In the next words he particularizes one of thoſe fruits of Friendſhip which is deſcribed at length by the two famous authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general elogium of Friendſhip, which is very juſt as well as very ſublime. 'A 'faithful friend is a ſtrong defence; and he 'that hath found ſuch a one, hath found a 'treaſure.

'treaſure. Nothing doth countervail a faith-
'ful friend, and his excellency is unvaluable.
'A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and
'they that fear the Lord ſhall find him.
'Whoſo feareth the Lord ſhall direct his
'Friendſhip aright; for as he is, ſo ſhall his
'neighbour (that is his friend) be alſo.' I do not remember to have met with any ſaying that has pleaſed me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to expreſs the efficacy of Friendſhip in healing the pains and anguiſh which naturally cleave to our exiſtence in this world; and am wonderfully pleaſed with the turn in the laſt ſentence, That a virtuous man ſhall, as a bleſſing, meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himſelf. There is another ſaying in the ſame author, which would have been very much admired in an Heathen Writer; 'Forſake not an old friend, for the new is not
'comparable to him: A new friend is as new
'wine; when it is old thou ſhalt drink it with
'pleaſure.' With what ſtrength of alluſion, and force of thought, has he deſcribed the breaches and violations of Friendſhip? 'Who-
'ſo caſteth a ſtone at the birds frayeth them
'away; and he that upbraideth his friend,
'breaketh Friendſhip. Though thou draweſt
'a ſword at a friend yet deſpair not, for there
'may be a returning to favour: If thou haſt
'opened thy mouth againſt thy friend fear not,
'for there may be a reconciliation; except for
'upbraiding

'upbraiding, or pride, or diſcloſing of ſecrets, 'or a treacherous wound; for, for theſe things 'every friend will depart.' We may obſerve in this and ſeveral other precepts in this author, thoſe little familiar inſtances and illuſtrations which are ſo much admired in the moral writings of Horace and Epictetus. There are very beautiful inſtances of this nature in the following paſſages, which are likewiſe written upon the ſame ſubject: 'Whoſo diſcovereth ſecrets, 'loſeth his credit, and ſhall never find a friend 'to his mind. Love thy friend, and be faith-'ful unto him; but if thou bewrayeſt his ſe-'crets, follow no more after him: For as a 'man hath deſtroyed his enemy, ſo haſt thou 'loſt the love of thy friend; as one that letteth a 'bird go out of his hand, ſo haſt thou let thy 'friend go, and ſhall not get him again: Fol-'low after him no more, for he is too far off; 'he is as a roe eſcaped out of the ſnare. As 'for a wound it may be bound up, and after 'reviling there may be reconciliation; but he 'that bewrayeth ſecrets, is without hope.'

Among the ſeveral qualifications of a good friend, this wiſe man has very juſtly fingled out conſtancy and faithfulneſs as the principal: To theſe, others have added virtue, knowledge, diſcretion, equality in age and fortune, and as Cicero calls it, *Morum Comitas*, a pleaſantneſs of temper. If I were to give my opinion upon ſuch an exhauſted ſubject, I ſhould

ſhould join to theſe other qualifications certain æquability or evenneſs of behaviour. A man often contracts a Friendſhip with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a year's converſation; when on a ſudden ſome latent ill humour breaks out upon him, which he never diſcovered or ſuſpected at his firſt entering into an intimacy with him. There are ſeveral perſons who in ſome certain periods of their lives are inexpreſſibly agreeable, and in others as odious and deteſtable. Martial has given us a very pretty picture of one of this ſpecies in the following Epigram:

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum poſſum vivere, nec ſine te.
Epig. 47. l. 12.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt ſuch a touchy, teſty, pleaſant fellow;
Haſt ſo much wit, and mirth, and ſpleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a Friendſhip with one, who by theſe changes and viciſſitudes of humour is ſometimes amiable and ſometimes odious: And as moſt men are at ſome times in an admirable frame and diſpoſition of mind, it ſhould be one of the greateſt taſks of wiſdom to keep ourſelves well when we

we are ſo, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character. C.

SPECTATOR, Vol: I. No. 68.

I intend the paper for this day as a looſe eſſay upon Friendſhip, in which I ſhall throw my obſervations together without any ſet form, that I may avoid repeating what has been often ſaid on this ſubject.

'Friendſhip is a ſtrong and habitual inclination in two perſons to promote the good and happineſs of one another.' Though the pleaſures and advantages of Friendſhip have been largely celebrated by the beſt moral writers, and are conſidered by all as great ingredients of human happineſs, we very rarely meet with the practice of this virtue in the world.

Every man is ready to give in a long catalogue of thoſe virtues and good qualities he expects to find in the perſon of a friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourſelves.

Love and eſteem are the firſt principles of Friendſhip, which always is imperfect where either of theſe two is wanting.

As on the one hand, we are ſoon aſhamed of loving a man whom we cannot eſteem; ſo on the other, though we are truly ſenſible of a man's abilities, we can never raiſe ourſelves to the

the warmths of Friendſhip, without an affectionate good-will towards his perſon.

Friendſhip immediately baniſhes envy under all its diſguiſes. A man who can once doubt whether he ſhould rejoice in his friend's being happier than himſelf, may depend upon it that he is an utter ſtranger to this virtue.

There is ſomething in Friendſhip ſo very great and noble, that in thoſe fictitious ſtories which are invented to the honour of any particular perſon, the authors have thought it as neceſſary to make their hero a friend as a lover. Achilles has his Patroclus, and Æneas his Achates. In the firſt of theſe inſtances we may obſerve, for the reputation of the ſubject I am treating of, that Greece was almoſt ruined by the hero's love, but was preſerved by his Friendſhip.

The character of Achates ſuggeſts to us an obſervation we may often make on the intimacies of great men, who frequently chooſe their companions rather for the qualities of the heart than thoſe of the head, and prefer fidelity in an eaſy inoffenſive complying temper to thoſe endowments which make a much greater figure among mankind. I do not remember that Achates, who is repreſented as the firſt favourite, either gives his advice, or ſtrikes a blow through the whole Æneid.

A Friendſhip, which makes the leaſt noiſe, is very often moſt uſeful; for which reaſon I

ſhould

ſhould prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

Atticus, one of the beſt men of ancient Rome, was a very remarkable inſtance of what I am here ſpeaking. This extraordinary perſon, amidſt the civil wars of his country, when he ſaw the deſigns of all parties equally tended to the ſubverſion of liberty, by conſtantly preſerving the eſteem and affection of both the competitors, found means to ſerve his friends on either ſide: And while he ſent money to young Marius, whoſe father was declared an enemy of the common-wealth, he was himſelf one of Sylla's chief favourites, and always near that General.

During the war between Cæſar and Pompey, he ſtill maintained the ſame conduct. After the death of Cæſar, he ſent money to Brutus in his troubles, and did a thouſand good offices to Antony's wife and friends when that party ſeemed ruined. Laſtly, even in that bloody war between Antony and Auguſtus, Atticus ſtill kept his place in both their Friendſhips; inſomuch that the firſt, ſays Cornelius Nepos, whenever he was abſent from Rome in any part of the empire, writ punctually to him what he was doing, what he read, and whither he intended to go; and the latter gave him conſtantly an exact account of all his affairs.

A likeneſs of inclinations in every particular is ſo far from being requiſite to form a benevo-

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lence in two minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we ſhall find ſome of the firmeſt Friendſhips to have been contracted between perſons of different humours; the mind being often pleaſed with thoſe perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own accompliſhments. Beſides that a man in ſome meaſure ſupplies his own defects, and fancies himſelf at ſecond-hand poſſeſſed of thoſe good qualities and endowments, which are in the poſſeſſion of him who in the eye of the world is looked on as his *other ſelf*.

The moſt difficult province in Friendſhip is the letting a man ſee his faults and errors, which ſhould, if poſſible, be ſo contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him not ſo much to pleaſe ourſelves as for his own advantage. The reproaches therefore of a friend ſhould always be ſtrictly juſt, and not too frequent.

The violent deſire of pleaſing in the perſon reproved, may otherwiſe change into a deſpair of doing it, while he finds himſelf cenſured for faults he is not conſcious of. A mind that is ſoftened and humanized by Friendſhip, cannot bear frequent reproaches; either it muſt quite ſink under the oppreſſion, or abate conſiderably of the value and eſteem it had for him who beſtows them.

The proper buſineſs of Friendſhip is to inſpire life and courage; and a ſoul, thus ſupported, outdoes itſelf; whereas if it be unexpectedly deprived of theſe ſuccours, it droops and languiſhes.

We are in ſome meaſure more inexcuſable if we violate our duties to a friend, than to a relation; ſince the former ariſe from a voluntary choice, the latter from a neceſſity to which we could not give our own conſent.

As it has been ſaid on one ſide, that a man ought not to break with a faulty friend, that he may not expoſe the weakneſs of his choice; it will doubtleſs hold much ſtronger, with reſpect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having loſt ſo valuable a treaſure which was once in his poſſeſſion. X

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 385.

FUTURE STATE.

THE deſire of knowing future events, is one of the ſtrongeſt inclinations in the mind of man. Indeed an ability of foreſeeing probable accidents is what, in the language of men, is called Wiſdom and Prudence: But, not ſatisfied with the light that reaſon holds out, mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiouſly into futurity, magic, oracles, omens, lucky hours, and the various arts of ſuperſtition

ſuperſtition owe their riſe to this powerful cauſe. As this principle is founded in ſelf-love, every man is ſure to be ſolicitous in the firſt place about his own fortune, the courſe of his life, and the time and manner of his death.

If we conſider that we are free agents, we ſhall diſcover the abſurdity of ſuch enquiries. One of our actions, which we might have performed or neglected, is the cauſe of another that ſucceeds it, and ſo the whole chain of life is linked together. Pain, poverty, or infamy, are the natural product of vicious and imprudent acts; as the contrary bleſſings are of good ones; ſo that we cannot ſuppoſe our lot to be determined without impiety. A great enchantment of pleaſure ariſes from its being unexpected; and pain is doubled by being foreſeen. Upon all theſe, and ſeveral other accounts, we ought to reſt ſatisfied in this portion beſtowed on us; to adore the hand that hath fitted every thing to our nature, and hath not more diſplayed his goodneſs in our knowledge than in our ignorance.

It is not unworthy our obſervation, that ſuperſtitious enquiries into future events prevail more or leſs, in proportion to the improvement of liberal arts and uſeful knowledge in the ſeveral parts of the world. Accordingly we find, that magical incantations remain in Lapland; in the more remote parts of Scotland they have their ſecond-ſight, and ſeveral of our country-

men have ſeen abundance of fairies. In Aſia this credulity is ſtrong; and the greateſt part of refined learning there conſiſts in the knowledge of amulets, taliſmans, occult numbers, and the like.

When I was at Grand Cairo, I fell into the acquaintance of a good-natured Muſſelman, who promiſed me many good offices, which he deſigned to do me when he became the Prime Miniſter, which was a fortune beſtowed on his imagination by a Doctor very deep in the curious ſciences. At his repeated ſolicitations I went to learn my deſtiny of this wonderful ſage. For a ſmall ſum I had his promiſe, but was deſired to wait in a dark apartment till he had run through the preparatory ceremonies. Having a ſtrong propenſity, even then, to dreaming, I took a nap upon the ſofa where I was placed, and had the following viſion, the particulars whereof I picked up the other day among my papers.

I found myſelf in an unbounded plain, where methought the whole world, in ſeveral habits and with different tongues, was aſſembled. The multitude glided ſwiftly along, and I found in myſelf a ſtrong inclination to mingle in the train. My eyes quickly ſingled out ſome of the moſt ſplendid figures. Several in rich caftans and glittering turbans buſtled through the throng, and trampled over the bodies of thoſe they threw down; till to my great ſurprize I found that

that the great pace they went only haſtened them to a ſcaffold or a bowſtring. Many beautiful damſels on the other ſide moved forward with great gaiety; ſome danced till they fell all along; and others painted their faces 'till they loſt their noſes. A tribe of creatures with buſy looks falling into a fit of laughter at the misfortunes of the unhappy ladies, I turned my eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his pockets with gold and jewels, and when there was no room left for more, theſe wretches looking round with fear and horror, pined away before my face with famine and diſcontent.

This proſpect of human miſery ſtruck me dumb for ſome minutes. Then it was that, to diſburden my mind, I took pen and ink, and did every thing that hath ſince happened under my office of SPECTATOR. While I was employing myſelf for the good of mankind, I was ſurprized to meet with very unſuitable returns from my fellow-creatures. Never was poor Author ſo beſet with Pamphleteers, who ſometimes marched directly againſt me, but oftner ſhot at me from ſtrong bulwarks, or roſe up ſuddenly in ambuſh. They were of all characters and capacities, ſome with enſigns of dignity, and others in liveries; but what moſt ſurprized me, was to ſee two or three in black gowns among my enemies. It was no ſmall trouble to me, ſometimes to have a man come up to me with an angry face, and reproach me

for having lampooned him, when I had never ſeen or heard of him in my life. With the ladies it was otherwiſe: Many became my enemies for not being particularly pointed out; as there were others who reſented the ſatire which they imagined I had directed againſt them. My great comfort was in the company of half a dozen friends, who, I found ſince, were the club which I have ſo often mentioned in my papers. I laughed often at Sir Roger in my ſleep, and was the more diverted with Will Honeycomb's gallantries, (when we afterwards became acquainted) becauſe I had foreſeen his marriage with a farmer's daughter. The regret which aroſe in my mind upon the death of my companions, my anxieties for the public, and the many calamities ſtill fleeting before my eyes, made me repent my curioſity when the magician entered the room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was juſt going to begin.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 604.

In compaſſion to thoſe gloomy mortals, who by their unbelief are rendered incapable of feeling thoſe impreſſions of joy and hope, which the celebration of the late glorious feſtival naturally leaves on the mind of a Chriſtian, I ſhall in this paper endeavour to evince that there are grounds to expect a future ſtate, without ſuppoſing in the reader any faith at all, not

not even the belief of a Deity. Let the moſt ſtedfaſt unbeliever open his eyes, and take a ſurvey of the ſenſible world, and then ſay if there be not a connexion, and adjuſtment, and exact and conſtant order diſcoverable in all the parts of it. Whatever be the cauſe, the thing itſelf is evident to all our faculties. Look into the animal ſyſtem, the paſſions, ſenſes, and locomotive powers? is not the like contrivance and propriety obſervable in theſe two? Are they not fitted to certain ends, and are they not by nature directed to proper objects.

Is it poſſible then that the ſmalleſt bodies ſhould, by a management ſuperior to the wit of man, be diſpoſed in the moſt excellent manner agreeable to their reſpective natures; and yet the ſpirits or ſouls of men be neglected, or managed by ſuch rules as fall ſhort of man's underſtanding? Shall every other paſſion be rightly placed by nature, and ſhall that appetite of immortality, natural to all mankind, be alone miſplaced, or deſigned to be fruſtrated? Shall the induſtrious application of the inferior animal powers in the meaneſt vocations be anſwered by the ends we propoſe, and ſhall not the generous efforts of a virtuous mind be rewarded? In a word, ſhall the corporeal world be all order and harmony, the intellectual diſcord and confuſion? He who is bigot enough to believe theſe things muſt bid adieu to that natural rule, 'of reaſoning from analogy;' muſt

muſt run counter to that maxim of common ſenſe, 'That men ought to form their judg-'ments of things unexperienced from what 'they have experienced.'

If any thing looks like a recompence of calamitous virtue on this ſide the grave, it is either an aſſurance that thereby we obtain the favour and protection of Heaven, and ſhall, whatever befals us in this, in another life meet with a juſt return: or elſe that applauſe and reputation, which is thought to attend virtuous actions. The former of theſe, our Free-Thinkers, out of their ſingular wiſdom and benevolence to mankind, endeavour to eraze from the minds of men. The latter can never be juſtly diſtributed in this life, where ſo many ill actions are reputable, and ſo many good actions diſeſteemed or miſinterpreted; where ſubtle hypocriſy is placed in the moſt engaging light, and modeſt virtue lies concealed; where the heart and the the ſoul are hid from the eyes of men, and the eyes of men are dimmed and vitiated. Plato's ſenſe in relation to this point is contained in his Georgias, where he introduces Socrates ſpeaking after this manner.

'It was in the reign of Saturn provided by a 'law, which the gods have ſince continued 'down to this time, that they who had liv-'ed virtuouſly and piouſly upon earth, ſhould 'after death enjoy a life full of happineſs, in 'certain iſlands appointed for the habitation of 'the

'the bleſſed: But that ſuch as had lived wic-
'kedly, ſhould go into the receptacle of
'damned ſouls, named Tartarus, there to ſuf-
'fer the puniſhments they deſerved. But in
'all the reign of Saturn, and in the beginning
'of the reign of Jove, living judges were ap-
'pointed, by whom each perſon was judged in
'his life-time in the ſame day on which he was
'to die. The conſequence of which was,
'that they often paſſed wrong judgments.
'Pluto, therefore, who preſided in Tartarus,
'and the guardians of the bleſſed iſlands, find-
'ing that on the other ſide many unfit perſons
'were ſent to their reſpective dominions, com-
'plained to Jove, who promiſed to redreſs the
'evil. He added, the reaſon of theſe unjuſt
'proceedings are that men are judged in the
'body. Hence many conceal the blemiſhes
'and imperfections of their minds by beauty,
'birth and riches; not to mention, that at the
'time of trial there are crowds of witneſſes
'to atteſt their having lived well. Theſe
'things miſlead the judges, who being them-
'ſelves alſo of the number of the living, are
'ſurrounded each with his own body, as with
'a veil thrown over his mind. For the fu-
'ture, therefore, it is my intention that men
'do not come on their trial till after death,
'when they ſhall appear before the Judge, diſ-
'robed of all their corporeal ornaments. The
'Judge himſelf too ſhall be a pure unveiled
'ſpirit,

'ſpirit, beholding the very ſoul, the naked 'ſoul of the party before him. With this 'view I have already conſtituted my ſons, 'Minus and Rhodomanthus, Judges, who are 'natives of Aſia; and Æacus, a native of Eu-'rope. Theſe, after death, ſhall hold their 'court in a certain meadow, from which there 'are two roads, leading the one to Tartarus, 'the other to the iſlands of the Bleſſed.'

From this, as from numberleſs other paſſages of his writings, may be ſeen Plato's opinion of a future ſtate. A thing therefore in regard to us ſo comfortable, in itſelf ſo juſt and excellent, a thing ſo agreeable to the analogy of nature, and ſo univerſally credited by all orders and ranks of men, of all nations and ages, what is it that ſhould move a few men to reject? Surely there muſt be ſomething of prejudice in the caſe. I appeal to the ſecret thoughts of a Free-Thinker, if he does not argue within himſelf after this manner: The ſenſes and faculties I enjoy at preſent are viſibly deſigned to repair, or preſerve the body from the injuries it is liable to in its preſent circumſtances. But in an eternal ſtate, where no decays are to be repaired, no outward injuries to be fenced againſt, where there are no fleſh and bones, nerves or blood-veſſels, there will certainly be none of the ſenſes; and that there ſhould be a ſtate of life without the ſenſes is inconceivable.

But

But as this manner of reaſoning proceeds from a poverty of imagination, and narrowneſs of ſoul in thoſe that uſe it, I ſhall endeavour to remedy thoſe defects, and open their views, by laying before them a caſe which, being naturally poſſible, may perhaps reconcile them to the belief of what is ſupernaturally revealed.

Let us ſuppoſe a perſon blind and deaf from his birth, who being grown to man's eſtate, is by the dead palſey, or ſome other cauſe, deprived of his feeling, taſting, and ſmelling, and at the ſame time has the impediment of his hearing removed, and the film taken from his eyes. What the five ſenſes are to us, that the touch, taſte and ſmell were to him. And any other ways of perception of a more refined and extenſive nature were to him as inconceivable, as to us thoſe are which will one day be adapted to perceive thoſe things which 'eye hath not 'ſeen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered 'into the heart of man to conceive.' And it would be juſt as reaſonable in him to conclude, that the loſs of thoſe three ſenſes could not poſſibly be ſucceeded by any new inlets of perception; as in a modern Free-Thinker to imagine there can be no ſtate of life and perception without the ſenſes he enjoys at preſent. Let us further ſuppoſe the ſame perſon's eyes, at their firſt opening, to be ſtruck with a great variety of the moſt gay and pleaſing objects, and his ears with a melodious concert of vocal and inſtrumental

inſtrumental muſic: Behold him amazed, raviſhed, tranſported; and you have ſome diſtant repreſentation, ſome faint and glimmering idea of the ecſtatic ſtate of the ſoul in that article in which ſhe emerges from this ſepulchre of fleſh into life and immortality.

GUARDIAN, VOL. I. No. 27.

GAMING.

SIR,

'AS ſoon as you have ſet up your unicorn, 'there is no queſtion but the ladies will 'make him puſh very furiouſly at the men; 'for which reaſon I think it is good to be be-'fore-hand with them, and make the lion roar 'aloud at female irregularities. Among 'theſe, I wonder how their gaming has ſo 'long eſcaped your notice. You who converſe 'with the ſober family of the Lizards, are 'perhaps a ſtranger to theſe viragos; but what 'would you ſay, ſhould you ſee the ſparkler 'ſhaking her elbow for a whole night together, 'and thumping the table with a dice-box? Or 'how would you like to hear the good widow-'lady herſelf returning to her houſe at mid-'night, and alarming the whole ſtreet with a 'moſt enormous rap, after having ſat up till 'that time at crimp or ombre? Sir, I am the 'huſband of one of theſe female gameſters,

'and

'and a great loſer by it both in my reſt and my 'pocket. As my wife reads your papers, one 'upon this ſubject might be of uſe both to her, 'and

Your humble ſervant.'

I ſhould ill deſerve the name of Guardian, did I not caution all my fair wards againſt a practice which, when it runs to exceſs, is the moſt ſhameful but one, that the female world can fall into. The ill conſequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I ſhall conſider them, firſt, as they relate to the mind. Secondly, as they relate to the body.

Could we look into the mind of a female gameſter, we ſhould ſee it full of nothing but trumps and mattodores. Her ſlumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her till the play-ſeaſon returns, when for half a dozen hours together all her faculties are employed in ſhuffling, cutting, dealing, and ſorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be diſcovered in a ſoul which calls itſelf rational, excepting little ſquare figures of painted and ſpotted paper. Was the underſtanding, that divine part in our compoſition, given for ſuch a uſe? Is it thus that we improve the greateſt talent human nature is endowed with? What would a ſuperior Being think, were he ſhown this intellectual fa-

culty in a female gameſter, and at the ſame time told that it was by this ſhe was diſtinguiſhed from brutes, and allied to angels?

When our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the ſtory I have lately heard of a new-born child that was *marked* with the five of clubs.

Their paſſions ſuffer no leſs by this practice than their underſtandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, ſorrow and diſcontent break out all at once in a fair aſſembly upon ſo noble an occaſion as that of turning up a card? Who can conſider without a ſecret indignation that all thoſe affections of the mind which ſhould be conſecrated to their children, huſbands, and parents, are thus vilely proſtituted and thrown away upon a hand at loo? For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I ſee a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from ſuch trivial motives: When I behold the face of an angel agitated and diſcompoſed by the heart of a fury.

Our minds are of ſuch a make that they naturally give themſelves up to every diverſion which they are much accuſtomed to, and we always find that play, when followed with aſſiduity, engroſſes the whole woman. She quickly grows uneaſy in her own family, takes but little pleaſure in all the domeſtic innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of pam than of her huſband. My friend Theophraſtus, the

the beſt of huſbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his wife's converſation. When ſhe returns to me with joy in her face, it does not ariſe, ſays he, from the ſight of her huſband, but from the good luck ſhe has had at cards. On the contrary, ſays he, if ſhe has been a loſer I am doubly a ſufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with every body, diſpleaſed with all I can do or ſay, and in reality for no other reaſon but becauſe ſhe has been throwing away my eſtate. What charming bedfellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with that chooſe their wives out of ſuch women of vogue and faſhion? What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes muſt we expect from mothers of this make?

I come in the next place to conſider the ill conſequences which gaming has on the bodies of our female adventurers. It is ſo ordered that almoſt every thing which corrupts the ſoul decays the body. The beauties of the face and mind are generally deſtroyed by the ſame means. This conſideration ſhould have a particular weight with the female world, who were deſigned to pleaſe the eye and attract the regards of the other half of the ſpecies. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table, and thoſe cutting paſſions which naturally attend them. Hollow

eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gameſter. Her morning ſleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half dead from baſſette, and have many a time grieved to ſee a perſon of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a ſpectre amidſt a glare of flambeaux. In ſhort, I never knew a thorough-paced female gameſter hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is ſtill another caſe in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play-debts muſt be paid in ſpecie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income pawns his eſtate; the woman muſt find out ſomething elſe to mortgage when her pin-money is gone: The huſband has his lands to diſpoſe of, the wife her perſon. Now when the female body is once dipp'd, if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my reader to conſider the conſequences.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 120.

GENTLEMAN.

A Gentleman has writ to me out of the country a very civil letter, and ſaid things which I ſuppreſs with great violence to my vanity. There are many terms in my narratives which

which he complains want explaining; and has therefore desired, that, for the benefit of my country readers, I would let him know what I mean by a gentleman, a pretty fellow, a toast, a coquet, a critic, a wit, and all other appellations of those who are now in possession of these several characters in the gayer world; together with an account of those who unfortunately pretend to them. I shall begin with him we usually call a gentleman, or man of conversation.

It is generally thought, that warmth of imagination, quick relish of pleasure, and a manner of becoming it, are the most essential qualities for forming this sort of man. But any one that is much in company will observe, that the height of good breeding is shewn rather in never giving offence, than in doing obliging things. Thus he that never shocks you, though he is seldom entertaining, is more likely to keep your favour, than he who often entertains, and sometimes displeases you. The most necessary talent therefore in a man of conversation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a fine gentleman, is a good judgment. He that has this, in perfection, is master of his companion, without letting him see it; and has the same advantage over men of any other qualifications whatsoever, as one that can see would have over a blind man of ten times his strength.

This is what makes Sophronius the darling of all who converſe with him, and the moſt powerful with his acquaintance of any man in town. By the light of this faculty he acts with great eaſe and freedom among the men of pleaſure, and acquits himſelf with ſkill and diſpatch among the men of buſineſs. All which he performs with ſuch ſucceſs, that, with as much diſcretion in life as any man ever had, he neither is, nor appears cunning. But if he does a good office, as he ever does it with readineſs and alacrity, ſo he denies what he does not care to engage in, in a manner that convinces you, that you ought not to have aſked it. His judgment is ſo good and unerring, and accompanied with ſo chearful a ſpirit, that his converſation is a continual feaſt, at which he helps ſome, and is helped by others, in ſuch a manner, that the equality of ſociety is perfectly kept up, and every man obliges as much as he is obliged: For it is the greateſt and juſteſt ſkill in a man of ſuperior underſtanding, to know how to be on a level with his companions. This ſweet diſpoſition runs through all the actions of Sophronious, and makes his company deſired by women, without being envied by men. Sophronious would be as juſt as he is, if there were no law, and would be as diſcreet as he is, if there were no ſuch thing as calumny.

In imitation of this agreeable being, is made that animal we call a pretty fellow; who being

ing juſt able to find out, what makes Sophronious acceptable, is a natural behaviour, in order to the ſame reputation, makes his own an artificial one. Jack Dimple is his perfect mimic, whereby he is of courſe the moſt unlike him of all men living. Sophronious juſt now paſſed into the inner room directly forward: Jack comes as faſt after as he can for the right and left looking-glaſs, in which he had but juſt approved himſelf by a nod at each, and marched on. He will meditate within for half an hour until he is not careleſs enough in his air, and come back to the mirror to recollect his forgetfulneſs.

TATLER, Vol. I. No. 21.

GOD.

SIMONIDES being aſked by Dionyſius the tyrant what God was, deſired a day's time to conſider of it before he made his reply. When the day was expired, he deſired two days; and afterwards, inſtead of returning his anſwer, demanded ſtill double time to conſider of it. This great poet and philoſopher, the more he contemplated the nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his depth; and that he loſt himſelf in the thought, inſtead of finding an end of it.

If

If we conſider the idea which wiſe men, by the light of reaſon, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this; that he has in him all the perfection of a ſpiritual nature; and ſince we have no notion of any kind of ſpiritual perfection but what we diſcover in our own ſouls, we join infinitude to each kind of theſe perfections, and what is a faculty in an human ſoul becomes an attribute in God. We exiſt in place and time, the Divine Being fills the immenſity of ſpace with his preſence, and inhabits eternity. We are poſſeſſed of a little power and a little knowledge, the Divine Being is almighty and omniſcient. In ſhort, by adding infinity to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all theſe different kinds of perfections in one Being, we form our idea of the great Sovereign of Nature.

Though every one who thinks muſt have made this obſervation, I ſhall produce Mr Locke's authority to the ſame purpoſe, out of his Eſſay on Human Underſtanding. 'If we 'examine the idea we have of the incompre-'henſible Supreme Being, we ſhall find, that 'we come by it the ſame way; and that the 'complex ideas we have both of God and ſe-'parate ſpirits, are made up of the ſimple 'ideas we receive from reflection, *v. g.* 'having from what we experiment in ourſelves, 'got the ideas of exiſtence and duration, of 'knowledge and power, of pleaſure and hap-

'pineſs

'pineſs, and of ſeveral other qualities and 'powers, which it is better to have than to be 'without; when we would frame an idea the 'moſt ſuitable we can to the Supreme Being, 'we enlarge every one of theſe with our idea 'of infinity; and ſo putting them together, 'make our complex idea of God.'

It is not impoſſible that there may be many kinds of ſpiritual perfection, beſides thoſe which are lodged in an human ſoul; but it is impoſſible that we ſhould have ideas of any kinds of perfection, except thoſe of which we have ſome ſmall rays and ſhort imperfect ſtrokes in ourſelves. It would be therefore a very high preſumption to determine whether the Supreme Being has not many more attributes than thoſe which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of ſpiritual perfection which is not marked out in an human ſoul, it belongs in its fulneſs to the Divine Nature.

Several eminent philoſophers have imagined that the ſoul, in her ſeparate ſtate, may have new faculties ſpringing up in her, which ſhe is not capable of exerting during her preſent union with the body; and whether theſe faculties may not correſpond with other attributes in the Divine Nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have ſaid before, we ought to acquieſce in, that the Sovereign

reign Being, the great Author of Nature, has in him all poſſible perfection, as well in kind as in degree; to ſpeak according to our methods of conceiving. I ſhall only add under this head, that when we have raiſed our notion of this infinite Being as high as it is poſſible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely ſhort of what he really is. 'There is no end of his 'greatneſs:' The moſt exalted creature he has made, is only capable of adoring it, none but himſelf can comprehend it.

The advice of the ſon of Sirach is very juſt and ſublime in this light. 'By his word all 'things conſiſt. We may ſpeak much, and yet 'come ſhort: Wherefore in ſum, he is all. 'How ſhall we be able to magnify him? For 'he is great above all his works. The Lord is 'terrible and very great; and marvellous in 'his power. When you glorify the Lord, ex-'alt him as much as you can; for even yet will 'he far exceed. And when you exalt him, 'put forth all your ſtrength, and be not weary; 'for you can never go far enough. Who hath 'ſeen him, that he might tell us? And who 'can magnify him as he is? There are yet hid 'greater things than theſe be, for we have 'ſeen but few of his works.'

I have here only conſidered the Supreme Being by the light of reaſon and philoſophy. If we would ſee him in all the wonders of his mercy we muſt have recourſe to revolation, which

which repreſents him to us, not only as infinitely great and glorious, but as infinitely good and juſt in his diſpenſations towards man. But as this is a theory which falls under every one's conſideration, tho' indeed it can be never ſufficiently conſidered, I ſhall here only take notice of that habitual worſhip and veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We ſhould often refreſh our minds with the thought of him, and annihilate ourſelves before him, in the contemplation of our own worthleſſneſs, and of his tranſcendent excellency and perfection. This would imprint in our minds ſuch a conſtant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of inceſſant prayer, and reaſonable humiliation of the ſoul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little ſeeds of pride, vanity, and ſelf-conceit, which are apt to ſhoot up in the minds of ſuch whoſe thoughts turn more on thoſe comparative advantages which they enjoy over ſome of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite diſtance which is placed between them and the ſupreme model of all perfection. It would likewiſe quicken our deſires and endeavours of uniting ourſelves to him by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the Supreme Being would, in a particular manner, baniſh from among

among us that prevailing impiety of uſing his name on the moſt trivial occaſions.

I find the following paſſage in an excellent ſermon, preached at the funeral of a gentleman who was an honour to his country, and a more diligent as well as ſucceſsful enquirer into the works of nature, than any other our nation has ever produced: 'He had the profoundeſt 'veneration for the great God of Heaven and 'earth that I have ever obſerved in any perſon. 'The very name of God was never mentioned 'by him without a pauſe, and a viſible ſtop in 'his diſcourſe; in which, one that knew him 'moſt particularly above twenty years, has told 'me, that he was ſo exact, that he does not re-'member to have obſerved him once to fail in 'it.'

Every one knows the veneration which was paid by the Jews to a name ſo great, wonderful, and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious diſcourſes. What can we then think of thoſe who make uſe of ſo tremendous a name in the ordinary expreſſions of their anger, mirth, and moſt impertinent paſſions? Of thoſe who admit it into the moſt familiar queſtions and aſſertions, ludicrous phraſes and works of humour? Not to mention thoſe who violate it by ſolemn perjuries? It would be an affront to reaſon to endeavour to ſet forth the horror and prophaneneſs of ſuch a practice. The very mention of it expoſes it ſufficiently to

thoſe

thoſe in whom the light of nature, not to ſay religion, is not utterly extinguiſhed. O

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 531.

SIR,

In your paper of Friday the 9th inſtant, you had occaſion to conſider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the ſame time, to ſhew, that as he is preſent to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its exiſtence; or, in other words, that his omniſcience and omnipreſence are coexiſtent, and run together through the whole infinitude of ſpace. This conſideration might furniſh us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this ſubject has been handled by ſeveral excellent writers, I ſhall conſider it in a light wherein I have not ſeen it placed by others.

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual being who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his preſence but ſuch as proceed from Divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving-kindneſs!

First, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which paſſes through it. The heavens and the earth, the ſtars and planets, move and graviate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the preſence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their reſpective qualities. The ſeveral inſtincts, in the brute creation, do likewiſe operate and work towards the ſeveral ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy Spirit, and is unattentive to his preſence, receives none of thoſe advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and neceſſary to his well-being. The divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the ſame thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impoſſible for an infinite Being to remove himſelf from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his eſſence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and conſolations of it. His preſence may perhaps be neceſſary to ſupport us in our exiſtence; but he may leave

leave this our exiſtence to itſelf, with regard to its happineſs or miſery. For, in this ſenſe, he may caſt us away from his preſence, and take his holy Spirit from us. This ſingle conſideration one would think ſufficient to make us open our hearts to all thoſe infuſions of joy and gladneſs which are ſo near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; eſpecially when we conſider, *Secondly*, The deplorable condition of an intellectual being who feels no other effects from his Maker's preſence, but ſuch as proceed from Divine wrath and indignation!

We may aſſure ourſelves, that the Great Author of Nature will not always be as one, who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Thoſe who will not feel him in his love, will be ſure at length to feel him in his diſpleaſure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only ſenſible of the being of his Creator by what he ſuffers from him! He is as eſſentially preſent in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of thoſe accurſed places behold him only in his wrath, and ſhrink within the flames to conceal themſelves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incenſed.

But I ſhall only conſider the wretchedneſs of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lies under the diſpleaſure of him, that at all times and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to diſquiet the ſoul, and vex it in all

its faculties. He can hinder any of the greateſt comforts of life from refreſhing us, and give an edge to every one of its ſlighteſt calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an outcaſt from his preſence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expoſtulation of Job, when, for the trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himſelf in this deplorable condition! 'Why haſt thou ſet me as a 'mark againſt thee, ſo that I am become a 'burden to myſelf?' But *Thirdly*, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving-kindneſs.

The bleſſed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as ſenſible of his preſence as we are of the preſence of any perſon whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtleſs a faculty in ſpirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our ſenſes do material objects; and there is no queſtion but our ſouls when they are diſembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of ſpace they reſide, be always ſenſible of the Divine preſence. We, who have this veil of fleſh ſtanding between us and the world of Spirits, muſt be content to know that the Spirit of God is preſent with us, by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward ſenſes are too groſs to apprehend him; we may however taſte and

ſee

ſee how gracious he is by his influence upon our minds, by thoſe virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by thoſe ſecret comforts and refreſhments which he conveys into our ſouls, and by thoſe raviſhing joys and inward ſatisfactions which are perpetually ſpringing up, and diffuſing themſelves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very eſſence, and is as a ſoul within the ſoul, to irradiate its underſtanding, rectify its will, purify its paſſions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who, by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own ſoul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and ſupport within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midſt of all thoſe horrors which encompaſs him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing elſe can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midſt of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whiſpers better things within his ſoul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepeſt ſolitude and retirement he knows that he is in company with the greateſt of beings; and perceives within himſelf ſuch real ſenſations of his

preſence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the converſation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he conſiders the pains of his diſſolution to be nothing elſe but the breaking down of that partition, which ſtands betwixt his ſoul, and the ſight of that Being, who is always preſent with him, and is about to manifeſt itſelf to him in fulneſs of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus ſenſible of our Maker's preſence, from the ſecret effects of his mercy and goodneſs, we muſt keep ſuch a watch over all our thoughts, that, in the language of the ſcripture, his ſoul may have pleaſure in us. We muſt take care not to grieve his holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his ſight, that he may delight thus to reſide and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable paſſage among his epiſtles; *Sacer ineſt in nobis Spiritus bonorum malorumque cuſtos & obſervator, & quemadmodum nos illium tractamus, ita & ille nos.* 'There is a holy Spirit reſiding in us, 'who watches and obſerves both good and evil 'men, and will treat us after the ſame man-'ner that we treat him.' But I ſhall conclude this diſcouſe with thoſe more emphatical words in Divine Revelation, 'If a man love me, he 'will keep my words; and my Father will 'love

'love him, and we will come unto him, and 'make our abode with him.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 571.

I had this morning a very valuable and kind preſent ſent me, of a tranſlated work of a moſt excellent foreign writer, who makes a very conſiderable figure in the learned and Chriſtian world. It is entitled, 'A Demonſtration of 'the Exiſtence, Wiſdom and Omnipotence of 'God,' drawn from the knowledge of nature, particularly of man, and fitted to the meaneſt capacity, by the Archbiſhop of Cambray, author of Telemachus, and tranſlated from the French by the ſame hand that engliſhed that excellent piece. This great author, in the writings which he has before produced, has manifeſted an heart full of virtuous ſentiments, great benevolence to mankind, as well as a ſincere and fervent piety towards his Creator. His talents and parts are a very great good to the world, and it is a pleaſing thing to behold the polite arts ſubſervient to religion, and recommending it from its natural beauty. Looking over the letters of my correſpondents, I find one which celebrates this treatiſe, and recommends it to my readers.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'I think I have ſomewhere read, in the 'writings of one whom I take to be a friend of 'yours,

'yours, a saying which struck me very much,
'and as I remember it was to this purpose:
'The existence of a God is so far from being
'a thing that wants to be proved, that I think
'it the only thing of which we are certain.
'This is a sprightly and just expression; how-
'ever, I dare say, you will not be displeased
'that I put you in mind of saying something on
'the demonstration of the Bishop of Cambray.
'A man of his talents views all things in a light
'different from that in which ordinary men see
'them, and the devout disposition of his soul
'turns all those talents to the improvement of
'the pleasures of a good life. His stile clothes
'philosophy in a dress almost poetic, and his
'readers enjoy in full perfection the advantage,
'while they are reading him, of being what
'he is. The pleasing representation of the
'animal powers in the beginning of his work,
'and his consideration of the nature of man
'with the addition of reason, in the subsequent
'discourse, impresses upon the mind a strong
'satisfaction in itself, and gratitude towards
'him who bestowed that superiority over the
'brute world. These thoughts had such an
'effect upon the author himself, that he has
'ended his discourse with a prayer. This
'adoration has a sublimity in it, befitting his
'character, and the emotions of his heart flow
'from wisdom and knowledge. I thought it
'would be proper for a Saturday's paper,

'and

'and have tranſlated it, to make you a preſent 'of it. I have not, as the tranſlator was 'obliged to do, confined myſelf to an exact 'verſion from the original, but have endea-'voured to expreſs the ſpirit of it, by taking 'the liberty to render his thoughts in ſuch a 'way as I ſhould have uttered them if they had 'been my own. It has been obſerved, that 'the private letters of great men are the beſt 'pictures of their ſouls, but certainly their 'private devotions would be ſtill more inſtruc-'tive, and I know not why they ſhould not be 'as curious and entertaining.

'If you inſert this prayer, I know not but I 'may ſend you, for another occaſion, one uſed 'by a very great wit of the laſt age, which has 'alluſions to the errors of a very wild life, and 'I believe you will think this written with an 'uncommon ſpirit. The perſon whom I mean 'was an excellent writer, and the publication 'of this prayer of his may be, perhaps, ſome 'kind of antidote againſt the infection in his 'other writings. But this ſupplication of the 'Biſhop has in it a more happy and un-'troubled Spirit; it is (if that is not ſaying 'ſomething too fond) the worſhip of an angel 'concerned for thoſe who had fallen, but 'himſelf ſtill in the ſtate of glory and inno-'cence. The book ends with an act of devo-'tion, to this effect:

'O my

'O my God, if the greater number of mankind do not diſcover thee in that glorious ſhow 'of nature which thou haſt placed before our 'eyes, it is not becauſe thou art far from every 'one of us; thou art preſent to us more than 'any object which we touch with our hands; 'but our ſenſes, and the paſſions which they 'produce in us, turn our attention from thee. 'Thy light ſhines in the midſt of darkneſs, but 'the darkneſs comprehends it not. Thou, O 'Lord, doſt every where diſplay thyſelf. 'Thou ſhineſt in all thy works, but art not 'regarded by heedleſs and unthinking man. 'The whole creation talks aloud of thee, and 'echos with the repetitions of thy holy name. 'But ſuch is our inſenſibility, that we are deaf 'to the great and univerſal voice of nature. 'Thou art every where about us, and within 'us; but we wander from ourſelves, become 'ſtrangers to our own ſouls, and do not appre'hend thy preſence. O thou who art the 'eternal fountain of light and beauty, who art 'the ancient of days, without beginning and 'without end; O thou, who art the life of all 'that truly live, thoſe can never fail to find 'thee, who ſeek for thee within themſelves. 'But alas, the very gifts which thou beſtoweſt 'upon us, do ſo employ our thoughts, that 'they hinder us from perceiving the hand 'which conveys them to us. We live by thee, 'and yet we live without thinking on thee, but,

'O Lord,

'O Lord, what is life in the ignorance of thee? 'A dead unactive piece of matter, a flower 'that withers, a river that glides away, a pa-'lace that haſtens to its ruin, a picture made 'up of fading colours, a maſs of ſhining ore, 'ſtrike our imaginations, and make us ſenſible 'of their exiſtence. We regard them as ob-'jects capable of giving us pleaſure, not conſi-'dering that thou conveyeſt through them all 'the pleaſure which we imagine they give us. 'Such vain empty objects that are only the ſha-'dows of being, are proportioned to our low 'and grovelling thoughts. That beauty which 'thou haſt poured out on thy creation, is as a 'veil which hides thee from our eyes. As 'thou art a Being too pure and exalted to paſs 'through our ſenſes, thou art not regarded by 'men, who have debaſed their nature, and 'have made themſelves like the beaſts that pe-'riſh. So infatuated are they, that, notwith-'ſtanding they know what is wiſdom and vir-'tue, which have neither ſound, nor colour, 'nor ſmell, nor taſte, nor figure, nor any other 'ſenſible quality, they can doubt of thy exiſt-'ence, becauſe thou art not apprehended by 'the groſſer organs of ſenſe. Wretches that 'we are! we conſider ſhadows as realities, and 'truth as a phantom. That which is nothing 'is all to us, and that which is all appears to 'us nothing. What do we ſee in all nature 'but thee, O my God! Thou, and only thou,

'appeareſt

'appeareſt in every thing. When I conſider 'thee, O Lord, I am ſwallowed up and loſt 'in contemplation of thee. Every thing be-'ſides thee, even my own exiſtence, vaniſhes 'and diſappears in the contemplation of thee. 'I am loſt to myſelf, and fall into nothing, 'when I think on thee. The man who does 'not ſee thee, has beheld nothing; he who 'does not taſte thee, has a reliſh of nothing. 'His being is vain, and his life but a dream. 'Set up thyſelf, O Lord, ſet up thyſelf that 'we may behold thee. As wax conſumes be-'fore the fire, and as the ſmoke is driven 'away, ſo let thine enemies vaniſh out of thy 'preſence. How unhappy is that ſoul who, 'without the ſenſe of thee, has no God, no 'hope, no comfort to ſupport him? but how 'happy the man who ſearches, ſighs and thirſts 'after thee! But he only is fully happy on 'whom thou lifteſt up the light of thy counte-'nance, whoſe tears thou haſt wiped away, 'and who enjoys in thy loving-kindneſs the 'completion of all his deſires. How long, 'how long, O Lord, ſhall I wait for that day, 'when I ſhall poſſeſs in thy preſence, fulneſs 'of joy and pleaſures for evermore? O my 'God, in this pleaſing hope, my bones rejoice 'and cry out, who is like unto thee! My 'heart melts away, and my ſoul faints within 'me, when I look up to thee who art the

'God

'God of my life, and my portion to all eter-
'nity.'

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 69.

I will make no apology for preferring this letter, and the extract following, to any thing elſe which I could poſſibly inſert.

SIR, *Cambridge, May* 31.

'You having been pleaſed to take notice of
'what you conceived excellent in ſome of our
'Engliſh divines, I have here preſumed to ſend
'a ſpecimen, which, if I am not miſtaken,
'may, for acuteneſs of judgment, ornament
'of ſpeech, and true ſublime, compare with
'any of the choiceſt writings of the ancient fa-
'thers or doctors of the church, who lived
'neareſt to the apoſtles times. The ſubject is
'no leſs than that of God himſelf; and the de-
'ſign, beſides doing ſome honour to our own
'nation, is to ſhew, by a freſh example, to
'what a height and ſtrength of thought a per-
'ſon, who appears not to be by nature endued
'with the quickeſt parts, may arrive through
'a ſincere and ſteady practice of the Chriſtian
'Religion, I mean, as taught and adminiſtred
'in the church of England: Which will, at
'the ſame time, prove that the force of ſpiri-
'tual aſſiſtance is not at all abated by length of
'time, or the iniquity of mankind; but that if
'men were not wanting to themſelves, and
'(as our excellent author ſpeaks) could but be

'perſuaded to conform to our churches rules, 'they might ſtill live as the primitive Chriſti-'ans did, and come ſhort of none of thoſe emi-'nent ſaints for virtue and holineſs. The au-'thor from whom this collection is made, is 'Biſhop Beveridge, vol. 2. ſerm. i.

Philotheus.'

In treating upon that paſſage in the book of Exodus, where Moſes being ordered to lead the children of Iſrael out of Egypt, he aſked God what name he ſhould mention him by to that people, in order to diſpoſe them to obey him; and God anſwered, 'I Am that I Am;' and bade him tell them, 'I Am hath ſent me 'unto you:' The admirable author thus diſ-courſes; 'God having been pleaſed to reveal 'himſelf to us under this name or title, I Am 'that I Am, he thereby ſuggeſts to us, that he 'would not have us apprehend of him, as of 'any particular or limited being, but as a 'Being in general, or the Being of all Beings; 'who giveth being to, and therefore exerciſ-'eth authority over all things in the world. 'He did not anſwer Moſes, I am the great, 'the living, the true, the everlaſting God; he 'not did ſay, I Am the Almighty creator, pre-'ſerver and governor of the whole world, but 'I Am that I Am: Intimating, that if Moſes 'deſired ſuch a name of God as might fully de-'ſcribe his nature as in itſelf, that is a thing 'impoſſible,

'impoſſible, there being no words to be found 'in any language, whereby to expreſs the glo- 'ry of an infinite being, eſpecially ſo as that 'finite creatures ſhould be able fully to con- 'ceive it. Yet, however, in theſe words he 'is pleaſed to acquaint us what kind of thoughts 'he would have us entertain of him: Inſo- 'much, that could we but rightly apprehend 'what is couched under and intended by them, 'we ſhould doubtleſs have as high and true 'conceptions of God as it is poſſible for crea- 'tures to have.'——The anſwer given ſuggeſts farther to us theſe following notions of the moſt-high God. 'Firſt, that he is one Being, 'exiſting in and of himſelf: His unity is im- 'plied in that he ſaith I; his exiſtence in that 'he ſaith, I am; his exiſtence in and of him- 'ſelf, in that he ſaith, I Am that I Am, that 'that is, I am in and of myſelf, not receiving 'any thing from, nor depending upon any 'other——The ſame expreſſion implies, that 'as God is only one, ſo that he is a moſt pure 'and ſimple Being; for here, we ſee, he ad- 'mits nothing into the manifeſtation of himſelf 'but pure eſſence, ſaying, I Am that I Am, 'that is, being itſelf, without any mixture, or 'compoſition. And therefore we muſt not 'conceive of God, as made up of ſeveral parts, 'or faculties, or ingredients, but only as one, 'who is that he is, and whatſoever is in him 'is himſelf: And although we read of ſeveral

'properties attributed to him in Scripture, as 'wiſdom, goodneſs, juſtice, &c. we muſt not 'apprehend them to be ſeveral powers, habits 'or qualities, as they are in us; for as they 'are in God, they are neither diſtinguiſhed 'from one another, nor from his nature or 'eſſence, in whom they are ſaid to be. In 'whom, I ſay, they are ſaid to be: For to 'ſpeak properly, they are not in him, but are 'his very eſſence, or nature itſelf; which act-'ing ſeverally upon ſeveral objects, ſeems to 'us to act from ſeveral properties or perfecti-'ons in him; whereas all the difference is only 'in our different apprehenſions of the ſame 'thing. God in himſelf is a moſt ſimple and 'pure act, and therefore cannot have any thing 'in him but what is that moſt ſimple and pure 'act itſelf; which ſeeing it bringeth upon eve-'ry creature what it deſerves, we conceive of 'it as of ſeveral divine perfections in the ſame 'Almighty Being. Whereas God, whoſe un-'derſtanding is infinite as himſelf, doth not ap-'prehend himſelf under the diſtinct notions of 'wiſdom, or goodneſs, or juſtice, or the like, 'but only as Jehovah: And therefore, in this 'place, he doth not ſay, I am wiſe, or juſt, or 'good, but ſimply, I Am that I Am.

Having thus offered at ſomething towards the explication of the firſt of theſe myſterious ſay-ings in the anſwer God made to Moſes, when he deſigned to encourage him to lead his people

out

out of Egypt, he proceeds to conſider the other, whereby God calls himſelf abſolutely I Am. Concerning which he takes notice, 'That 'though I Am be commonly a verb of the 'firſt perſon, yet it is here uſed as a noun ſub-'ſtantive, or proper name, and is the nomina-'tive caſe to another verb of the third perſon 'in theſe words, I Am hath ſent me unto 'you. A ſtrange expreſſion! But when God 'ſpeaks of himſelf, he cannot be confined to 'grammar rules, being infinitely above and be-'yond the reach of all languages in the world. 'And therefore it is no wonder that when he 'would reveal himſelf, he goes out of our 'common way of ſpeaking one to another, 'and expreſſeth himſelf in a way peculiar to 'himſelf, and ſuch as is ſuitable and proper to 'his own nature and glory.

'Hence therefore, as when he ſpeaks of 'himſelf and his own eternal eſſence, he ſaith, 'I Am that I Am; ſo when he ſpeaks of him-'ſelf, with reference to his creatures, and 'eſpecially to his people, he ſaith, I Am. He 'doth not ſay I am their light, their life, their 'guide, their ſtrength, or tower, but only I 'Am: He ſets as it were his hand to a blank, 'that his people may write under it what they 'pleaſe that is good for them. As if he ſhould 'ſay, Are they weak? I am ſtrength. Are 'they poor? I am riches. Are they in 'trouble? I am comfort. Are they ſick? I

'am health. Are they dying? I am life. 'Have they nothing? I am all things. I am 'wiſdom and power, I am juſtice and mercy, 'I am grace and goodneſs, I am glory, beauty, 'holineſs, eminency, ſupereminency, perfec-'tion, all-ſufficiency, eternity, Jehovah, I 'Am: Whatſoever is ſuitable to their nature, 'or convenient for them in their ſeveral condi-'tions, that I Am: Whatſoever is amiable in 'itſelf, or deſirable unto them, that I Am: 'Whatſoever is pure and holy, whatſoever 'is great or pleaſant, whatſoever is good 'or needful to make men happy, that I 'Am. So that, in ſhort, God here repreſents 'himſelf unto us as an univerſal good, and 'leaves us to make the application of it to our-'ſelves, according to our ſeveral wants, capa-'cities and deſires, by ſaying only in general, 'I Am.

Again, pag. 27. he thus diſcourſes; 'There 'is more ſolid joy and comfort, more real de-'light and ſatisfaction of mind, in one ſingle 'thought of God, rightly formed, than all the 'riches, and honours, and pleaſures of this 'world, put them all together, are able to af-'ford——Let us then call in for all our ſcat-'tered thoughts from all things here below, and 'raiſe them up, and unite them all to the moſt 'high God; apprehending him under the idea, 'image, or likeneſs of any thing elſe, but as 'infinitely greater, and higher, and better 'than all things; as one exiſting in and of 'himſelf,

'himſelf, and giving eſſence and exiſtence to 'all things in the world beſides himſelf; as one 'ſo pure and ſimple that there is nothing in 'him but himſelf, but eſſence and being itſelf; 'as one ſo infinite and omnipotent, that 'whereſoever any thing elſe is in the whole 'world, there he is, and beyond the world, 'where nothing elſe is, there all things are, 'becauſe he is there; as one ſo wiſe, ſo know-'ing, ſo omniſcient, that he at this very mo-'ment, and always, ſees what all the angels 'are doing in heaven; what all the fowls are 'doing in the air; what all the fiſhes are do-'ing in the waters; what all the devils are 'doing in hell; what all the men and beaſts, 'and the very inſects, are doing upon earth; 'as one ſo powerful and omnipotent, that he 'can do whatſoever he will, only by willing it 'ſhould be done; as one ſo great, ſo good, ſo 'glorious, ſo immutable, ſo tranſcendent, ſo 'infinite, ſo incomprehenſible, ſo eternal, what 'ſhall I ſay? ſo Jehovah, that the more we 'think of him, the more we admire him, the 'more we adore him, the more we love him, 'the more we may, and ought; our higheſt 'conceptions of him being as much beneath 'him, as our greateſt ſervices come ſhort of 'what we owe him.

'Seeing therefore we cannot think of God 'ſo highly as he is, let us think of him as highly 'as we can: And for that end let us get above

'our-

'ourſelves, and above the world, and raiſe up our 'thoughts higher, and higher, and higher ſtill, 'and when we have got them up as high as poſ-'ſibly we can, let us apprehend a Being infinitely 'higher than the higheſt of them; and then 'finding ourſelves at a loſs, amazed, confound-'ed at ſuch an infinite height of infinite perfec-'tions, let us fall down in humble and hearty 'deſires to be freed from theſe dark priſons 'wherein we are now immured, that we may 'take our flight into eternity, and there '(through the merits of our ever-bleſſed Savi-'our) ſee this infinite Being face to face, and 'enjoy him for ever.'

GUARDIAN, VOL. I. No. 74.

GOOD-HUMOUR.

A MAN advanced in years that thinks fit to look back upon his former life, and calls that only life which was paſſed with ſatisfaction and enjoyment, excluding all parts which were not pleaſant to him, will find himſelf very young, if not in his infancy. Sickneſs, ill-humour, and idleneſs, will have robbed him of a great ſhare of that ſpace we ordinarily call our life. It is therefore the duty of every man that would be true to himſelf, to obtain if poſſible, a diſpoſition to be pleaſed, and place himſelf in a conſtant aptitude for the ſatisfactions of his being. Inſtead of this, you hardly ſee a man who

who is not uneaſy in proportion to his advancement in the arts of life. An affected delicacy is the common improvement we meet with in thoſe who pretend to be refined above others: They do not aim at true pleaſure themſelves, but turn their thoughts upon obſerving the falſe pleaſures of other men. Such people are valetudinarians in ſociety, and they ſhould no more come into company than a ſick man ſhould come into the air: If a man is too weak to bear what is a refreſhment to men in health, he muſt ſtill keep his chamber. When any one in Sir Roger's company complains he is out of order, he immediately calls for ſome poſſet-drink for him; for which reaſon that ſort of people who are ever bewailing their conſtitution in other places are the cheerfulleſt imaginable when he is preſent.

It is a wonderful thing that ſo many, and they not reckoned abſurd, ſhall entertain thoſe with whom they converſe by giving them the hiſtory of their pains, and aches; and imagine ſuch narrations their quota of the converſation. This is of all other the meaneſt help to diſcourſe, and a man muſt not think at all, or think himſelf very inſignificant, when he finds an account of his head-ach anſwered by another aſking what news in the laſt mail? Mutual good-humour is a dreſs we ought to appear in wherever we meet, and we ſhould make no mention of what concerns ourſelves, without

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it be of matters wherein our friends ought to rejoice: But indeed there are crowds of people who put themſelves in no method of pleaſing themſelves or others; ſuch are thoſe whom we uſually call indolent perſons. Indolence is, methinks, an intermediate ſtate between pleaſure and pain, and very much unbecoming any part of our life after we are out of the nurſe's arms. Such an averſion to labour creates a conſtant wearineſs, and one would think ſhould make exiſtence itſelf a burden. The indolent man deſcends from the dignity of his nature, and makes that being which was rational merely vegetative: His life conſiſts only in the mere increaſe and decay of a body, which, with relation to the reſt of the world, might as well have been uninformed, as the habitation of a reaſonable mind.

Of this kind is the life of that extraordinary couple Harry Terſett and his Lady. Harry was in the days of his celibacy one of thoſe pert creatures who have much vivacity and little underſtanding; Mrs Rebecca Quickly, whom he married, had all that the fire of youth and a lively manner could do towards making an agreeable woman. Theſe two people of ſeeming merit fell into each others arms; and paſſion being ſated, and no reaſon or good ſenſe in either to ſucceed it, and their life is now at a ſtand; their meals are inſipid, and time tedious; their fortune has placed them above care,

and

and their loſs of taſte reduced them below diverſion. When we talk of theſe as inſtances of inexiſtence, we do not mean, that in order to live it is neceſſary we ſhould always be in jovial crews, or crowned with chaplets of roſes, as the merry fellows among the ancients are deſcribed; but it is intended by conſidering theſe contraries to pleaſure, indolence, and too much delicacy, to ſhew that it is prudence to preſerve a diſpoſition in ourſelves to receive a certain delight in all we hear and ſee.

This portable quality of good-humour ſeaſons all the parts and occurrences we meet with, in ſuch a manner, that there are no moments loſt; but they all paſs with ſo much ſatisfaction, that the heavieſt of loads (when it is a load) that of time, is never felt by us. Varilas has this quality to the higheſt perfection, and communicates it wherever he appears: The ſad, the merry, the ſevere, the melancholy, ſhew a new cheerfulneſs when he comes amongſt them. At the ſame time no one can repeat any thing that Varilas has ever ſaid that deſerves repetition; but the man has that innate goodneſs of temper, that he is welcome to every body, becauſe every man thinks he is ſo to him. He does not ſeem to contribute any thing to the mirth of the company; and yet upon reflection you find it all happened by his being there. I thought it was whimſically ſaid of a gentleman, that if Varilas had wit it would be the beſt

beſt wit in the world. It is certain, when a well-corrected lively imagination and good-breeding are added to a ſweet diſpoſition, they qualify it to be one of the greateſt bleſſings, as well as pleaſures of life.

Men would come into company with ten times the pleaſure they do, if they were ſure of hearing nothing which ſhould ſhock them, as well as expected what would pleaſe them. When we know every perſon that is ſpoken of is repreſented by one that has no ill-will, and every thing that is mentioned deſcribed by one that is apt to ſet it in the beſt light, the entertainment muſt be delicate, becauſe the cook has nothing brought to his hand but what is the moſt excellent in its kind. Beautiful pictures are the entertainments of pure minds, and deformities of the corrupted. It is a degree towards the life of angels, when we enjoy converſation wherein there is nothing preſented but in its excellence; and a degree towards that of dæmons, wherein nothing is ſhewn but in its degeneracy.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 100.

GOOD-NATURE.

MAN is ſubject to innumerable pains and ſorrows by the very condition of humanity, and yet, as if nature had not ſown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to

to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man's natural weight of afflictions is ſtill made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injuſtice of his neighbour. At the ſame time that the ſtorm beats upon the whole ſpecies, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the miſery of human life might be extinguiſhed, would men alleviate the general curſe they lie under, by mutual offices of compaſſion, benevolence and humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in ourſelves and others, than that diſpoſition of mind which in our language goes under the title of good-nature, and which I ſhall chooſe for the ſubject of this day's ſpeculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in converſation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It ſhews virtue in the faireſt light, takes off in ſome meaſure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence ſupportable.

There is no ſociety or converſation to be kept up in the world without good-nature, or ſomething which muſt bear its appearance, and ſupply its place. For this reaſon mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we expreſs by the word good-breeding. For if we examine thoroughly

the idea of what we call ſo, we ſhall find it to be nothing elſe but an imitation and mimickry of good-nature, or, in other terms, affability, complaiſance, and eaſineſs of temper reduced into an art.

Theſe exterior ſhows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved when they are founded upon a real good-nature; but without it are like hypocriſy in religion, or a bare form of holineſs, which, when it is diſcovered, makes a man more deteſtable than profeſſed impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us: Health, proſperity and kind treatment from the world are great cheriſhers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itſelf. It is one of the bleſſings of a happy conſtitution, which education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon in the life of his imaginary prince, whom he deſcribes as a pattern for real ones, is always celebrating the philanthropy or good-nature of his hero, which he tells us he brought into the world with him, and gives many remarkable inſtances of it in his childhood, as well as in all the ſeveral parts of his life Nay, on his death-bed, he deſcribes him as being pleaſed, that while his ſoul returned to him who made it, his body ſhould incorporate with the great mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to mankind. For which

which reaſon, he gives his ſons a poſitive order not to enſhrine it in gold or ſilver, but to lay it in the earth as ſoon as the life was gone out of it.

An inſtance of ſuch an overflowing of humanity ſuch an exuberant love to mankind, could not have entered into the imagination of a writer who had not a ſoul filled with great ideas, and a general benevolence to mankind.

In that celebrated paſſage of Saluſt, where Cæſar and Cato are placed in ſuch beautiful, but oppoſite lights; Cæſar's character, is chiefly made up of good-nature, as it ſhewed itſelf in all its forms towards his friends or his enemies, his ſervants, or dependents, the guilty or the diſtreſſed. As for Cato's character, it is rather awful than amiable. Juſtice ſeems moſt agreeable to the nature of God, and mercy to that of man.

A being who has nothing to pardon in himſelf, may reward every man according to his works; but he whoſe very beſt actions muſt be ſeen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate and forgiving. For this reaſon, among all the monſtrous characters in human nature, there is none ſo odious, nor indeed ſo exquiſitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid ſevere temper in a worthleſs man.

This part of good-nature, however, which conſiſts in the pardoning and overlooking of faults, is to be exerciſed only in doing ourſelves juſtice, and that too in the ordinary commerce

and occurrences of life; for in the publick adminiſtrations of juſtice, mercy to one may be cruelty to others.

It is grown almoſt into a maxim, that good-natured men are not always men of the moſt wit. This obſervation, in my opinion, has no foundation in nature. The greateſt wits I have converſed with are men eminent for their humanity. I take therefore this remark to have been occaſioned by two reaſons. Firſt, becauſe ill-nature among ordinary obſervers paſſes for wit. A ſpiteful ſaying gratifies ſo many little paſſions in thoſe who hear it, that it generally meets with a good reception. The laugh riſes upon it and the man who utters it is looked upon as a ſhrewd ſatiriſt This may be one reaſon, why a great many pleaſant companions appear ſo ſurpriſingly dull, when they have endeavoured to be merry in print; the publick being more juſt than private clubs or aſſemblies, in diſtinguiſhing between what is wit and what is ill-nature.

Another reaſon why the good-natured man may ſomtimes bring his wit in queſtion, is, perhaps, becauſe he is apt to be moved with compaſſion for thoſe misfortunes or infirmities, which another would turn into ridicule, and by that means gain the reputation of a wit. The ill-natured man, though but of equal parts, gives himſelf a larger field to expatiate in; he expoſes thoſe failings in human nature which the other would caſt a veil over, laughs at vices

vices which the other either excuſes or conceals, gives utterance to reflections which the other ſtifles, falls indifferently upon friends or enemies, expoſes the perſon who has obliged him, and, in ſhort, ſticks at nothing that may eſtabliſh his character of a wit. It is no wonder therefore he ſucceeds in it better than the man of humanity, as a perſon who makes uſe of indirect methods is more likely to grow rich than the fair trader. L.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 169.

In one of my laſt week's papers I treated of good-nature, as it is the effect of conſtitution; I ſhall now ſpeak of it as it is a moral virtue. The firſt may make a man eaſy in himſelf, and agreeable to others, but implies no merit in him that is poſſeſſed of it. A man is no more to be praiſed upon this account, than becauſe he has a regular pulſe or a good digeſtion. This good-nature however in the conſtitution, which Mr Dryden ſomewhere calls a milkineſs of blood, is an admirable ground-work for the other. In order therefore to try our good-nature, whether it ariſes from the body or the mind, whether it be founded in the animal rational part of our nature; in a word, whether it be ſuch as is entitled to any other reward, beſides that ſecret ſatisfaction and contentment of mind which is eſſential to it, and the kind reception it procures us in the world, we muſt examine it by the following rules.

Firſt, whether it acts with ſteadineſs and uniformity in ſickneſs and in health, in proſperity and in adverſity; if otherwiſe, it is to be looked upon as nothing elſe but an irradiation of the mind from ſome new ſupply of ſpirits, or a more kindly circulation of the blood. Sir Francis Bacon mentions a cunning ſolicitor, who would never aſk a favour of a great man before dinner; but took care to prefer his petition at a time when the party petitioned had his mind free from care, and his appetites in good humour. Such a tranſient temporary good-nature as this, is not that philanthropy, that love of mankind, which deſerves the title of a moral virtue.

The next way of a man's bringing his good-nature to the teſt, is to conſider whether it operates according to the rules of reaſon and duty: For if notwithſtanding its general benevolence to mankind, it makes no diſtinction between its objects, if it exerts itſelf promiſcuouſly towards the deſerving and undeſerving, if it relieves alike the idle and the indigent, if it gives itſelf up to the firſt petitioner, and lights upon any one rather by accident than choice, it may paſs for an amiable inſtinct, but muſt not aſſume the name of a moral virtue.

The third trial of good-nature will be, the examining ourſelves, whether or no we are able to exert it to our own diſadvantage, and employ it on proper objects, notwithſtanding any little

little pain, want or inconvenience which may ariſe to ourſelves from it: In a word, whether we are willing to riſk any part of our fortune, our reputation, or health, or eaſe, for the benefit of mankind. Among all theſe expreſſions of good-nature, I ſhall ſingle out that which goes under the general name of Charity, as it conſiſts in relieving the indigent; that being a trial of this kind which offers itſelf to us almoſt at all times, and in every place.

I ſhould propoſe it as a rule to every one who is provided with any competency of fortune more than ſufficient for the neceſſaries of life, to lay aſide a certain proportion of his income for the uſe of the poor. This I would look upon as an offering to him who has a right to the whole, for the uſe of thoſe whom, in the paſſage hereafter mentioned, he has deſcribed as his own repreſentatives upon earth. At the ſame time we ſhould manage our Charity with ſuch prudence and caution, that we may not hurt our own friends or relations, whilſt we are doing good to thoſe who are ſtrangers to us.

This may poſſibly be explained better by an example than by a rule.

Eugenius is a man of an univerſal good-nature, and generous beyond the extent of his fortune; but withal ſo prudent, in the oeconomy of his affairs, that what goes out in charity is made up by good management. Eugenius has what the world calls two hundred pounds a year;

a year; but never values himſelf above nineſcore, as not thinking he has a right to the tenth part, which he always appropriates to charitable uſes. To this ſum he frequently makes other voluntary additions, inſomuch that in a good year, for ſuch he accounts thoſe in which he has been able to make greater bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that ſum to the ſickly and indigent. Eugenius preſcribes to himſelf many particular days of faſting and abſtinence, in order to increaſe his private bank of charity, and ſets aſide what would be the current expences of thoſe times for the uſe of the poor. He often goes a-foot where his buſineſs calls him and at the end of his walk has given a ſhilling, which in his ordinary methods of expence would have gone for coach-hire, to the firſt neceſſitous perſon that has fallen in his way. I have known him, when he has been going to a play or an opera, divert the money which was deſigned for that purpoſe, upon an object of charity whom he has met with in the ſtreet; and afterwards paſs his evening in a coffee-houſe, or at a friend's fire-ſide, with much greater ſatisfaction to himſelf than he could have received from the moſt exquiſite entertainments of the theatre. By theſe means he is generous, without impoverſhing himſelf, and enjoys his eſtate by making it the property of others.

There are few men ſo cramped in their private affairs, who may not be charitable after this

this manner, without any diſadvantage to themſelves, or prejudice to their families. It is but ſometimes ſacrificing a diverſion or convenience to the poor, and turning the uſual courſe of our expences into a better channel. This is I think, not only the moſt prudent and convenient, but the moſt meritorious piece of charity which we can put in practice. By this method we in ſome meaſure ſhare the neceſſities of the poor at the ſame time that we relieve them, and make ourſelves not only their patrons, but their fellow-ſufferers.

Sir Thomas Brown, in the laſt part of his Religio Medici, in which he deſcribes his charity in ſeveral heroic inſtances, and with a noble heat of ſentiments, mentions that verſe in the Proverbs of Solomon, 'He that giveth to the 'poor, lendeth to the Lord:' 'There is more 'rhetoric in that one ſentence, ſays he, than in 'a library of ſermons; and indeed if thoſe ſen-'tences were underſtood by the reader with 'the ſame emphaſis as they are delivered by 'the author, we needed not thoſe volumes of 'inſtructions, but might be honeſt by an epi-'tome.'

This paſſage in ſcripture is indeed wonderfully perſuaſive; but I think the ſame thought is carried much farther in the New Teſtament, where our Saviour tells us in a moſt pathetic manner, that he ſhall hereafter regard the clothing of the naked, the feeding of the hungry

hungry, and the viſiting of the impriſoned, as offices done to himſelf, and reward them accordingly. Purſuant to thoſe paſſages in Holy Scripture, I have ſomewhere met with the epitaph of a charitable man, which has very much pleaſed me. I cannot recollect the words, but the ſenſe of it is to this purpoſe; What I ſpent I loſt; what I poſſeſſed is left to others; what I gave away remains with me.

Since I am thus inſenſibly engaged in Sacred Writ, I cannot forbear making an extract of ſeveral paſſages which I have always read with great delight in the book of Job. It is the account which that holy man gives of his behaviour in the days of his proſperity, and if conſidered only as a human compoſition, is a finer picture of a charitable and good-natured man than is to be met with in any other author.

'Oh that I were as in months paſt, as in the 'days when God preſerved me: When his 'candle ſhined upon my head, and when by 'his light I walked through darkneſs: When 'the Almighty was yet with me: When my 'children were about me: When I waſhed 'my ſteps with butter, and the rock poured 'out rivers of oil.

'When the ear heard me, then it bleſſed me; 'and when the eye ſaw me, it gave witneſs to 'me. Becauſe I delivered the poor that 'cried, and the fatherleſs, and him that had 'none to help him. The bleſſing of him that was

'was ready to periſh came upon me, and I 'cauſed the widow's heart to ſing for joy. I 'was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the 'lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cauſe 'which I knew not I ſearched out. Did not I 'weep for him that was in trouble? Was not 'my ſoul grieved for the poor? Let me be 'weighed in an even balance, that God may 'know mine integrity. If I did deſpiſe the 'cauſe of my man-ſervant, or of my maid-ſer-'vant when they contended with me, what 'then ſhall I do when God riſeth up? and 'when he viſiteth, what ſhall I anſwer him? 'Did not he that made me in the womb, 'make him? and did not one faſhion us in the 'womb? If I have withheld the poor from 'their deſire, or have cauſed the eyes of the 'widow to fail, or have eaten my morſel my-'ſelf alone, and the fatherleſs hath not eaten 'thereof: If I have ſeen any periſh for want 'of clothing, or any poor without covering: 'If his loins have not bleſſed me, and if he 'were not warmed with the fleece of my 'ſheep: If I have lift up my hand againſt the 'fatherleſs, when I ſaw my help in the gate; 'then let mine arm fall from my ſhoulder-'blade, and mine arm be broken from the 'bone. If I have rejoiced at the deſtruction 'of him that hated me, or lift up myſelf when 'evil found him: (neither have I ſuffered my mouth

'mouth to ſin, by wiſhing a curſe to his ſoul.)
'The ſtranger did not lodge in the ſtreet; but
'I opened my doors to the traveller. If my
'land cry againſt me, or that the furrows like-
'wiſe thereof complain; If I have eaten the
'fruits thereof without money, or have cauſed
'the owners thereof to loſe their life; let
'thiſtles grow inſtead of wheat, and cockle
'inſtead of barley.' L.

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END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.